

TO
CHARLES EDWARD STUART
BY
HIS FATHER AND UNCLE.

E05574

OG CHABARACH NAM BEANN,

FADA thàll o do thìr féin, cuireamaid h-ugad an cùimhneachan so. Is è guth nam bèann a th' ànn,—guth nan gòrm bheann àrd, air an do tharruing thu do cheud anail,—agus an lòrg d' fhògraidh chruaidh, a thugadh dhuit mar òighreachd, faodaidh è bhith, nach faic thu, chaoidh, do Dhùthaich Ghràdhach, ach mar choigreach——dh'fhalbh thu mar dhsoine tàgha nan gleann, a dh'-earraidh, ann an tìr chèin, na coir-breath sin, a chàidh àicheadh dhuit ann do thìr féin, ach na di-chùimhnich gu-siòr, gur fuil Ghaèlach d' fhuil-sa,—gu 'm b' fhocal Gaèlig a cheud fhocal a labhair thu ;—gu 'm b' è aran coirce nam sliabh Gaèlach, do cheud bhiadh,—agus ged tha thu an-diugh fo Shuaicheantas Rìoghàihd eile agus fo sgiathaibh na h-Iolair Impaireil mar d' éideadh, gur è 'm Breacan, agus ite fhior-eun Albainn nam beann, bu chead éideadh dhuit.

IAIN,

TEARLACH.

OG CHABARACH NAM BEANN,

FROM your now distant country we send you this memorial; the voice of those hills on which you drew your first breath, and which, an hereditary exile, you will never see again, but as a stranger. Like the best of the children of the glens, you have gone to seek, in another land, the place denied in your own; —But never forget that your blood is the blood of the Gaël,—that your first words were the Gaëlic,—your first food the oaten bread of the hills, and though you now wear the colours of another realm, and the wings of the Imperial eagle—that your first garb was the tartans, and your first plume from the “True Bird” of “Albuinn nam beann.”

L A Y S
OF
THE DEER FOREST.

VOL. II.

NOTES

TO THE

LAYS OF THE DEER FOREST.

PAGE 1, NOTE 1. *Lays of the Deer Forest.*

N the old days of the Highlands, before the deer were driven from the hill, and the people from the glens; when "the sound of the chase was loud on Arden," and "the song passed away the night in joy;" the harp and the cruit were the constant companions of the bow and the gun, and poetry and music were as intimately associated with sport as the trumpet with war. —"At his side,"—said the hunter, describing the forest hut of his foster-brother,—"At his side was the slender gun, the balls, the well-filled horn, the watchful dog; sweet to me were his songs, and his light hand upon the harp."

"Is è 'n à shìneadh air Uilean
'S à ghuna caol aige lùmh ris
'S am pelleir bu gheir ann
Thuaradh leòn air à namhaid.

Le ' fhlasg làn de fhùdair
 Cheud ch aige, faicilleach
 Ceòl a' Choireallsa ro bhinn leam
 'S lànfh eathrom air Clàrsaich."¹

As the hunter sat upon the hill watching the deer, or waiting for them at the pass—when he lay in his plaid upon the heath, or reclined by the hearth in his solitary bothy, his thoughts, like those of Ossian, were “with his fathers” or “the deer,” and the intervals of physical exertion were filled by the activity of the mind. Thus were composed and preserved those beautiful productions of the Gaelic language, retained through the tradition of so many centuries to be lost in the neglect of the present. Thus in his old age Alasdair mac Dhonachaidh-ruaidh solaced his decline in the chase by the retrospections of “*Moladh-an-Fhéidh* ;” and, when confined by a snow-storm to his hut, the hunter of Glen-Urcha beguiled its solitude with “*Thog mise Bothan-àiridh*.” Thus Domhnall mac Fhionnlaidh² diverted a sleepless night by the visions of “the Comhachag ;” and Mac an t-Saoir celebrated his beloved Beann-Dobhran, as he looked down from its brow upon the glens of the deer.——“I sit by the mossy fountain on the top of the hill of winds,”³——said the ancient bard and hunter in the prelude to one of his lays : and it was thus, surrounded by poetical imagery, that every hunter became a poet. Seated upon his mountain throne, the blue heaven above,—the expanse of the free wilderness around him, his mind was elevated and expanded with their space and grandeur, and filled with traditions of the past, affections of the present ; every object which he saw awakened deep and moving associations, and lighted up gleams of emotion which touched the heart

¹ Grigair mòr nan Luiraich.

² Vide Appendix, No. I.

³ Carriethura.

with inspiration. Abounding with long intervals of repose, in the watches of the pass or the evenings of the winter hut, the life of the deer-hunter has many vacancies in which the mind is left to its own workings.—— With a stranger to the scenes, and a foreigner to the associations of the forest, ignorant of its past, and alien to its present, these are the trials of patience and the hours of ennui so detested by the modern sportsman. But while he nods in the heather, or dissipates the vigils of his lodge in smoke, and cards, and whisky, the olden hunters beguiled the time with songs and traditions, or celebrated the living scenes and persons in compositions which prepared for posterity a continuation of that chain of history and poetry which had descended to themselves. As an example of this ancient forest spirit so little known to the world, we give the following lays; the first, of a remote period, the date and author of which is uncertain,—the second by one of the most true Highlanders and distinguished deer-stalkers of the present day.

MIANN A' BHAIRD AOSDA.

O càraibh mi ri taobh nan àilt,
A shiùbhlas mall le còmaibh cùin,
Fo sgàil a'bharrach leag mo cheann,
'S bi thùs' a ghrian ro chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sin 's an fhéur mu thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dithean 's nan gaath tì,
'S mo chas'ga slìobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
'S è làbadh tharais caoin tro'n bhàr.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn a's àillidh snuadh,
Mu 'n cuairt do'm thulaich a's uain' fo dhrùichd,

'S an neòinean beag 's mo làmh air cluain,
'S an easlabhuidh¹ aig mo chluais gu-h-ùr.

Mu'n cuairt do bhrusachaibh àrd mo ghlinn',
Biodh lùbadh ghéug a's òrra blà ;
'S clànn bheag nam preas a' tabhairt séinn,
Do chreagaibh aosd' le òran gràidh.

Briseadh tro chreag nan cidheann dlù,
Am fuaran ùr le toirmibh tróm,
'S freagradh mac-talla gach ciùil,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlù nan tónn.

Freagradh gach cnoc, agus gach sllabh,
Le binn-fhuaim géur nan aighean mear ;
'N sin cluinnidh mise mìle géum,
A' ruith mu 'n cuairt do 'n Iar 's an ear.

M'an cuairt biodh lù-chleas nan laogh,
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
'S am minnean beag de'n chòmhrag sgìth,
'N am achlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Sruthadh air sgéith na h-òsaige mìn',
Glaodhan maoth nan crò mun' chluais,
'N sin freagraidh a' mheanbh-spréidh,
'Chluinntinn an gineil, a' ruith a-nuas.

A chéum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais !
Le sranna ghàth, 'us chon feagh sléibh,
'N sin dearsaidh an òig' air mo ghruaidh,
'Nuair dh'-éireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh,

Dùisgidh smior mo chnàmh, 'nuair chluinn,
Mi tailmrich dhòs 'us chon 'us shreang,
Nuair ghlaodhar—" Thuit an damh !"
Tha mo bhuinn, a' leum gu-beò ri àird' nam bèann.

'N sin chì mì, thar leam, an gadhar,
A leanadh mi an-moch 'us moch ;
'S na sléibh bu mhiannach leam ' thaghall,
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dòs.

¹ A name for the plant *Lus-Cholum-Chille*, or wild St John's wort.

Chì mì 'n uamh a ghabh gu-fial,
'S gu-tric ar céumaibh rói 'n óidhch';
Dhùisgeadh ar sùnd le blathas a crànn,
'S 'an sòlas chuach bha mòr aoibhneas.

Bha ceò air fleagh bhàrr an fhéidh
An deoch á Tréig 's an tónn ar ceòl,
Ged sheinneadh tàisg 's ged rànach sléibh,
Sinnte 's an uaimh bu sheamh ar neòil.

Chì mì Beinn-àrd a's àillidh fiamh,
Ceann-feadhna air mìle beann,
Bha aisling nan damh 'na ciabh,
'S ì leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chì mì Sgòrr-éild' air bruaich a' ghlinn'
An goir a' chuthag gu-binn an dòs.
'Us gòrm mheall-aìld' nam mìle giubhas
Nan lùb,¹ nan earba, 's nan lòn.

Biodh tunnag og a' snàmh le sùnd,
Thar linne nan giubhas, gu-luath.
Srath giubhais uain' aig a ceann,
A' lùbadh chaoran dearg air bruaich.

Biodh eal' àluinn an ùchd bhàin,
A' snàmh le spreigh air bhàrr nan tónn,
'Nuair thogas ì sgiath an-àird,
A-measg nan nial cha-n-fhàs ì tróm.

'S tric ì 'g astar thar a' chuain,
Gu asraidh fhuar nan ioma' rónn,
Far nach togar breid ri crànn,
'S nach sgoilt sròn dharaich tónn.

Bì thusa ri dosan nan tóm,
Is cumha' do ghaol ann do bhéul,
'Eala' thriall o thìr nan tónn
'S tu seinn dhomh ciùil an àird nan spéur.

O! éirich thus' le d'-òran ciùin,
'S cuir naigheachd bhochd do bhròin an ceill.
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciùil,
An guth tùrsa sin o d' bhéul.

¹ "Lùb," a wolf, obsolete.

Tog do sgiath gu-h-àrd thar cuan,
Glac do luathas bho neart na gaoith',
'S éibhinn ann am chluais am fuaim,
Od' chridhe leòint'—an t-òran gaoil.

Co an tìr o'n gluais a' ghaoth,
Tha giùlan glaoidh do bhroin o'n chreig?
Oigeir a chaidh uainn a thriall,
'S a dh'-fhàg mo chàbh ghlas gu'n taic,

'Beil deòir do ruisg O! thus'a 'ribhinn,
A's m'ène mais' 's a's gile làmh?
Sòlas gu'n chrìch do'n ghruaidh mhaoith,
A-chaidh nach gluais o'n leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh, o thréig mo shùil, a ghaoth,
C' àit' am beil a' chuile a' fàs,
Le glaothan bròin 's na brìc r'a taobh,
Le sgiath gun deò a' cumail blàir.

Togaibh mì—càraibh le'r làimh thréin,
'S cuiribh mo chèann fo bharrach ùr,
'Nuair dh'-éireas a' ghrian gu-h-àrd,
Biodh an sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shùil.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiùin,
Tha 'g astar dlù measg réull na h-òidhch',
Biodh gnòmh m' òidhche ann do cheòl;
'Toirt aimsir mo mhùirn gu'm chùimhne.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn òg,
Fo sgéith an daraich, rìgh nam fath,
'S a làmh shneachd ' measg á ciabhan òir,
'S a meall-shuile chiùin air òg a gràidh.

E-san a' seinn ri 'taobh 's i balbh,
Le cridha' léum, 's a' snàmh 'n a cheòl,
An gaol bho shùil gu shùil a' falbh,
'Cur stad air féidh nan sléibhtean mòr'.

Nis thréig am fuaim, 's tha 'cliabh geal mìn,
Ri uchd 's ri cridhe gaoil a' fàs,
'S a bilean ùr mar ròs gun smal,
Mu bhéul a gaoil gu-dlù 'an sàs.

Sòlas gun chrìch do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhùisg dhomh m' aoibhneas àit nach pill,
'Us beannachd do t-anams' a rùn,
A nighean chiùin nan cuach-chiabh grìnn.

'N do threig thu mì aisling nam buadh?
Pill fathast—aon chéum beag—pill!
Cha chluinn sibh m' Ochan! 's mì truagh.
Beannuich sibh a ghràidh—slàn leibh.

Slàn le comunn caomh na h-òige,
'Us òigheannan bòidheach, slàn leibh,
Cha léir dhomh sibh, dhùibh-se tha sàmhradh,
Ach dhòmh-sa geamhradh a-chaidh,

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mhòir
Le 'chrònan a' tèarnadh o'n chreig.
Bi'dh cruith agus slige ri m' thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shìnnair 's a' chath.

Thig le càirdeas thar a' chuain,
Osag mhìn a ghluais gu-màll,
Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
'S ìmich grad gu eilean fhlaithois.

Far'm beil na laoiach a dh'-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal tróm gun dol le ceòl,
Fosglaidh-se' thàlla Oisein 'us Dhaoil,
Thig an óidhche 's cha bhi'm bàrd air bhrath.

Ach o mu' n tig ì seal mu' n triall mo cheò,
Gu teach nam bàrd, air Ard-bheinn às nach pill.
Fair cruith 's mo shlige dh'-iunnsaidh 'n ròid,
An sin; mo chruit, 's mo shlige ghràidh, slàn leibh.

The Aged Bard's Wish.

O, lay me by the gentle stream
Which glides with stealing course;
Lay my head beneath the shady boughs,
And thou, O sun, be mild upon my rest.

There, in the flowery grass,
Where the breeze sighs softly on the bank,
My feet shall be bathed with the dew
When it falls on the silent vale.¹

There, on my lone green heap,
The primrose and the daisy shall bloom over my head,
And the wild bright Star of St John²
Shall bend beside my cheek.

Above, on the steeps of the glen,
Green flowering boughs shall spread,
And sweet, from the grey still craigs,
The birds shall pour their songs.

There, from the ivied craig,
The gushing spring shall flow,
And the son of the rock shall repeat
The murmur of its fall.

The hinds shall call around my bed ;
The hill shall answer to their voice,
When a thousand shall descend on the field
And feed around my rest.

The calves shall sport beside me
By the stream of the level plain,
And the little kids, weary of their strife,
Shall sleep beneath my arm.

Far in the gentle breeze
The stag cries on the field ;
The herds answer on the hill,
And descend to meet the sound.

I hear the steps of the hunter !
His whistling dart—his dog upon the hill.
The joy of youth returns to my cheek
At the sound of the coming chase !

My strength returns at the sounds of the wood ;
The cry of hounds—the thrill of strings.

¹ Vide Appendix, No. XII.

² Ealabhuidh, or Lus-Cholum-Chille, wild St John's wort.

Hark! the death-shout—" *The deer has fallen!*"
spring to life on the hill!

I see the bounding dog,
My companion on the heath;
The beloved hill of our chase,
The echoing craig of woods.

I see the sheltering cave
Which often received us from the night,
When the glowing tree and the joyful cup
Revived us with their cheer.

Glad was the smoking feast of deer,
Our drink was from Loch Treig, our music its hum of waves;
Though ghosts shrieked on the echoing hills,
Sweet was our rest in the cave.

I see the mighty mountain,
Chief of a thousand hills;
The dream of deer is in its locks,
Its head is the bed of clouds.

I see the ridge of hinds, the steep of the sloping glen,
The wood of cuckoos at its foot,
The blue height of a thousand pines,
Of wolves, and roes, and elks.

Like the breeze on the lake of firs
The little ducks skim on the pool,
At its head is the strath of pines,
The red rowan bends on its bank.

There, on the gliding wave,
The fair swan spreads her wing,
The broad white wing which never fails
When she soars amidst the clouds.

Far wandering over ocean
She seeks the cold dwelling of seals,
Where no sail bends the mast,
Nor prow divides the wave.

Come to the woody hills
With the lament of thy love ;
Return, O swan, from the isle of waves,
And sing from thy course on high.

Raise thy mournful song—
Pour the sad tale of thy grief ;
The son of the rock shall hear the sound,
And repeat thy strain of woe.

Spread thy wing over ocean,
Mount up on the strength of the winds ;
Pleasant to my ear is thy sound,
The song of thy wounded heart.

O youth ! thou who hast departed,
And left my grey and helpless hairs,
What land has heard on its winds
Thy cry come o'er its rocks ?

Are the tears in thine eye, O maiden ?
Thou of the lovely brow and lily hand ;
Brightness be around thee for ever !
Thou shalt return no more from the narrow bed !

Tell me, O winds ! since now I see them not,
Where grow the murmuring reeds ?
The reeds which sigh where rest the trout
On their still transparent fins.

O raise and bear me on your hands,
Lay my head beneath the young boughs,
That their shade may veil my eyes
When the sun shall rise on high.

And thou, O gentle sleep !
Whose course is with the stars of night ;
Be near with thy dreams of song
To bring back my days of joy.

My soul beholds the maid !
In the shade of the mighty oak,
Her white hand beneath her golden hair,
Her soft eye on her beloved.

He is near—but she is silent,
His beating heart is lost in song,
Their souls beam from their eyes—
Deer stand on the hill!

The song has ceased!—
Their bosoms meet;—
Like the young and stainless rose
Her lips are pressed to his!——

Blessed be that commune sweet!
Recalling the joy which returns no more—
Blessed be thy soul, my love!
Thou maid with the bright flowing locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O dream!
Once more return again!
Alas! thou art gone, and I am sad——
Bless thee, my love—farewell!

Friends of my youth, farewell!
Farewell, ye maids of love!
I see you now no more—with you is summer still,
With me—the winter night!

O lay me by the roaring fall,
By the sound of the murmuring craig,
Let the cruit¹ and the shell be near,
And the shield of my father's wars.

O breeze of Ocean come,
With the sound of thy gentle course,
Raise me on your wings, O wind,
And bear me to the isle of rest;

Where the heroes of old are gone,
To the sleep which shall wake no more
Open the hall of Ossian and Daol——
The night is come—the bard departs!

Behold my dim grey mist!——
I go to the dwelling of bards on the hill!
Give me the airy cruit and shell for the way——
And now—my own loved cruit and shell—farewell!

¹ Vide Appendix, No. XII.

Distant as the age and manners of this poem are removed from the present, a spark of its spirit has descended to the elder hunters of our own time. Several beautiful inspirations of the forest were produced among the "carnachs" of the late Glen Garrie; and the following touching Lament for the Deer was recently composed by Angus MacKenzie, head forester of Lord Lovat, a descendant of the family of Farabet, and in whose character is united that bardic feeling, traditionary store, ardent love of the chase, and personal heroism which ennobled the ancient race of the clans.

CUMHA NAM FIADH.¹

Na'm faighinn mo shlàint, 's gu'n toirinn ri bruthach,
Do Shrath-Fàir an fhàsaich, 'sam bi na làn daimh 'n an
uidheam;

Air na fuaranibh dù-ghorm, na lùban 's na srathan,
Is cùbhraidh am fàl na craobh fo bhlàth 's à làn ubhal.

O'n thàinig mi do'n tìr so tha m'inntinn air dubhadh,
'S tric mi cùineach' na frìth, bhì 'ga dìreadh 's'ga siubhal,
'S na coireachan dìomhair far 'm bu lìonmhor na h-aidhean,
'S an tric 'sheall mi gu sàmhach mu bhéul faire le bruthach.

Garbh-Chòire na flalachd, leam bu mhlann bhì 'n a chuideachd,
Sgùr-na-Lapaich ri 'chliathaich, cumail dìon' air'us fàsgadh,
Far am bitheadh a' ghreidh shiùbhlach nach larradh an aitreabh,
'S 'nuair dh'-cìreas a' ghrian bu dearg am bian air an leacainn,

'S mòr an gaol thug mì m' òige, le mòran toil-linntinn,
Do 'n tréud 'nuair a theid 'n a léum ris an aonach,
Nis o'n tha mì lag bròite, 's nach 'eil seòl air a chaochladh,
'S tric so a' tolladh mo chridh, 's a' tighinn fo m' amuaintibh,

'S è bhì am' làidh air machair dh'-fhàg fo'm aiseibh mì leòinte,
'S mi 'n dùil daonnan, 'dhol dachaidh do chaidreamh nam mòr
bheann,

¹ These lines were composed at Beaufort Castle, when recovering from a severe illness, by which the author had been detained for several months from the forest.

Oir 's ann ànnta chàidh m' altrum', nuair bu lag agus òg mi,
Falbh 'lòn agus chreagan bu ghaoth mhaidninn do m' sheòrsa.

Bha nair bha mì eòlach air an t-seòrs' ud a shìreadh,
Luchd-gabhail nan crònan, air mòintich a' mìreadh,
Ceòl bu bhinne 's bu bhòiche leam na òrgan air inneal,
'S è chuireadh mo bhròn diom 'sa bheireadh sòlas do m' chridhe.

Cha b'e iomal na tìre, bha m' àntinn og acain
Ach beanntan farsuinn na frith a's guirme fèur a bhi 'n taic rium,
Far am bi ghreidh shiùbhlach a dheadh-dhìreadh na creagan
'S mis' am' làidh 's am' shìneadh air leapaidh fhraoich 'na mo
bhreacan.

Uam soraidh àir siubhal, dh'-ionnsuidh nan làn damh,
A tha air àiridh a' ghlinne 's air na h-ionadaibh fasach,
'S ma tha' dàn domh 'dhol dachaidh 's gu 'm faigh mì me shlàinte,
Gu-dearbh éiridh mo chridhe ri 'm faicinn air faire.

Is mòr fhuair mì dh-aoibhneas, 'siubhal aodainn nan garbh-bheann,
Coir mo mhaighsteir phrìseil óghre dìreach na Mòraich,
MAC-SHIOMAIDH an àil reachdmhoir, nach bitheadh tais 'n àm
fòirneirt,
Leis na *Frisealaich* bhrasa fo 'bhrataich 'an òrdugh,

'Nuair chluinninn è 'tighinn, le uidheam neo-chearbach,
'S ann ris a dh'-éireadh mo chridhe o'n bhithinn gu falbh leis,
Cas-shiubhail an fhirich 'us dhìreadh nan garbh-leac,
'Na chromadh 's 'na chéumaibh 's tric a ghéill an damh dèarg dha.

Es' a's taghta 'na shealgair, 's mì bhitheadh carbsach à chais-
meachd,
'Nuair ghléusdh è 'n t-òrd, ri riful dùbailt nan claisean,
Luaidh ghlas, le neart fùdair, 'ga stiùradh le lasair,
'Leigil nan damh dóun, gu-dlù an cùrsaibh an astair.

'Nuair chlaradh am feasgair, an àm teannadh ri chéile,
Gu réulan a' ghlinne, gu ionad na fialachd,
Sàr chòmhlán dhaoin' uailse, 'an guailibh a chéile,
Luchd nan aodaichean tartan 's nam breacan mar éideadh.

An-déigh dhòibh tighinn dachaidh, làn aidheir 'us sòlais,
Gu tigh farsuinn na fialachd far bu Ìonnahor gach seòrsa,
Cho lìon cearn a' lasadh, 'us fion 'ga aiseadh air bòrdaibh,
Fo cheannard na sìochainnt', gu-fial, 's è gun mhòr-chuis.

The Lament for the Deer.

O for my strength ! once more to see the hills !
The wilds of Strath-Farar of stags,
The blue streams, and winding vales,
Where the flowering tree sends forth its sweet perfume.

My thoughts are sad and dark !—
I lament the forest where I loved to roam,
The secret coires, the haunt of hinds,
Where often I watched them on the hill.

Coire-Garave ! O that I was within thy bosom
Sguir-na Lapaich of steeps, with thy shelter,
Where feed the herds which never seek for stalls,
But whose skin gleams red in the sunshine of the hill.

Great was my love in youth, and strong my desire,
Towards the bounding herds ;
But now, broken, and weak, and hopeless,
Their remembrance wounds my heart.

To linger in the “ laich ”¹ I mourn,
My thoughts are ever in the hills ;
For there my childhood and my youth was nursed—
The moss and the craig in the morning breeze was my delight.

Then was I happy in my life,
When the voices of the hill sung sweetly ;
More sweet to me, than any string,
It soothed my sorrow, or rejoiced my heart.

My thoughts wandered to no other land
Beyond the hill of the forest—The shealings of the deer,
Where the nimble herds ascended the hill,
As I lay in my plaid on the dewy bed.

The sheltering hollows, where I crept towards the hart,
On the pastures of the glen, or in the forest wilds—
And if once more I may see them as of old,
How will my heart bound to watch again the pass !

¹ Low or plain country.

Great was my joy to ascend the hills
In the cause of the noble chief,
MacShimé of the piercing eye—never to fail at need,
“ With all his brave Frasers, gathered beneath his banner.

When they told of his approach, with all his ready arms,
My heart bounded for the chase——
On the rugged steep, on the broken hill,
By hollow, and ridge, many were the red stags which he laid low.

He is the pride of hunters ; my trust was in his gun,
When the sound of its shot rung in my ear,
The grey ball launched in flashing fire,
And the dun stag fell in the rushing speed of his course.

When the evening came down on the hill,
The time for return to the star of the glen,¹
The kindly lodge where the noble gathered,
The sons of the tartan and the plaid,

With joy and triumph they returned
To the dwelling of plenty and repose ;
The bright blazing hearth—the circling wine—
The welcome of the noble chief !

Such are the thoughts of the olden and true hunters of the hill, and often at the pass or on the stalk we have had the intervals of inaction filled by passages of traditional lore, which cast a new light upon facts which have but dimly and imperfectly reached the knowledge of the world. As an example of these illustrations we have added in another place² the history of a celebrated clan tragedy, hitherto much misrepresented, and of which no accurate version has been published, and by this fragment may be judged what were the details of local history preserved in the traditions of the old hunters.

¹ Those who have descended a pathless Highland glen at the closing-in of a winter's night, will appreciate this allusion to the solitary light of the forest lodge.

² Appendix, No. II.

At a time when the deer have become a popular object of chase and *commerce*, those to whom they are not familiar may desire to know something of the sport thus associated with poetry, history, and song. In the modern declension of olden customs and olden terms,—“*Deer-Stalking*” is applied to all pursuits of deer as they are conducted in the Highlands; this, however, is a modern error,—“*Stalking*” is only one method of attacking deer, and their general chase is divided into four distinct classes,—“*stalking, coursing, driving, and baiting.*”

STALKING, or, as it was called in olden hunting—“*killing at the stalk,*”¹—is stealing up to the deer when they are lying or feeding, and is that part of deer-hunting which requires the greatest skill, experience, and judgment. The use of the rifle is a subordinate art: for it is of no purpose to shoot well, if the hunter does not know where to look for, or how to approach the deer. For this he must possess a keen eye, much promptitude and vigilance, and a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animal. Stalking is of two kinds—in the wood, or on the open hill or moor. In both, the first and greatest precaution is the observation of the wind. The sight is a secondary consideration, for deer may safely be crossed or approached within a range of view, at which they would immediately take the scent of the stalker, and probably, if near the march, leave not only the ground but the forest. “Above all things,”—was an old deer-stalker’s warning to a novice,—“Above all things, let not the devil tempt you to trifle with a deer’s nose: you may cross his sight, walk up to him in a grey coat, or, if standing against a tree or a rock near your own colour, wait till he walks up to you,—but you cannot cross his nose even at an in-

¹ Hist. Prince Arthur, P. III. ch. cxxiv.

credible distance, but he will feel the tainted air. Colours and forms may be deceptive or alike: there are grey, brown, and green rocks and stocks as well as men, and all these may be equivocal—but there is but *one* scent of *man*, and that he never doubts or mistakes; that is filled with danger and terror; and one whiff of its poison at a mile off, and whether feeding or lying, his head is instantly up,—his nose to the wind,—and in the next moment his broad antlers turn,—his single is tossed in your face, and he is away to the hill or the wood; and if there are no green corns, peas, or potatoes in the neighbourhood, he may not be seen on the same side of the forest for a month.”

For one not well acquainted with the habits of deer, it is difficult to believe the distance at which they will wind an object; and hence, young stalkers continually lose opportunities of shots by venturing to cross the breeze, in order to avoid a tedious or fatiguing circuit. We remember a young and gallant rifleman, who was better acquainted with the hedges of the Peninsula and the sand-pit of La Haye Sainte, than the deer-haunts of the Highlands, and who having discovered five fine stags in one of the largest coires of Loch-Aber, thought he might save himself the detour of its circumference by crossing the wind on the shoulder of the hill, at a mile distant from the deer. He proceeded, without the least notice from the herd, until he came into the direct line of the breeze, when immediately every head was raised, and in the next moment the deer were streaming up the hill, over the summit of which they disappeared, and were found no more. Though the scent of roe is not so powerful on the open hill, at short distances, it is almost equally acute and jealous of the wind. We have approached them within ten paces without discovery by sight or

sound; but at three hundred yards, when crossing the wind, every head was up; and though we were perfectly concealed from sight, their little black noses were bobbing about on the breeze like the horizontal vanes of French fishing-boats, and in an instant every "croc" was turned, and their white targets tilting over the brackens like snowballs. In harassed ground, when red deer have been thoroughly disturbed, whether by scent or sound, it is of no use to follow him; he may lead you all day, and if the march or the sanctuary is near, most likely go over the one or into the other: he will not, perhaps—after the first start—leave his haunt precipitately, but if he is sure you are there, he will keep always going forward—you will see him with your glass feeding on the shealings, apparently settled and undisturbed, and occasionally moving leisurely, as if only from one spot of grass to another he liked better: but you will observe it is in a constant *onward* direction: he will feed frequently, but it is always *forward*, with continual little marches in advance; and though you scarce observe his change, and should watch him for hours, each time that you look, he shall not be in the same place; and, finally, you will see him go over the edge of the "laraich," or through the gorge of the "bealach," into another "country."

If a deer is on flat ground, he can only be approached by gliding with the whole body as close as possible to the earth, taking care to draw the rifle, and not lift it over the heather—for which reason, if the lock has not a bolt, or the patent-safety construction, it must be looked at occasionally, lest it has been cocked by the resistance of the twigs. In this manner, by moving only when the deer's head is down at feed, a good trailer may draw himself up within range; for if his dress is not of a glaring

colour, the least inequality of ground, or the growth of rushes and strong heath bushes, is sufficient to conceal the human serpent. If the ground is intersected by banks, burns, or ravines, the hunter will easily approach under the mask of the one, or *in* the channels of the other ; he must have no superstitions about wetting his feet, or indeed any other part of his person, but, if necessary, walk in the water, or lay down on his breast in the gaps and falls of the stream ; by which means, if the course is favourable, he may get close up to the deer. There are, however, occasions where the ground is so flat and bare, that the best trailer could not reach a deer, though he were as flat as a leech. In this case, he must observe which way he is feeding, and, if the wind permits, gain a position as near as he can in the line of his progress, and there lay without motion, and patiently wait for the deer to browse on till within range. Since the use of percussion locks, and double-barrelled rifles, though a trial to the impatient, if the ground is quiet, this working at "the wait" is a very good chance ; but in the antiquated days of flints and singles, in wet weather you might share the fortune of an old stalker of our acquaintance, who, after lying *nine hours* for a stag to feed up to him, when at last he showed his broad side within sixty yards, his long black "cuilbheir"—"*chapped*"—and the stag tossed up his head, and went off to the hill, leaving him in the moss as cold, and black, and stiff as the log of bog oak behind which he was lying.—Even in the present day, with your fine double Purdie, you must be prepared for another and a possible trial—that, after having lain as long as it may please fate to ordain, the deer may lie down to ruminate for the rest of the daylight, while still four or five hundred yards off—at which range—as you have not * * * * *’s *long bow*—we suppose you will not shoot at him—or that, if

you did, you would not do to the stag what the Raja-poots did to * * *s troopers at twelve hundred yards. If, however, you are a "true hill man," you will not fail to be provided with your plaid, and have your "màlaid" well lined with oat-cake, in which case you will yet have a fair chance, for then you may bivouac beside the deer until the dawn, when—if he has not fed away during the night—he will resume his browsing, and *may* feed up to your range; or, if he should turn, perhaps afford you an opportunity to advance upon his flank or rear.

When deer are upon the braes, or in the hollows of the hills, unless they are masked by sheep, hinds, or some unlucky covey of grouse, if the ground is unequal, or intersected by channels, it is very easy to approach in the ravines and hollows, or under cover of the rocks or banks; but on wide, smooth, and naked slopes, as in the forest of Gàig,¹ it is very difficult, and sometimes impossible. When they are in the face of a smooth steep, and accessible, if the wind permits it is generally preferable to descend upon them from above; and if you are below, you must not check at a long and circuitous ascent to gain the favourable point. In descending, however, towards the deer, particularly in a narrow and precipitous corrai, besides the usual precautions, attention must be given against another and peculiar danger of the wind—the "Ioma ghaoth," or eddy of air, which, though the general direction of the breeze may be entirely favourable, turns in circular "flams" and whiffs under the craigs, and in the hollows of the precipices, and descending like a backwater against a current, reaches the nose of the deer, over whose head the wind is blowing to your face. It often happens, therefore, that after having made a "beautiful stalk" to the knoll which you designed

¹ Vide Appendix, No. III.

—within sixty or a hundred yards of the stag—upon raising your rifle over the heather, you see nothing but the solitary sun upon the shealing, or the deer admiring your recumbent posture from a pleasant brow on the summit of the next height—where, after the sudden burst which followed the communication of your detestable odour, he stopped to give you a last look—probably for that day. —To prevent such a misfortune, when descending into the coire, the stalker should gather some feathers, if he can find them—there are often ptarmigans in such places—if not, some bents or blades of grass,¹ and toss them into the air, to discover if it has any treacherous motion, and if the floating objects fall towards the deer, there is no certain alternative but to ascend, or diverge and try another line. However jealous of all hostile scents, the deer do not regard those which are foreign, or unassociated with any sense of danger. On the contrary, such innocent odours may be used as a concealment for that of man. Thus, when it is impossible to approach a deer except in the wind, the old deer-stalkers sometimes lighted a peat, which they carried for that purpose in their plaid, and having given one end a thorough ignition, carried it before them to overcome their own taint; and the deer, who had no association of the smell, but the nights in which he had enjoyed its warm perfume in the various peas, kail-yards, and green corns which he had invaded, had no suspicion of its abuse, and suffered himself to be approached under its delusion. It may be a consolation to those who despise King James' "counter-blast," to consider that—notwithstanding any *superstition* to the contrary—their cigar may be used with the same effect.

¹ For such occasions, old stalkers gather the white down of the canach or cotton-rush, or any light "fluff," feathers, or grass, which they may meet, and put them in their pockets—for they have no longer "sporans" or purses—before going to the hill.

In hill-stalking—after the observation of the wind—the next care is to avoid ever showing even the head—far less the person, against the sky. Many a stag is lost by the neglect of this caution, especially in coming rashly round the summit of a craig, or over the ridge of a “làraich.” The eye of a deer, always in motion, and taking in large angles of sight, is immediately struck by any sudden movement, or prominent object, where it ought not to be, and he immediately shifts his ground. If not conspicuous by any glaring or very dark colour, the stalker may walk along the face of the hill, or the ridges of craigs, without causing any alarm; but when it is absolutely necessary to cross the sky-line of a hill, in the sight of deer, it must be done at the “creep,” or the “trail,” according to their distance. In traversing deep heathery braes, or heaps and hollows, beware also of “Fustleachs,” or Feadags—i. e., plovers—and no less of grouse and blackcock, which, going away whistling, and whirring, and crowing, down the hill, will probably rouse and send off some fat yell hind, or solitary old stag, with a head as big as a tree, who was lying alone in the heather, just out of your sight or shot. For this reason, though you should not see a glimpse of a horn or a pair of ears, you ought to walk for ever with a stealthy and quiet pace, which should not disturb either bird or beast, till you nearly kicked the one out of his bush, or threw your shadow over the back of the other. In the present day, among the greatest obstructions to stalking are the sheep, which sometimes stray, and sometimes are permitted to remain upon the ground. When even one of these *gall-geal* is between the stalker and the deer, he need not attempt to get nearer to his object upon that line. Any sudden motion of the mutton would immediately attract the notice of the stags; and as the hill sheep are wild and nervous, an unexpected

apparition of the great enemy of creation sends them down the hill rattling their heels, and dangling their cowardly tails, as if they had changed tenants with the swine of Gennesaret ; thus communicating their panic to the deer, which, in all probability, will not stop till they reach the other side of the glen. When the deer are so masked by sheep, if both are feeding, there is no alternative but to wait until one has browsed out of sight of the other ; but if all are lying, the deer cannot be approached on that side, and another point of attack must be chosen, according to the wind.

Sheep, however, are not the most troublesome obstacles to the approach of stags—hinds are still more vexatious ; and in crowded forests the herds are covered by such a cloud of these female videttes and eclaireurs, that it is sometimes impossible to get at a good stag. When he is protected by only one or two, he may be unmasked by a stratagem, of which the following instance is a practical illustration :—A noble stalker and his forester having discovered a fine stag on elevated ground, made a successful stalk to a point within a short distance, when they were stopped by observing the head of a hind, which had been asleep on a “ toman,” or little eminence, immediately in front of the stag, and commanding a view of all approach. They lay quiet for a few moments, but the raised nose, and bent ears of the hind, remained immoveably fixed towards them, and they saw that close as they had trailed in the heath, her attention was riveted upon them. By her immobility, however, it was probable that she was still uncertain of what they were, and the forester gliding down unperceived to a short distance *below*, showed himself for a moment, and returned to his original position ; in the same way, his master repeated this manoeuvre, and when he had regained his height, the forester drew himself unseen *up* the hill for

about a hundred yards, again appeared for a moment, vanished in the heather, and his master, ascending in the same manner, showed himself about the same distance above him. At each of these apparitions, the hind's ears were immediately bent towards the spot, but she could not make out the various indefinite and scattered appearances; uncertain, however, and dissatisfied, though not actually alarmed, she did not like their neighbourhood, and rising up, gazed for a short time towards the ambush, and stilted quietly away. The stag observing nothing agitated in her change of place, took no notice of her retreat, and was stalked and shot. When the hinds are numerous, however, the stags are as effectually covered from surprise, as the Austrian armies by their numerous light troops. Of the vexation and disappointment, when this is the case, no description will convey so good an idea as the following recollection of a day's stalking in the Duke of Gordon's forest of Glen-Fidich:—

“We left the lodge before daylight, the Duke took the south side of the Fidich, and sent the head forester with me to the north, where the best deer were then lying. The light was still uncertain when we reached the top of the hill, which looks down upon the house, and from which we could see into several small corrairs, or rather hollows, where the deer usually lie when the wind is from the north-east. We sat down upon the brow till we could see distinctly, but as soon as the objects began to come out from the twilight, we proceeded cautiously to the edge of the first little ‘glac’—and looking into its dim/misty hollow, saw a *hind* and her calf in such a position, as to prevent our advancing without her taking our wind. We were compelled therefore to sit down, and wait her pleasure while she ruminated in a thick short bed of heather, on the promontory of a little height which overlooked the recess. Meanwhile, the calf was picking about the brae,

but in about half-an-hour we had the vexation of seeing him lie down comfortably opposite to his mother, to discuss his own little cud. There was every probability that they would enjoy this occupation for some hours, and therefore there was nothing to be done but to retrace our steps, descend the burn, and make a circuit of three rough miles, to arrive at a point from which we were at that moment not above three hundred yards. We had just reconciled ourselves to this determination, and MacLellan had taken a consolatory pinch of snuff, when a pack of grouse came crowing across the glen from the southern hill, and went whirring over the little hollow. As we turned our eyes, the hind and calf were both on their legs—they tried the wind, but it was behind them, and as the birds went sidelong about twenty yards to our left, the mother and son could see nothing beyond the hollow. This made the hind very uneasy; she trotted up the wind for a few paces, then returned, then tripped down the hill for about the same distance, wheeled to the left, and cautiously stole up the slope in the direction from which the grouse had come, and on arriving at the edge of the hill, remained fixed with her eyes and ears directed down the slope, the calf close behind her, his little organs bent forward with equal attention, except that at times he looked out at the corner of his eye, and one or other of his long velvet ears turned sidelong or backward, like a moving finger. For about ten minutes she watched with immoveable vigilance, but suddenly passing round the shoulder of the hill, both were immediately out of sight. ——— ‘*Beannuich am Mòrair !*’—said MacLellan, whose glass was directed to the ground which the Duke had taken—‘his prospect’ is upon us—he thinks the birds have

¹ Bless the Lord, or Chief!

spoiled us, but the *Coileach an taobh-tuath*¹ has sent us good luck this time !'—The forester resheathed his glass, and we continued our way to the top of the hill, but we had no sooner arrived at the summit, than, along the bare sky line, we were aware of more than a hundred pair of pucks' ears, all bent towards us, and not above seventy yards distant. Expecting, however, that there might be other deer alarmed by the grouse, we saw them in time, dropped on the grey naked moss, and having ascertained that there were no stags, crept down the steep without discovery, and making a circle to the east, stole away by a little hollow to the rear of the hinds, and proceeded to reconnoitre the next hill.

"After about an hour's stalking, we came upon the shoulder of a long slope, which looks into the gorges of two or three short glens, opening to a narrow plain, on which we saw a noble sight—a herd of four or five hundred deer, among which were many very fine stags. After having feasted my eyes with this splendid sight—the illustrious cavalry of the hill, the crowned and regal array of the wilderness—I began to calculate how to make the approach, how to slip between the chain of vidette hinds, and numerous picquets of small stags, which commanded almost every knoll and hollow. In the centre of the main body, with a large plump of hinds—which he herded within a wide vacant circle—there was a mighty black hart—with a head like a blasted pine, and a cluster of points in each crown. Though each stag of the surrounding circle had not less than ten points, there were none which approached his size, and they all kept at a respectful distance, while he marched round and round the central group of hinds.—'He will have them

¹ "*Cock of the North.*" The old north country sobriquet of the Earls of Huntly.

all in the ring before long,'—said MacLellan;—'yon's one of the old heroes of the Monadh-liath; he has not been four-and-twenty hours in the forest.'—I looked with an eager and longing eye at his gigantic stature, but there was no apparent possibility of approaching even the outward circle of stags. The herd was scattered over all the ground between the hills, and every little knoll and eminence had its restless picquets, and plumps of discomfited stags, which had been beaten by the great hart, and were chafing about, driving off and broding the buttocks of all the inferior stags which came in their way, then returning and staring with jealous disgust at the mighty stranger, who gave them no notice, except when one or two more audacious, or less severely beaten, made a few steps before his companions; upon which he immediately charged, drove them before him, and scattered the nearest in every direction. Upon these occasions, some hind of greater levity than the rest took the opportunity of extending her pasture, or paying her compliments to her companions—for which she immediately received a good prod in the haunch, and was turned back again into the centre.

" 'There is no doing any thing there'—said I.

" 'Deed no'—replied MacLellan, shutting up his glass—'we be to go down to the foot of the burn.'—

" This was a stream which runs through the middle of the narrow plain, and empties itself into the Fidich, about four miles below, at the east end of the forest. Before resolving upon this, however, we made an attempt to cross the little glen to the north-west; but, after passing round one hill, and nearly to the top of another, we fell in with a small herd of insignificant stags, but none among them being worth the disturbance of the great herd, and being unable to pass them unobserved, we were obliged to adopt the last alternative, and descend to the

Fidich. In about an hour and a half we performed this retrogration, and, having crossed at the forester's house, ascended the burn till we again approached the deer, and, stealing from knoll to knoll, again came in sight of the herd. The outskirts of its wide circle had been much broken and deranged by the jousts and expulsions during our absence; and we saw that it was impossible to get near the better stags without taking the channel of the stream. We immediately descended into the water, and crept up the middle, sometimes compelled to crouch so low, that the pools reached our hips, and, as the stones were round and slippery, it was very uneasy to proceed without floundering and splashing. At length, however, we were within the circle of the deer: there was not a breath of wind, and the least sound was audible in the profound stillness.—We slipped through the water like eels, till we came to a little rock, which, crossing the burn, made a shelving fall which there was no means of passing, but by drawing ourselves up the shoot of the stream. With some difficulty I pushed my rifle before me along the edge of the bank, and then, while the water ran down our breasts, we glided up through the gush of the stream, and reached the ledge above. The return of the water, which I had obstructed, made, however, a rush and plash different from its accustomed monotonous hum, and I had scarce time to lay flat in the burn, when a *hind* sprung up within a few yards, and trotted briskly away—then another, and another. I thought that all was over, and that, in the next moment, we should hear all the clattering hoofs going over the turf like a squadron of cavalry. All remained still, however, and, in a few seconds, I saw the first hind wheel about, and look back steadily towards the fall. I was rejoiced to observe that she had not seen us, and had only been disturbed by the unusual sound of the water. She continued, however,

anxious and suspicious—watched and listened—picked off the tops of the heather—then walked on, with her ears laid back, and her neck and step stilting away as stiff as if she had been hung up in the larder for a week. This, however, was not the worst; all the surrounding *hinds* which noticed her gait gathered here and there, and stood on the tops of the little knolls, like statues, as straight as pucks, with nothing visible but their narrow necks and two peg-legs, and their broad ears perked immovably towards us, like long-eared bats.—MacLellan gave me a rueful look.—‘Cha n’eil comas air.’—‘Never mind’—said I—‘we shall see who will be tired first.’—The forester gave a glance of satisfaction—slid up his glass on the dry bank—and we lay as still as the stones around us, till the little trouts, which had been disturbed by our convulsion, became so accustomed to our shapes, that they again emerged from under the flat pebbles, and returned to their station in the middle of the stream, skulling their little tails between my legs with no more concern than if I had been a forked tree. At length the immobility of the hinds began to give way: first one ear turned back—then another—then they became sensible of the flies, and began to flirt and jerk as usual, and, finally, one applied her slender toe to her ear, and another rubbed her velvet nose upon her knee;—it was more than half an hour, however, before, one by one, they began to steal away, perking and snuffing, and turning to gaze at the least air that whiffed about them. At length they all disappeared, except one grey, lean, haggard old grandmother of hinds, who had no teeth, and limped with one leg—probably from a wound which she received fifty, or perhaps a hundred years before I was born. Her vigilance, however, was only sharpened by age; time, and the experience of many generations, had made her acquainted

with all the wiles and crafts of the hill,—her eyes and ears were as active as a kid's, and I have no doubt she could smell like Tobit's devil.—MacLellan looked at her through his glass, and spit into the burn, and grinned against the sun—as if he was lying in the bilboes instead of cold water.—The old sorceress continued to watch us without relaxation, and at last lay down on the brow of the knoll, and employed her rumination in an obstinate contemplation of the bank under which we were ambushed. There was now no alternative, but to recommence our progress up the burn; and as I was determined to circumvent the hind, I prepared for every inconvenience which could be inflicted by the opposite vexations, of a sharp, rough, slippery, and gravelly stream. Fortunately, at the place where we then were, it was so narrow, that we could hold by the heather on both sides, and thus drag ourselves forward through the water, between each of which advances I pushed my rifle on before me. In this manner we reached the turn of the brook, where I concluded that we should be round the shoulder of the knoll, and out of sight of the hind, who lay upon its east brow. This was effected so successfully, that, when we looked behind, we only saw her back, and her head and ears still pointing at the spot which we had left.—One hundred yards more would bring us within sight of the great hart: the general position of the herd had not changed, and I hoped to find him near the central knoll of the flat, at the base of which the burn circled. We were almost surrounded by deer; but the greater number were small vigilant hinds, the abomination and curse of a stalker.—At length, however, we reached the knoll, and rested, to take breath, at its foot: I examined my rifle, to see that the lock was clean and dry. We took a view of all around us, and, drawing ourselves cautiously out of the burn, slid up through the heather on the south side of

the eminence.—Scarce, however, had our legs cleared the stream, when we discovered a pair of ears not above fifteen yards from the other side.—‘*Mo mhallachd ort!*’¹—whispered MacLellan. She had not discovered us, however, and we glided round the base of the knoll—but on the other side lay three hinds and a calf, and I could see no trace of the great hart.—On the edge of the burn, however, further up, there were five very good stags, and a herd of about thirty deer, on the slope of the north brae. All round us the ground was covered with hinds; for the prevalence of the westerly wind, during the last few days, had drawn the deer to that end of the forest. Upon the spot where I lay, though I could only see a portion of the field, I counted four hundred and seventy; and it was evident that no movement could be made upon that side. We tried again the opposite slope of the knoll;—the hind which we had first seen was still in the same place, but she had laid down her head, and showed only the grey line of her back over the heather. We drew ourselves cautiously up the slope, and looked over the summit. On the other side there was a small flat moss, about seventy yards in breadth; then another hillock; and to the left two more, with little levels, and wet grassy hollows between them. Upon the side of the first knoll there were two young stags and some hinds; but the points of some good horns showed above the crest.—The intervening ground was spotted with straggling hinds, and we might lay where we were till to-morrow morning, without a chance of getting near any of the good deer. While we deliberated, MacLellan thought that, by crawling with extreme caution up a wet hollow to the left, we might have a chance to approach the stags whose horns we had seen behind the other knoll, and, as nothing better could

¹ “My curse upon you!”

be done, we decided upon this attempt. The sun was going down from the old towers of Auchandùn, and we had no more time than would give light for this venture.—We slid away towards the hollow, and, drawing ourselves, inch by inch, through the heather and tall thin grass, had reached the middle of the level between the hillocks, when we heard a stamp and a short grunt close beside us.—I had scarce time to turn my head, and catch a glimpse of a base little grey hind who, in crossing the hollow, had stumbled upon us.—It was but a moment: a rapid wheel and rush through the long grass, and I heard the career of a hundred feet going through the hollow. I sprung on my knee, and skaled a dozen small stags and hinds which came upon us full speed; for those behind, not knowing from whence came the alarm, made straight for the hill. The herd was now gathering in all directions; charging—flying—re-uniting, dispersing, and re-assembling in utter disorder, like a rout of cavalry.—I made a run for the middle knoll,—two stags, with pretty good heads, met me right in the face.—I did not stop to look at them, but rushed up the brae.—What a sight was seen from its top!—upwards of six hundred deer were charging past—before, behind, around, in all directions.—The stately figure which I sought—the mighty black hart, was slowly ascending an eminence about three hundred yards off, from whence he reconnoitred the ground below; while the disarray of stags and hinds gathered round him, like rallying masses of hussars in the rear of a supporting column. I was so intent upon the king of the forest, that I saw nothing else.—No other heads, forms, numbers, took any place in my senses; all my faculties were on the summit of that height.—At this moment I felt my kilt drawn gently;—I took no notice—but a more decided pull made me look round,—MacLellan motioned up the slope, and I saw the points

of a good head passing behind a little ridge, about eighty yards away.—I looked back at the hart—he was just moving to the hill.—What would I have given to have diminished a hundred and fifty yards of the distance which divided us!—He passed slowly down the back of the eminence and disappeared, and the gathering herd streamed after him.—‘*O chial! A chial!*’—exclaimed the forester—‘*bithidh è air fàlhbh!*’—The stag whose horns I had seen had come out from behind the ridge, and stood with his broad side towards me, gazing at the herd; but as they moved away, he now began to follow. The disappearance of the great hart, and the disappointment of MacLellan, recalled me to the last chance. I followed the retreating stag with my rifle, passed it before his shoulder, whiz went the two ounce ball, and he rolled over headlong in the heath, on the other side of the knoll, which the next stretch would have placed between us. —I looked to the hill above, the whole herd was streaming up the long green hollow in its west shoulder, headed by ‘the mighty of the desert.’—They rounded and passed the brow, and sloped upward on the other side, till the forest of heads appeared bristling along the sky line of the summit. In a few moments afterwards, as the sun was going down upon Scùr-na-Lapaich, and the far western hills of Loch Duaich, the terrible wide forked tree came out in the clear eastern sky on the top of the hill, and crowding after at least two hundred heads—crossing, and charging, and mingling—their polished points flashing in the parting sun-beams, and from many a horn, the long streamers of the moss¹ fluttering and flying like the pennons and bannerrolles of lances. The herd continued to file along the ridge of the hill, and wheeling

¹ When the deer rub their horns in the swamps, they often carry away the long leaves of the flags and sedges, which sometimes remain on their heads for several days.

below the crest, countermarched along the sky line, till their heads and horns slowly decreased against the light. —The forester waved his hand to the hill—‘Erich! erichibh!’—cried he—‘Erichibh air a’ mhonadh! a laocha dearga nam bèann! chàill sibh aon sónn an-diugh! —cha tàll è chum nan àrd bheann—bithidh à leaba anns a’ chóinnich fhuair ’s a’ glèann, cha dùisg an tàirneanach è a-chaidh!’”¹

When advancing upon deer—except in strange ground—the forester, or any other attendant, should be left behind a stone, or in some covert, before the stalker commences his approach; not from any recognition of the false reproach made against the guides by Mr Scrope, but because there is no occasion for an assistant, and the action of one has more celerity, independence, and security from discovery, than when a greater number are in motion. The charge made by the author of “The Art of Deer-stalking,” that the forester is often in the way, and sometimes obstructs the shot, is not true, unless in instances of inexperienced and awkward individuals, who are not to be found among that class of foresters of whom the guest of the *Atholl Forest* proposes his remarks. With a MacKenzie, or a MacDonald, a Catanach, and a MacHardie, the asserted inconvenience must proceed from the ignorance or mal-adroitness of the grey worm which crawls at his back, and who often does not know what he is doing, or where he is going, with his ideas *egarrée* on his sensitive knees, and varnished Purdie, unconscious of what he ought to do and nervous for what he ought not, flurried with eagerness and disgusted with his posture, and who, never seeing a deer except once in the year, is

¹ “Away!—away to the hill! red heroes of the mountain! you have lost one of the mighty to-day—he shall never again ascend the hill—his bed is in the cold moss of the glen—the thunder shall wake him no more!”

led up to him like a "blind burraid," by one whose language he scarcely understands. In general, therefore, the embarrassments of the "creep" are those of the superior, who is frequently so ignorant, unpractised, and dependent upon the guidance of the forester, that to be—"taken up to the deer"—has become the modern forest phrase for the approach of the sportsman. This contemptible term, and its contemptible practice, has only been introduced within the last quarter century, since the prevalence of stalking gentlemen utterly unacquainted with the ground and pursuit of deer. Of old, the "*Sedgair uasal nam bèann*," was initiated to the hill when yet but a "*biorach*" of a stalker, and when he became a matured hill man, he should no more have suffered himself to be—"taken up to his deer" by an attendant, than a Melton fox-hunter to be trained after the hounds by a whipper-in with a leading rein.—What should have been the sentiments of the old chiefs and Uaislean of the last century—the Dukes of Atholl and Gordon—Glen-garrie—John Aberardar—Iain dubh Bhail-a-Chroäin—to hear a deer-hunter speak of being—"taken up to his deer!"—Certainly that he was a noble "*amadan*" or "*gille-crùbach*," who had not the faculties or the limbs to act for himself.—But this is only one of the many instances for which the hills of the Gael may mourn with the mountains of Gilboa—"Quomodo ceciderunt robusti!"

In wood-stalking there is little to observe except the wind. This, however, particularly when blowing hard, is not so important in covert as on the hill; for, as deer will not go far down the breeze, and are much more deliberate in thickets than on open ground in getting the scent of the stalker, they will probably not go long with the air, before they draw aside out of his stream to see what is coming, and thus frequently allow a broadside shot while they are standing at gaze. In woods, a care equal to

that of the wind, is to tread slowly and with extreme caution, never breaking dead boughs, running your rifle against the stems, or treading on a stick, the cracking of which, especially in dry weather, will startle the deer at a considerable distance. If deer are discovered, the stalker must continue to move on, as if he did not observe them stealing forward, until he gains shelter from their sight, when he may take his shot freely ; if he stops suddenly, they will instantly fly, but if he passes quietly, they will watch him until he is out of sight. This observation is equally applicable to roe. One day we were running along a path at the slope of a woody brae, and in turning an angle came suddenly upon a fine buck which was grazing close beside the way. He had scarce time to lift his head as we past him, and he continued watching us with his neck turned, and one hind leg raised in the act of stepping, as it had been arrested by our appearance. In this attitude he remained until we vanished behind some bushes about forty yards distant, when he resumed his feeding. Upon measuring the distance at which we had passed, we found that it did not exceed five paces ; if we had stopped suddenly, he would immediately have taken the hill like the wind. If a deer is going away up a bushy bank with an open summit, when he is not greatly startled, and just as he is reaching the top, the stalker should give a low short whistle, which generally will cause him to pause upon the brow, long enough to receive a shot. If a deer is lying in an awkward position, the same signal may be given, and he will rise and stand at gaze—if the hunter is properly masked—longer than is necessary for a deliberate sight. In passing through the wood, the stalker should stop at intervals, and listen for the crack of a stick, or other sound produced by deer, and stooping down, take a careful view through the boles of the trees, the foliage of

which may hide distant deer at the angle of his erect sight. His eye must be very vigilant and inquisitive, and never neglect an equivocal object: for in the subdued tones of the shadowy wood, the dun tints of the deer harmonize so entirely with the brown shapes and umbrage of the forest, and the deer often stand so motionless, that an inexperienced eye will not discern a breast or rump at fifty yards, and even the most accustomed could not optically distinguish the dim brown patch—or even when the ears and eyes are watching him like a lynx—the narrow two-legged phantom of a hind, if it were not for the instinctive sensibility gained by familiarity and vigilance. If the game is roe, every white object, however faint or indefinite, must be scrutinized with equal care; no idle neglect must be indulged, because so often it has been only a rotten stump, or the rhind of a silver birch. The very same appearance may be the “white target,” or snowy patch which surrounds—not the tail of a roe, for he has none—but where it ought to be if he was not so peculiar.

In wood-stalking, as on the hill, it is essential to know where to look for deer, as they have always habitual haunts which vary with the season and the weather—as dry and open woods in wet, and fresh grassy stripes, and glades, and mosses in drought. In summer they will also be found about little lochans, soft springs, and watery mires, where in the heat they love to wallow. These haunts will easily be found by the runs, crotties, fraying posts, and “póll-bùiridh,” or wallowing pool;¹ and it is the first element of stalking in every ground to acquire a perfect knowledge of their localities, without which, continual disappointments must occur. The hunter should know every hillock, glade, hollow, shealing,

¹ Literally—“The rutting pool”—from “Bùireadh”—The Rutting, because the pools are chiefly used in or about the rutting season.

and green stripe frequented by his game; direct his beat to take as many as he can in his progress, without disturbing successive spots; and never pass near to any without a cautious examination of what they may contain. Where the deer much frequent, they have always a favourite—generally small and isolated—tree, on which they “burnish” their horns; and some particular green bog or spring head where they make their wallowing pool, and which, by their rolling, is soon worn as large as their bodies, and deep enough to bathe them in mud and water. Here they may be found during the heat of the day, or when the sun is getting hot after their morning feed; but it is not frequented at evening, and it is useless to approach it at any time, unless the stalker can step like a deer himself, without running against dead boughs, and cracking dry sticks—which, if he did not infallibly avoid, the best which he should find at the pool would be only the bubbles of the last roll, and the deep fresh sprinkled tracks of the broad feet which had just left the moss.

In passing through a wood upon a steep or slope, the single stalker should proceed along the upper ridges, or, if the wood is very narrow, at the skirt on the summit, having a beater below, and to the rear of his own perpendicular; for, unless in snow, the deer will generally break to the hill. If alone, by keeping an elevation, the stalker can often see into the glades and “cuachs,” and over the lower eminences, and stalk what he can discover. Whether alone or attended, he should never be without at least one good greyhound, and a sure and *silent* bloodhound, or other track dog—wanting these, many a mortally wounded deer will go away to die, and be lost in the corries, or perhaps fall where he shall never be found, in some close thicket, or deep blaeberry cuach, or chasm of the rocks, not two hundred yards from the

place where he was shot. In bosoms of wood, or wooded glens, when coming to open glades or hollows, the stalker must examine them very carefully before he shows himself from the covert, and must beware that he overlooks no similitude of a dead stick in the heather, and which may be the sur-royal of some fat solitary—perhaps one of the mighty stags who rarely condescends to associate with a herd. No less cautiously must he ascend, and never pass round an isolated knoll, not only because it will command all within its range, but because there may be one of those cunning old hermits ruminating upon the top—where you could not see him from below; or if you could—he should probably catch the sound of your step, or the sight of your bonnet, and immediately lay his horns on his back as flat as a hare's ears, and couching till you are past, slip over the back of the hillock, and up the wood by the way that you came, while you were blaming the forester in your heart, or wondering why there were no deer in the forest.

In large woods, undisturbed by general felling, but where woodmen's carts are in the habit of passing, the deer may be successfully stalked in their company. Familiarized to their appearance, and never harmed by these plodding visitants, they soon learn their inoffensive character, and become careless of their approach; thus by taking an empty cart and its driver through the wood, the stalker will be permitted to advance within rifle range under its cover, and may take his shot from behind the cart at his leisure. In this instance, accustomed to the halts of the vehicle, the deer do not, as in ordinary stalking, regard the pausing of the passenger, and the empty cart is a ready conveyance for his carcase. This method is an excellent means of approaching large solitary stags; for though, with herds, its frequent repetition would create jealousy in the survivors of the shots, with single indivi-

duals the death of the only object leaves no fugitive suspicion of the cart.

In all kinds of stalking it is important to take the field before day, so as to command the haunts of the deer at their feeding time in the dawn. By this vigilance they are sure to be found, and to be had—if the hunter can hit them.—By going to a large stone, a “gill,” or a fallen tree near their pasture, and lying there till daybreak, as the light increases he will see first the dim gleam of the green shealing—then something indefinite, which, if there was only the eye to tell, he could not say what—but something which the mind is sensible is form and motion; and gradually will grow visible the dun shadow, or grey branches of the deer, moving to the nibbling of his teeth; and as the shape becomes distinct, he will, perhaps, see the fattest hind, or the largest stag, in the forest, quietly browsing within fifty yards of his ambush.—Probably one of the mighty, crafty, solitary, old misanthropes of the hill, whom he should never find by day, or if he did—who should cheat and baffle him for years, as if some wood demon took the shape of stag to tempt him.

The early hours are equally valuable for roe. Like all wild animals, deer move little by day, and the roe especially love to lie amidst the tall bracken, or thick black thorns, dozing and ruminating during the heat and stir of the world. As the dawn begins to break, they come out upon the forest glades, or the peas, potatoes, turnips, or green corns, at the skirts of the woods. The stalker ought to be there before them, at the back of the fail-dike, or the nearest bush or stone which may command the field, and as the light advances, he shall see their white targets, bobbing and stiling about in the gloom like old wives’ “mutches,” every now and then, as they turn, disappearing suddenly as if they vanished into the darkness. As the day becomes clear, it is a chance but two or three shall

be within buck shot range, and always the rifle ought to be equally ready to give the long bowls to the more distant, or a parting shot to the fugitives after they have received the right and left of the mitraille.

For the advantage of commanding wind and early hours at all times, every great forest should have small hunting lodges placed at the distance of a day's *chasse*, and in the principal points of the wind. By these various rendezvous most winds can be governed, and the *chasseur* will derive great facility and expedition for reaching the best grounds before daylight. If the forest is narrow, and not above twelve miles long, one at each extremity is sufficient; but if it is well squared, there should be four in opposite quarters, and parties should hunt alternately from one to the other. By thus working up to the night's halt, they will often spare the useless fatigue and waste of time in returning home ten or twelve miles after their day's work. Each lodge should be connected with the others by a small bridle track, by which dogs, servants, and sumpter beasts, may be transported as required. The buildings themselves may be made transferable to any desirable change of place, by constructing them in the manner of the portable wooden houses made in Great Britain for the new sheep-feeding colonies.

In stalking among woody hills, or upon broken hilly ground, it is a great advantage to have two rifles, a double of the ordinary Purdie musquet calibre, and a long heavy single barrel for great ranges. After the first burst of the deer up the brae, even from a double shot, they will sometimes stand at the "regard" broadside on to the stalker, and though perhaps at a considerable distance, offer a very good shot to a true rifleman. The Norwegian heavy metalled bear-rifles are very good for this purpose, and from their weight of iron kill with great certainty at an extraordinary distance. Very good

single barrels may be purchased in Drontheim for less than four pounds.

For roe-stalking in woods two guns are equally valuable, but one should be a smooth double gun for buck-shot, and the other an ordinary double rifle; for in thick cover the deer often jump up three or four together close to the hunter, while frequently in open woods they are only seen between the boles of the trees at the distance of a hundred yards. Both guns should be carried by the stalker, for no gilly or keeper should be allowed to follow within treble that distance, as there is every probability of his "cracking sticks," just as you are coming up to a buck. In thick wood the rifle should be slung, and the smooth gun carried in the hand, for the close bolting shots. But the contrary practice should be used among open trees, where, most likely, the roe will be first seen at a distance. If the ground is not too bushy, or if intersected by glades and free banks, immediately after giving the buck-shot, the hunter should unsling the rifle and drop on his knee, so as to have a good view under the boughs, for some of the roe will often stop within a hundred yards, on the top of the bank, or at the edge of the glade, and stand for some moments looking back over their shoulder, when the rifle will be in good time. In this manner we have sometimes killed three roe from the same spot, and upon one occasion had even better fortune.

We had command of a pass, a narrow ravine opening to a long woody brae, and a beautiful "cuach" filled with brackens, above which rose a steep "tòrr" tufted with three or four doddered pines. The whistle of the beaters was slowly passing through the birch wood below, when suddenly it was interrupted by the hurried eager cries which accompany the discovery of deer when they attempt to charge back through the line of drivers. In a

few moments after there was a crash among the trees, and a large hart came staring and foaming up the pass, and receiving my ball in his breast, rolled over into the cuach. At the sound of the shot, and the concussion of his heavy bulk tumbling into the hollow, three roe started out of the deep ferns, and mistaking the echo of the report, came up full in my face. I snatched up the smooth gun, and took down two as they advanced in a string, upon which the third went up the tor, and stood blown upon the summit, perking with his sharp horns over his shoulder, and giving me a fine view of his side, at which I discharged the remaining barrel of the rifle, and brought him over like a wheel into the cuach.

For roe-shooting, the smooth gun should never be loaded with any other shot than double B. There are many cover-sportsmen who persist in using smaller numbers, because they are excellent snap shots, and, by the murdering force of a Purdie, sometimes kill bucks by a close point blank discharge in the head or neck; but they do not acknowledge how many fur jackets they have only dusted at thirty and forty yards, and how many good roe sent away to die in "pots" and thickets a week afterwards. When in full winter coat, small shot fired at long distances—especially if it strikes with the "*lie*" of the hair—is turned by the close stiff thatch of the pile-like hail, and the fur may be seen beaten out like a clap of dust, but the roe goes off as if untouched; and should he have suffered, it is merely spoiling his dinner without improving your own. But if well "laid on" before the shoulder, BB rarely fails to kill or disable at any distance at which a hunter would fire. The only objection made to its use is, that its size diminishes its number of pellets for long ranges, but this only applies to the small bored pheasant and partridge pop-guns: the barrels of a roe gun should never be less than a musket gauge, and with

thick metal, and a heavy breech ; each charge will then carry seventy pellets, and kill with certainty at fifty yards.

In all kinds of deer-hunting, quick loading is no less important than a command of weapons, from the many unexpected chances which occur, and which are as often lost when a tardy hand has half-loaded or is flurried with eagerness and haste. Time and infacility, however, is much increased by the ordinary miscellaneous method of loading, rendered still more dilatory in cold weather, when the numbed hands can scarcely feel the scattered ammunition distributed in various pockets. To accelerate a recharge, we introduced buck-shot cartridges, and the practice of tying the rifle balls in their patches, to which we afterwards added the invention of a charger, which, containing powder, ball, and copper caps—next to cartridge—gives the greatest possible speed in loading. The shot cartridges were merely charges of BB, made up in paper, without wire, sawdust, or any of the conceits since added by professional makers, and which either convert the cylinders into ball, or render their explosion entirely arbitrary and uncertain ; while, in the simple method, the shot acts as usual, but the loading is much more expeditious. For the rifle, the tied balls are covered in kid leather patches, slightly damped, and which, drying upon the balls, become fitted to them like moulds, when they are to be greased as usual. The tie is made very close and small, with silk thread, to which the superfluous leather is cut close, and the whipping, having only a few rounds, bursts, and loses the patch in the discharge, the tie being made over the casting nipple of the ball, and placed uppermost in loading. The use of these balls was communicated by Lord Lovat to Purdie, who improved the principle by grooving them to the rifle. For this purpose, in making the barrel,

allowance is given for a piece which is cut off for a grooving mould to the tied balls, and these, being pressed through its bore, receive the exact cast of the barrel. Balls, thus prepared, load with extraordinary ease and quickness, and, exploding the old barbarism of the hammer, are rammed down by a single push with the smoothness of a piston. The charger, which we have added, is a small metal cylinder, containing from six to eight charges, of a diameter only as much larger than the balls as to permit their free passage, and divided into two compartments, the one containing the tied balls, the other the powder, with a Sykes' patent top. The former is closed by a spring cap, which, to release the balls, flies open by pressing a stud, and extends into a tapering tube, containing copper caps, held in position by a spiral spring, and given out at the end by a small lateral aperture for placing them on the nipples. The charger is carried in the pocket, but it is also suspended by a cord, that, after giving out the powder and ball, it may instantly be dropped from the hand for the purpose of ramming down. By this method loading is performed with thrice the speed of the ordinary practice.

Of the great advantage in time gained even by the tied and grooved balls alone, an extraordinary example was given by Lord Lovat in Glen-Strath-Fàrar, and as the greatest instance of deer-shooting ever achieved with one gun, we add the following entire description of the stalk :—

“The wind being from the east, we went to the head of the glen, Sir P. M. and Colin turned to the right to try Coire-an-Fhéidh, and Beann Dubh ; and Lord E. and I, with Angus, went up Taobh-an-Lochain, and came above the Coire-buidh'-beag, and Coire-buidh'-mòr ; but we saw only few deer, and no good stags. We looked into the lap of the Garbh-Choire, but there being nothing

in it worth shooting, we were coming down the ridge of Luachrach, to get a view of the lower part of the Coire, when we saw several large herds of deer moving on the opposite side of the glen on Beann-dubh. After watching their movements for a considerable time, Angus proposed meeting a herd of about fifty, which had settled near the brow of the hill above Doire-fada, and which we now saw that M. was trying to approach. From the position of the deer, Angus thought that they would cross the river, near the junction of the Lapaich burn, and come up the west side of the water into the Garbh-Choire; but, for the chance that they should go up the bank of the Fàrar, Sandy was sent down at Bomòr to head them. We then went off at a rapid pace down the steep side of Luachrach, across the soft moss, till we reached the view-stone on the rising ground, overlooking the upper part of the wood, where we halted a few moments, for the first time, after a run of a good mile. Lord E. was placed on this ridge with John Ross, and I went on with Angus, sending the piper with the dogs across the burn to the little shealing, so as to be within reach of either of us if required. Away we went—and you know Angus' pace—crossed the Lapaich burn above the fall, and up the rising ground to the great fir-tree. I now saw that the deer had moved a little east, and we continued our run down the path, almost to the shealings, where we had a few moments' halt, when we heard M. get his shot. The herd seemed to be coming towards us, but after crossing the Fàrar, they turned to the right, and passed the Lapaich burn at Ath-nam-Bròg into the wood: our only chance was to retrace our steps to the fir-tree, to cross the burn below the fall, and meet the herd beneath Mac-Martin's stack; this seemed hopeless from the distance and the ground, which is very steep and rough, with very long heather. We threw away our plaids, and made for

the ford with all our speed, and with severe exertion reached the pass a few seconds before the leading hind appeared. She had not got sight of us, and twenty or thirty deer passed within fifty yards before there was any stag clear of hinds. At last a hart came up unmasked; I fired, and he fell,—another followed, and went down to the left barrel. I was ready loaded when a wounded hind appeared, she also fell. Just as I was recharged, Colin shouted from the other side of the Färrar, —‘Run west!—run west!’—I did so for a short distance, when I saw a fine stag of ten points about a hundred paces from me; he fell, and with my left barrel I singled from the herd going up the hill another, which also went down. I was loading again, and I believe might have had another right and left shot before the herd was out of reach, had not Angus rushed forward to secure one of the stags which was rolling down the hill.—Upon going up to the fallen deer, we found that the last ball, after passing through the stag, had killed a hind which I had not seen.”—“It was owing to having my balls tied and grooved that I was able to load so rapidly: with the old method of hammering the balls into the gun I should have had only one chance.”¹

DEER-COURSING.—This noble sport partakes of stalking in so far as the stalker must find and approach the deer in the same manner, in order to arrive within the proper distance for slipping the dogs. In this care must be taken not to let them go at too wide a “law.” This will depend upon their speed and courage, and the nature of the ground; but if, disregarding these, young hounds are started at a range beyond their strength or fleetness, there is not only the certainty of losing the deer, but the probability of spoiling the dogs, which, if not determined

¹ Letter from Lord Lovat, Sept. 6, 1844.

and high couraged, will be so disheartened by their failure and hard work, that they will never after have "bottom" for a severe run. In hard and rough ground the law must be diminished, as the deer then has the advantage of his strength and foot; but if soft and boggy, a larger venture may be taken, as the weight and sinking of the stag is then greatly against his wind and speed. It need not be remarked, that cool—that is, unwounded—deer should never be coursed in or too near a wood, which, if the dogs were not lamed or killed among the trees, would only incur the regret of the old hunter from another cause,—

"Thug a' choille dhiot-s'an earb
'S thug an àird' dhiom-sa na féidh."¹

"The hill has taken the deer from me,
The wood the roe from you."

As the deer, when hard pressed, always goes to water,—or, as it is technically called, "*takes soil*,"—when a lake or river is near the course, one or more couple of dogs are stationed between the hill and the water, and if the stags are strong, one couple at the shore to slip as may be required. In old huntings these reserves were called "*vaunt-lays*," "*allays*," and "*relays*." The first, held ready at any place where the deer was expected to pass, the second to slip for the assistance of the preceding dogs, and the third as a reserve when the deer had taken to bay. All these were often not more than required, for though there *have been* single dogs which would pull down a "cool deer," when the stag is great and bold, the ground rough and cutting, and the dogs of no high rank, they will have a desperate attack. Thus we remember in Brae Mar a stag which distanced or crippled two couple

¹ A' Chomhachag. Sàr Obair nam Bàrd, I. 15.

of hounds at the slip and "allay," and taking to bay in the Dee, killed one of the "relay" in the water, and had the other under his knees, goring him with his antlers, when he was rescued by the old forester, Donald MacKenzie. The last dog was a snow-white hound, a favourite and beautiful,—but crossed from an English smooth dog,—not a very strong experiment of the "old Lord Fife;"—he was pierced through the body in several places, severely bruised, and had two or three of his ribs broken by the kneading of the stag's knees. The forester, however, laid him on some straw in a wheel-barrow, and carried him home, where he nursed him with warm milk till he restored him to health, but never to running condition.

When the deer gains the water, he always takes to bay. It is then that the courage and experience of the dogs are shown. The young and the rash going up at once at his head, while those which understand the attack assail him from the flank. The same temerity is shown by the young, and the same caution by the veteran dogs in coming up with the deer at the run. The former often rush at once at the "front," and are generally maimed or killed, for the deer strikes to either side with surprising force and velocity. Two fine young dogs belonging to the late Glen-Garrie were thus killed in their first run by a gallant stag, which they were driving down the dry channel of a mountain stream,—and as they sprung at his throat from either side, with a rapid flourish of his head he struck them right and left, and laid them dead among the stones. The experienced greyhounds rarely run at the deer's neck, but come up close by his flank, and shoot up at his throat too close for the blow of his horns, and to effect this they will sometimes for several yards run by his haunch, until they feel the favourable moment for making their launch at his neck. There are, how-

ever, dogs which have peculiar modes of attack. Thus some will seize the deer by the fetlock, and one named Factor, a small but very fleet highly-couraged dog, belonging to the late James Duff of Innes, was accustomed to make a spring over the deer's croop, and fix himself on the nape of his neck, when he never failed to bring him down.

Though professed coursing is an especial division of deer-hunting, there are accidental runs attendant upon driving, by dogs held in the rear of the guns at passes, chiefly for recovering wounded deer. Of old, *no man went to the hill without greyhounds*; they were indispensable attendants upon deer-sport of every class, which was never considered—and, indeed, *cannot be complete without them*; for it was justly thought, not only a gross waste of venison, but a *dishonour to the chase*, to allow a wounded deer to get away to die in the corrairs, and be eaten by the ravens: Unless hit in the head, vertebra, or shoulder, he will often escape from the gun with wounds which, to the inexperienced, would appear incredible to be sustained. Even a roe shot through the body with a *two ounce ball*, has made good his retreat, so that he could neither be found by the beaters at the time, nor by a bloodhound laid on his track at the ensuing morning. Stags very well hit, unless followed by dogs, will get away with three or four one-ounce balls in and through their bodies; and we remember one example of a stag which received *seven* of that weight, and, after leading the pursuit all day, was not finished till he took to bay in Loch Monar. Even when wounded near the shoulder, a strong deer will sometimes go too far to be found without a track-dog; and in woods, and deep clothed broken ground, will continually fall, where it is impossible to find him except by the nose. A stag was shot by the late Mac Mhic Alasdair, under the grey rock at the east end of Loch Garrie; but

he went away, and even took the brae of Sliabh-Garbh, with such speed and vigour, that the beaters believed he was unwounded, until examining the place where he was shot, a splash like a cup-full of blood was found upon the bare stone. "Black Dulochan" was immediately laid upon the track, which took him to the moor farther and farther, without sight of the deer, till the men began to be discouraged. Glen-Garrie, however, *never lost* a deer by neglect, and he persisted in the track, until at last, more than a mile distant, the stag was found dead in the heath, with almost all the blood run out of his body. Had this happened in a wood, or in deep blaeberry pots or heath-grown chasms, without a dog, the deer would never have been seen again; and thus, in the modern forests, every year good shots and stags are wasted for the want of those "Coin-fhada," and "Coin-luirg"—greyhounds, and track-dogs—which were always in attendance on the old huntings. Formerly, in the rear of each pass kept by a gun, a gillie, with a couple or leash of greyhounds, was stationed in a hollow, or behind a stone, bush, or bank, at a proper slipping distance from the run in which the deer should break. If it was desired to kill more than might be stopped by the shot, when more came out, the dogs were slipped at the best stag or hind which went off. It was in this way that such large numbers were killed in the great huntings of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, when the deer being driven into a glen by the Tainchel, all the passes through which they could break were "laid" with greyhounds. Thus, at a gathering given by the Earl of Mar in 1618, there were killed in two hours eighty fat deer;¹ and in another, made for Queen Mary by the Earl of Atholl in 1563, the

¹ Pennylesse Pilgrimage, fol. Lond. 1630, p. 135.

amount of the chase, for one day, was three hundred and sixty deer, five wolves, and some roes.¹

During the olden time of Highland sports, the breed of the deerhound was carefully preserved ; by the chiefs they were maintained in great numbers ; their possession was the pride of every gentleman, and even the majority of the better class of "carnachs" had one or two of a superior character to most of those now in existence. When great huntings were held, all were invited to bring in their dogs to the rendezvous, and it was for this reason that strangers who attended were careful to appear in the native costume, which gratified the people, and incited them to oblige those who paid them the compliment of assuming their beloved garb. Thus, when the "water poet" accompanied the Earl of Mar to one of his grand gatherings, he was habited by him, for the occasion, in a Highland dress, and found all others at the tryst, barons, knights, and commons, apparelled in the same manner : "for," said the traveller, "any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear 'their fashion,' for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs ; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful."² In the journeys, and even military expeditions, of the sovereign, facilitated by the gathering of the feudal followings, similar great huntings accompanied the royal progress ; and similar invitations, on a higher grade, were issued to the chiefs and nobles of the clans, to bring in their dogs for the king's sport. Thus, in 1528, when King James V. passed to the border, "to daunt on the thieves of Teviotdale, Annandale, and Liddesdale," he summoned "all gentlemen

Barclay contra Monarchomachos.

² Pennylease Pilgrimage, p. 135.

that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased, the whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highlands did, and brought their hounds with them.”¹ In the time of James VI., these dogs were in such high esteem, that, in August 1594, the monarch sent ten of their breed in a present to the King of Denmark;² and in June 1599, nine others, which were shipped at Leith under the care of “William, the Ingliss trumpetour,” and three falconers, who received eleven bolls and a half of meal, and five bolls and a half of “seeds,” for the provision of their charge on the voyage.³ The noble breed, which thus was once a gift for princes, is now fast verging to extinction. In the neglect of the last half century, their numbers having decreased to two families, by “breeding in and in” the race is now greatly degenerated. The only original stocks remaining in the Highlands are those of Applecross and Lochaber, and it is even a question if these are truly distinct. All of the species, however, existing in Scotland, are of one or other of these stems, and so nearly related, that in every litter it is a mere chance if a good dog will be found; and, as it is impossible to obtain new blood to improve the species, they must continually decline. The only remaining alternative for restoration is to import the rough Russian greyhound, or the great Albanian dog. This last is the “*Grew*,” or “Greek hound” of the middle ages; from whom is derived the race and name of all the common Western *Grey*-hounds; but so greatly surpasses them in size, strength, and courage, that, if clothed in the same shaggy coat, it would equal the Highland animal in sta-

¹ Pittscottie's Hist. Scot., fol. Edit. p. 143.

² Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer for August 1594 MS. General Register House.

³ *Ib.* July 1, 1599.

ture. The decline of the present Scottish breed is manifested not only by the diminution of their weight, bone, and muscle, but the disparity of their achievements. Formerly, it was so common for a single hound to kill a "cool" deer, that, in the old Gaelic hunting-songs and heroic poems, it is a common allusion in the attributes of the dogs; and those of the highest character would pull down two, and even three, in one beat. Thus, in the Ossianic remains:—

"Thuit fiadh air a thaobh ro' gach cù
Thuit a trì le Bran 'na aonar."¹

A deer fell by *every dog*,
Three by *Bran alone*.

It is now so rare for a single greyhound to kill one strong stag, that these allusions would be considered poetical licenses, had they not been corroborated by a few examples among modern dogs. The late Glen-Garrie had several which were equal to an ordinary deer, and one which pulled down three with scarce any interval between the runs. He had been slipped at a young stag, which, favoured by soft ground, he had killed after a very short run; and almost as soon as he fell, a hind, which had been lying in a hollow near the place, was raised by one of the beaters, and bolting across the brae in sight of the dog, he instantly gave chase, and pulled her down also. Meanwhile, Glen-Garrie was upon the other side of the glen, near a small wood which had not been beaten, and signalled for the greyhound. As the leader approached the thicket, a hind broke before him, and in the struggles of the dog, under his excitement at the view of the deer, he slipped his collar, and in the next moment the hound was in full pursuit, and after a sharp run came

¹ Fiongall Duan, vi. 351.

up with and pulled down his game apparently undistressed. A similar feat in similar ground was also performed some years ago by a very noble hound, then the property of Mr Fraser, who at that time occupied the sheep-farm of Cruachie,¹ upon the marches of the Monadh-Liath. In both occasions the runs were made in soft plain ground, and were voluntarily taken by the dogs, for no true deer-hunter would have slipped them intentionally. The decline in the breed of greyhounds has been greatly accelerated in the depraved corruptions introduced by the foreign tenants of deer forests, who, ignorant of deer and their dogs, under the vain expectation of producing a breed of track-dogs which should unite in a high degree the opposite excellencies of speed and scent, with an increase of courage, have reduced their greyhounds into base mongrels, by crossing them with hounds, mastiffs, and bulldogs. The *courage* of the deer greyhound is naturally of the highest order, and when it has degenerated with the preservation of the other noble qualifications of the breed, it can only be recovered by a restoration of true blood in the same species. By the mixture of the Goodrich introductions, ferocious bull-baiting tigers may be raised, but as these fighting devils have neither scent nor speed, their alliance only neutralizes the principal qualification either for tracking or running. In the same manner, the high faculties of speed and nose belonging to varieties of genus diametrically opposed by nature, the attempt to unite them is futile and chimerical, and has only produced mongrels, defective not only in the local faculties of either parent, but the moral intelligence of both—base, stupid, and currish beasts,—too slow to run with speed—too rash and noseless to track by scent, and never

¹ Commonly corrupted into "Crocky."

endued with half the courage and endurance of their original breeds. For the one fault, unable to come up with a wounded deer in half a greyhound's "law," and for the other—losing, two hundred yards from the pass, a stag which has been found dead the next day not three rifle shots distant—the cumbrance and contempt of all foresters and hill men—and the scorn of all the deer at which they have ever been slipped. For true practical deer sport, as confirmed by the centuries of experience in the old deer-hunting days of all countries, the two pure breeds of forest dogs are indispensable—the "*Coin-fhada*," or greyhounds for running, and the "*Coin-Liurg*" or "*Coin-dubha 'Ghriogarich*," the bloodhounds for tracking. These were the attendants upon all complete forests: the greyhounds "laid" at the passes, the bloodhound or a couple in immediate attendance upon the chief, or head forester—to be used as might be required. Without these no deer-hunting is complete, and with them no deer, not basely shot, could ever be left to feed the ravens and disgrace the guns which lost them. The strangers of the present forests, aliens to the deer as they are to their hills, object that greyhounds and bloodhounds howl and whimper when silence is indispensable.—This only exposes their ignorance in the breaking of forest dogs. Of old, the thorough trained greyhound and track-dog never opened his mouth upon the hill—and as yet practised upon the Continent, hounds were even taught to run at large *mute*.—For several years we have held and run the late Glen-Garrie's deerhounds, and never heard them "speak" upon the hill; and for a longer period, with bloodhounds, foxhounds, and staghounds, broken by ourselves, we have tracked wounded deer, and waited at passes and "allays" for hours: but though accustomed to run their game in pack and full cry, they were so trained to the leash and "piste," that when put

into the collar they became infallibly silent, and never emitted a sound louder than their hard drawn breath straining on the strap. It is true that, immured in low country kennels, amidst the snarling, bickering, and yelling of terriers, setters, and pointers, both greyhounds and slowhounds share in the petulance and impatience of their neighbours ; and taken to the hill only for a few days once in the year—rarely seeing deer dead or alive, unable to walk on the steeps, and receiving no further education than that of being dragged through the heather, and kicked by an ignorant *cover* beater, who knows nothing either of hounds or deer—when waiting at a pass, or coming into the sight and scent of a stag, the dog is as impatient and excited, and knows no more of his duty, than the cover shooting fox-hunting master to whom he belongs.—But brought up in the forest, always attending the forester to the hill, continually familiarized with the sight, scent, and blood of deer—corrected from infancy, but gently, for the least sound above his breath, practised frequently in the course or the “piste,” and well rewarded with the “hallow”—the forest dog becomes as well acquainted with his work as his leader, and will never exhibit impatience or indiscretion. In the present day, most bloodhounds and greyhounds not possessed by the remote and *native* stalkers of the hill—a Triendrish—a Glen Shiel—a Bealid or Sherra-beag—are but pampered pets, which have so little real work and education, that, like other minions, they are ignorant, wayward, and impatient; but these have nothing in common with the old true dogs of the forest in the days of Dòmhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh nan dàn, Iain dubh Mac Alasdair, or the Tagart bàn Fhas-na-coille.

In tracking deer, it is necessary to distinguish the animal by his “slot,” so as to discriminate what to follow and what to leave ; without which discernment, time may

be wasted and the dogs uselessly employed, as upon a hind out of season, or a young stag instead of a strong hart. Although we deny the assertion of Buffon—that the stag's feet are better formed than those of the hind, and, on the contrary, think that the latter are much the most symmetrical—they have a sufficient difference of appearance to render their prints perfectly distinguishable. The feet of the hind are slender and pointed like those of a large roe. Those of the stag are not only much larger but more obtuse, and the dew-clees nearer to the heel; the fore-foot almost as round as that of an ox, sometimes nearly as large, and always much greater than the hinder hoof. There is also a considerable difference in the "gait" or walk: the steps of the hart are longer, heavier, and more regular than those of the hinds and younger stags, setting the rear-foot very exactly in the print of the first, except after they have shed their horns, when they "misprint" or step unevenly, making their rear slot out of the first almost as often as the "spayads" and "broachers," though in a different manner, and with a sort of regularity, the hind step beside the front, but not with uncertainty, here and there. The hinds and young stags, on the contrary, step shorter and with less decision, making their rear print sometimes behind, and sometimes beside the front. When the stag has past his fourth year, his slot is sufficiently distinguishable not to be mistaken, but it requires considerable experience to discriminate the "view" of a younger stag from that of a hind, and to attain assurance it must be often examined and compared.

DRIVING is of two kinds; the greater, called the "Tainchel," and the lesser, named, of old, "*killing at the tryste*."¹—The last is generally used for thickets and woods, where

¹ Hist. Prince Arthur, Part III. ch. cxxiv.

the deer are so cunning, or lie so close, that it is difficult to find or come at them. For this, the passes are kept by guns and greyhounds, and the wood is driven by a line of beaters. When it lies along a slope, or upon the base of a mountain, the principal passes are those at the upper skirt; for unless in storm, or a strong wind, the deer will rarely go through, and out at the end of the covert, but, generally, take the high passes to the hill. If the wood is on a moor, or in the bottom of a glen, equally distant from either range of mountains, all sides must be guarded; observing, by the runs, the coires, heights, or pastures most frequented by the deer, and stopping the communicating outlets by the best guns. The beaters should drive gently, without making too much noise:—shouting is unnecessary—whistling and tapping the trees with their sticks is sufficient to move the deer to their passes. If the wood is large, it must be taken in divisions, posting the guns, if possible, at intersecting ravines, glades, or open banks; but, in a limited mass, guns are stationed above, or on all sides, and it is driven out at once. In posting the rifles, care must be taken to place them under the wind, or in those passes to which it blows from the deer; but if that cannot be done, they must be placed in each “bealach” on the side where they will be to the lea of the deer’s approach and entrance within shot. If the gun is planted on a height above the pass—especially if the breeze is strong—his wind will often blow over the ground below, and, consequently, the advancing deer: and thus seated, in a smart gale, upon the brow of a steep bank, half-a-dozen hinds have ascended within ten yards of the muzzle of our rifles. This is a contingency, however, which cannot be relied upon, as the wind sometimes plunges or descends in an “ioma-gaath,” or eddy, and it should never, therefore, be tried when it can be avoided. In all cases, there are times

when the deer cannot be driven in the direction required. Contrary in habit to the fox, the stag always runs *up* the wind, that he may discover and shun his enemy: the crafty fox, as if sensible to the infamy of his trail, never moves by day, unless pursued, and flies *down* the wind, that, by taking his scent with him, he may leave as little as possible to betray his course. From this opposition in their instincts of defence, if the wind is high, it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to force the deer against it; and, when pressed by the beaters, they will charge through the line, and, regardless of shouts, cries, and even pelting sticks, break away up the breeze to the open hill. Wood-deer are also so crafty, that, without the impulse of the wind, they will often refuse to move forward, and either slip back between the drivers, or lie close until they are past, and then walk leisurely back through the empty ground, and again harbour in the thickets which have been beaten, or steal out at a rear pass. To prevent the last evasion, one or more guns should always be posted in reserve, and, as the beaters move forward, follow from pass to pass, one or two hundred yards to the rear of their flank; and as the most evasive tricks of the deer are by the oldest and most cunning, it is often the largest and finest which go out at the back passes.

Upon naked ground, where there are no trees, rocks, or high heather to conceal the "waiter," "*fail-bields*," or turf-screens, should be made to command the passes, (this was a prevailing advantage in the old hunting days;) and the shelters may easily be made, by cutting a semi-circular ditch, the earth from which is thrown up into a low breast-work, faced with a revêtement of turf, and having watch-loops, through which the hunter may view the ground as he sits in the trench. In winter, it was customary to have a heath-thatched pent laid from the bank over the ditch. If this ambush commands a feeding

ground, the "waiter" should resort to it before daylight, and never without a good greyhound and a sure track-dog.

At all passes the hunter should observe the greatest immobility and silence: even where there is no screen in his front, by placing himself against a rock, bank, or trunk of a tree, if his dress is not conspicuous, and he remains perfectly motionless, the deer will often approach very near, without alarm. Sometimes, when suspicious, and uncertain of his appearance, they exhibit an amusing indecision between curiosity and apprehension, and if the waiter is dressed in dusky tartan, or an aerial brown, or wan-green colour, will advance within a few yards of his post. We have seen a hind approach within twenty paces of a figure standing against a rock.—Hinds not being in season, he took no notice of her, but remained as motionless as the grey stone, to the sight of which she was accustomed. She was, however, certain that there was *something*,—perhaps she remembered that the craig did not use to have that dun scaur in its face,—but she could not make out what it was, and was very curious to know: trotting up within a few yards of the waiter, stretching her neck and ears, and feeling the air with her nose, as if she tried to squeeze a scent out of it; then retreating, and moving quickly to the right and left, in order to get the wind of the object which she suspected, and when all failed, advancing, as before, close up to the gun. This she did several times, till at last, sensible of something strange though unintelligible, she trotted petulantly away, stood for a few moments on the brow of the brae, with her broad bat's ears pricked over her hind stilts, as if she had but two legs, and then tilted down the bank into the wood. Upon these occasions, the hunter must maintain a petrified stability; for even the motion of his features is sometimes sufficient to give conviction to the deer.—I once, in the woods at Gordon Castle, lost a

fine stag, for laughing at a hind who came to look at me while I was waiting for him. He was grazing down a brae, where I could not stalk him; but as he was feeding in a direction which promised to bring him within range, if I remained where I was, I planted myself against an old birch tree, and stood there for some time, as straight and stiff as one of its own ribs. While I was patiently watching the nibbling progress of the stag, I attracted the observation of an inquisitive hind, which, passing within sight of the tree, seemed struck with the indefinite change of appearance in its rind. She stole cautiously forward, with her neck and ears stretched out, and occasionally bowing to the old stock, as if it had been an oak and she a Druidess, but which, in reality, proceeded from her eager desire to strain a decided sight or scent out of my equivocal stripe against the tree. Having come within a disagreeable ocular suspicion of my similitude, she suddenly trotted off; but, having no conviction by scent, again doubtful at my distant incertitude, advanced, snuffing, staring, and stretching her inquisitive ears, until she was so close, that I could see her eyes wink, and her dewy nose screw like a guinea-pig; when, unable to keep my gravity at the faces which she was making, I laughed, but without any *eclat*, or even a convulsion in my shoulders, but, as I suppose, merely an expansion of my countenance, and perhaps an exposure of my teeth.—Instantly, however, she started, as if I had fired my rifle in her face, went round like a dervise, and down the brae with an alarm which immediately startled the stag, and took him away after her.

The same uncertainty of motionless objects is equally applicable to roe, though, like the red deer, their sight is so acute that they can distinguish the presence of an object when the human eye is scarcely sensible of light. One morning, as the day began to break, I was sitting

upon the Tor-Comhachaig, previous to beating the Carnach of Relugas—I heard a light tick, which, to an inexperienced ear, might have seemed a falling leaf; in an instant—"by instinct"—the rifle, which lay beside me, was in my hand: I say by "*instinct*," for *there*, every bird and beast was sacred to me. Another and another leaf seemed to fall, and, in the dim grey light, a slender shadow moved towards me—then another, and a smaller, and both stole forward until within four or five paces of the bank on which I sat, when they stopped, and continued fixed and motionless as the grey air around them. Upon those high tops the dawn increases with extraordinary speed, but it was near a quarter of an hour that the dim phantoms remained motionless before me. I sat equally immoveable; for, after my adventure at Gordon Castle, I should not have moved a muscle of my face if all the bucks or pucks in the wood had grinned at me. At last I became sensible to the shape of a doe, with a little kid behind her, both of whom stood looking at me so straight and still, that I could only see their long ears, and elvish heads, peering like pucks above their slim dun breasts, and two phantom legs, which vanished like airy shapes into the hazy dew of the damp moss. The kid stood peeping round the shoulder of his mother, not daring to move while she remained so motionless. At last she ventured to look back to see if he was beside her, and, encouraged by this relaxation, he sprang forward, and made two or three light bounds round her, the last of which brought him almost within the length of my rifle, when he stopped. The doe was alarmed at this indiscretion, and, stamping with agitation, made some steps towards her son, who, unconscious of the suspicion which disturbed her better experience, ran under her and dropped on his slender knees; she had one leg raised when she stopped, and she did not venture to set it down, but

remained in that attitude, with her eyes fixed upon me, until the kid again sprang up, and, taking a little frisk, darted away among the bushes. The doe's maternal anxiety overcame the spell-bound tendency with which her eyes watched my indefinite shadow, and she looked back over her shoulder for her little son, and, finding he was out of sight, made one of those strange pivot turns with which deer seem to move upon their centre, and with an almost noiseless bound, glanced through the birches and disappeared. These examples will illustrate the importance of the strictest immobility in passes, the want of which so often causes the inexperienced hunter to spend a long and fruitless watch, and blame the ill fortune of his post, from which it is probable that his carelessness alarmed the deer at the moment of his approach.

THE TAINCHEL, or greater driving, is now entirely disused in Scotland, though it was a mode of hunting common to all countries from a high antiquity, and is still retained in the *grandes battues* of the Continent, and the great hunts of Asia and America. In the vast plains of Tartary and India, several hundred beaters are often engaged; and in the days of Ghingis Khan, ten thousand men are said to have been employed, and whole provinces of game driven into the ground occupied by the prince and his court. Even in our own time, in Hungary, Bohemia, the Thuringian Forest, and some other German principalities, the *grandes chasses* sometimes exhibit a feudal magnificence and army of retainers, which recalls the splendid forest-gatherings of the middle ages. In 1822, the late Prince Esterhazy held at Ozora a battue, the drivers of which amounted to four thousand men, by whom, during a day and a night, the game of a great circuit of wooded country was driven into the central forests; and in the six days of shooting which followed in

this arena, there were killed ten hundred and eighty-seven head, including deer, wild boars, wolves, foxes, and hares.¹—The Tainchel of Scotland was exactly similar to these great gatherings, and was the highest and most passionate enjoyment of hunting in the Highlands, until their clans were broken by their final conquest, and the deer forests by sheep and desolation. It was performed by inclosing a large extent of ground within a circular cordon of beaters, who drove the deer into one glen or wood, the passes of which were guarded by bows, guns, and dogs. In the great gatherings, particularly for the “Royal Huntings,” several hundred men were employed sometimes for two or three weeks, and whole districts were surrounded, and the game driven into an appointed tryst. The most remarkable of these great huntings, known to us, were those given by the Earl of Atholl to King James V. and Queen Mary. The first of these was accompanied by that extraordinary and lavish magnificence, which frequently demonstrates, that the descriptions and manners of the Romances of Chivalry were drawn from the real life of the middle ages. The account of the first chase is thus given by Lindsay of Pitscottie :—

“The Earl of Athole, hearing of the king’s coming, made great provision for him in all things pertaining to a prince, that he was as well served and eased with all things necessary to his estate, as he had been in his own palace of Edinburgh. For I heard say, this noble earl gart make a curious palace to the king, and his mother, and the embasador, where they were as honorably eased and lodged as they had been in England, France, Italy,

¹ For the amount and kinds of game killed upon these days, vide the Forst-meister’s Returns, Appendix, No. IV. These lists will give an example of the numbers of the animals of chase, and of various “heads” of game in the great Hungarian and Bohemian Seigniories.

or Spain, concerning the time and the equivalent for their hunting and pastime, which was builded in the midst of a fair meadow, and the walls thereof was of green timber, woven with green birks that were green baith under and above, which was fashioned in four quarters, and in every quarter and neuk thereof, a great round, as it had been a block-house, which was lofted and joisted the space of three house height, the floors laid with green scarels, spreaths, medwarts, and flowers, that no man knew where-on he zeid, but as he had been in a garden. Farther, there were two great rounds in ilk side of the gate, and a greit portcullis of tree falling down, with the manner of a barrace, with a draw brig, and a greit stank of water of sixteen foot deep, and thirty foot of breadth. And also, this palace within was hung with fine tapestry and arasses of silk, and lighted with fine glass windows in all airths; that this palace was as pleasantly decored with all necessities pertaining to a prince, as it had been his own palace royal at home. Farther, this earl gart make such provision for the king, and his mother, and the embasador, that they had all manner of meates, drinks, and delicates, that were to be gotten at that time in all Scotland, either in burgh or land; that is to say, all kind of drink, as ale, beer, wine, both white and clared, malvesy, muskadel, hippocras, aquivite. Farther, there was of meats, wheat bread, maine bread, and ginge bread, with fleshes, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, ghoose, grice, capon, coney, cran, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock,¹ and pawnes,² black cock, muirfowl, cappercaillies; and also the stancks that were round about the palace were full of all delicate fishes, as salmons, trouts, pearches, pikes, eels, and all other kinds of delicate fishes that could be gotten in fresh waters,

¹ Turkeys.

² Peacocks; from *Paon*, Fr.

and all ready for the banquet. Syne were there proper stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks and potingers, with confections and drugs for their deserts; and the halls and chambers were prepared with costly bedding, vessels, and napery, according for a king, so that he wanted none of his orders, more than he had been at home in his own palace. The king remained in this wilderness at the hunting the space of three days and three nights, and his company, as I have shown. I heard men say it cost the Earl of Atholl every day in expenses a thousand pounds.”¹

When Pennant visited Atholl, at a narrow and craigy pass in the forest, there was a rock still called “the King’s Seat”²—in all probability from having been one of King James’s passes at the above described hunting.

If not so remarkable for its magnificent entertainment, a more distinguished chase was given by John, fourth earl of Atholl, to Queen Mary in 1563.—“Our people,” says an eye-witness, “call this a royal hunting:—Two thousand Highlanders were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Athole, Badenach, Mar, Moray, and the countries about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly that, in less than two months, they brought together two thousand red deer, besides roe and fallow deer. The queen, the great men, and a number of others, were in a glen when all these deer were brought before them. The whole body moved forward like an order of battle, and they had a leader whom they followed wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. This sight delighted the queen very much, but she soon had cause for

¹ Lindsay of Pitscottie’s *Hist. Scot.*, p. 146.

² Pennant’s *Tour in Scotland*, 4to, Lond. 1790. Part II. p. 64.

fear, upon the earl saying—‘ There is danger in that stag, for if either fear or rage force him from the ridge of the hill, let each look to himself, for none will be out of harm’s way, for the rest will all follow him ; and, having thrown us under foot, will open their passage to the hill behind us.’ What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion ; for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose on one of the deer ; this the dog pursues, the leading stag was frightened, he flies by the same way that he came, the rest rush after him, and break out through the thickest body of the Highlanders. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three were killed on the spot ; and the whole body had got off, had not the Highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those which had been separated that the queen’s dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day three hundred and sixty deer, five wolves, and some roes.”¹

The ordinary great huntings of the chiefs were entirely similar to the “ Royal Huntings ;” and Taylor, the water poet, has left a curious description of one at which he was present in 1618.

Being arrived at the tryst, “ there did I find,” said he, “ the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar ; James Stuart, Earl of Murray ; George Gordon, Earl of Enzie, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntley ; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan ; and Lord John Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses ; with my much honoured, and my last

¹ Barclay contra Monarchomachos.

assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, Knight, of Abercairney; and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man in general in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality: for once in the year, which is the whole month of August and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom do come into these Highland countries to hunt, where they do conform themselves to the habits of the Highlanders.”—“The first day we travelled eight miles, where there were small cotages built on purpose to lodge in. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should be lodged in his lodging; the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer, as venison, baked, sodden, rost, and stewed beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, muir-cocks, heath-cocks, capercellies, and termagants, good ale, sack, white, and clared, tent or Allegant, with most potent aquavitæ. All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, foulers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors, to victual our camp, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this:—Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways; and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, two, three, or four hundred in a herd, to such or such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middle through burns and rivers; and then they, being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the ‘*Tinkhell*,’

do bring down the deer ; but as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers : for besides their bows and arrows which they carry with them, we can hear now and then a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, their heads making a show like a wood, which being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay ; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer ; that with dogs, guns, arrows, durks, and daggers, in the space of two hours four-score fat deer were slain ; which after were disposed of some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous.”¹

Another example of the ordinary Tainchels of the great chiefs in the middle of the seventeenth century is given by the author of the Wardlaw MS., who thus describes a hunting held by the Earl of Seaforth at Monar in 1655. The principal gentlemen present were “the Master and Tutor of Lovat, Captain Thomas Fraser; his brother, Hugh Fraser of Struy; Hugh Fraser, younger of Kilbockie; Hugh Fraser of Belladrum; Alexander Fraser, Baron of Moniack; Thomas Fraser of Eskadale; and with these the flower of all the youth in the country, with a hundred pretty fellows more. We travelled through Strathglass and Glenstrathfarar to Loch Monar. The Tutor pitched his tent on the north side of the river, and Struy his tent upon the south. Next day we got sight of six or seven hundred deer, and sport of hunting

¹ Pennyless Pilgrimage, p. 135.

fitter for kings than country gentlemen. The four days we tarried there, what is it that could cheer and renovate men's spirits but was gone about?—jumping, shooting, throwing the bar, the stone, and all manner of manly exercises imaginable; and for entertainment, our baggage was well furnished of beef, mutton, fowls, fishes, fat venison, a very princely camp, and all manner of liquors. The fifth day we conveyed Seaforth over the mountain in sight of Kintail, and returned home with the Master of Lovat, a very pretty train of gallant gentlemen. Masters Hill and Man, two Englishmen who were in company, declared that in all their travels they never had such brave divertisement.”¹

In the great clan feuds and political movements, the gatherings of Tainchels were sometimes held for the unsuspected convocation of confederates, and a preliminary review of their followers. Thus previous to the rising of 1715, a hunting was held in Braemar by the Earl of Mar, who afterwards led the insurrection. At this tryst were present most of the chiefs allied in the conspiracy, and a gathering of their followers more than a thousand men in number. The meeting, however, being entirely for deliberation, and without any intention for a display of force, the people present were merely the ordinary attendants upon such huntings, and are an example of their extent as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

BAITING is driving the deer with hounds, by the cry of which the hunter “checks,” that is, meets the deer, and shoots them at the passes or the water. This sport is accurately sketched in the romance of the “Round Table,” when describing the unlucky chase in which Sir Launcelot du Lac was wounded at the well, by the

¹ Wardlaw MS., in possession of Mr Thomson, Accountant, Inverness. Also Account of the Clan Fraser, by the Minister of Wardlaw, MS. in the possession of Lord Lovat.

Lady of the Forest, who appears to have been as great a huntress in the field as Dame Juliana Berners in the closet.

“At that time there was a lady dwelled in that forest, and she was a great huntress, and daily she used to hunt, and always she bear her bow with her, and no men went never with her but always women; and they were shooters, and could well kill a deer, both at the stalk and at the tryst, and they daily bear bows and arrows, horns and wood knives, and many good hounds they had both for the string and for a *bait*: so it happened that this lady, the huntress, had baited her hounds for the bow at a barren hind, and the hind took her flight over heaths and woods, and ever that lady and part of her gentlewomen costed the hind, and checked it by the noise of the hound, for to have met with the hind at some water, and so it happened that the hind came to the well whereat Sir Launcelot was sleeping: and so the hind when she came to the well, for heat she went to the soil, and there she lay a great while, and the hound came fast after, and unbecast about, for she had lost the perfect scent of the hind. Right so, there came the lady huntress, which knew by her hound that the hind was at the soil in the well, and there she came softly and found the hind, and anon she put a broad arrow in her bow and shot at the hind, and overshot the hind, and by misfortune smote Sir Launcelot.”¹

The author is in an error when he says the hind went to the water *merely* to cool herself; she went there to throw out the dog, as it is afterwards declared she did. The “*well*” of Sir Thomas Maleor’s old English signified a “*mother mire*,” or spring-head, and the deer had no doubt entered the stream, and walking up its course to

¹ Hist. Prince Arthur, III. chap. cxxiv.

the fountain, thus taken her scent from the hound, of which common practice we will presently give an example.

Baiting, though still practised on the Continent, is never now used for red deer in Scotland, and very seldom for roe. In the great woods of France and Germany it is pursued on horseback, and the forest being cut in alleys, when the hounds are in cry, the hunters ride to check the deer at the passes. The sport, however, requires a larger range of thicket forest than is now to be found in Scotland. And in the present day, when the deer preserves are isolated, with no general head through the country to prevent their dispersion, the proprietors are cautious of using hounds from the disturbance which it gives to the forest. In very large woods, however, the bait may be safely pursued against red deer, and without any injury to a head of roe. Beyond all comparison, it is the most noble, scientific, and highest enjoyment of the chase, uniting all the cheer, music, and working of dogs, with the personal skill of the stalker, and the individual excitement of the shot. For red deer, bloodhounds or tardy fox or stag hounds are the best, as fleet dogs press the deer too hard, and not only drive him at random out of the runs and passes, but force him at once out of the forest, and perhaps the country. But slow sure dogs will wind him for some time within the woods, without taking him out at a rush. For roe deer, fox and stag hounds, unless elderly slow dogs, drafted for want of speed in packs, are under still greater objection for their forcing pace, which would drive small deer straight out of the forest to some distant woods or hills, from which neither buck nor dogs should perhaps return that day, or the former for a month. If old fox or stag hounds are used, not more than one couple should be laid on at a time, but two other couple should be

in relay, as well as a good bloodhound for tracking. The best dogs for general use, however, are strong beagles, or rough wiry harriers, of which three or four couple may be cast off according to the ground. Though previously broken for other chases, they will soon be entered to roe, for the scent of these animals is stronger than that of red deer, and even so attractive, that foxhounds in pursuit will break upon a buck; but while his danger is thus greater, and his strength of endurance less than that of the stag, nature has remunerated him with greater speed for a burst, and more resources of artifice and instinct. In small woods the guns should be posted round its skirts, taking particular care of its *extremity*, pointing towards another cover or to the hill. Large extents, however, should be taken in divisions, for when not too hard pressed, and particularly in thick woods, the roe will make his "treasons," or run in circles and doubles for a considerable time, before he breaks straight away, and in thick whin covers he will creep and wind like a hare. In all woods the runs of the roe are established paths, on which they travel as regularly as their biped pursuer on his turnpike road. So fond are they of a path, that even upon smooth turf, where a way has been cut through a growth of green brackens, they have immediately adopted it, and ever after, even when the ferns were dead or extirpated, kept it as their own beaten track at all seasons. Their runs being thus regular and easily ascertained, if guns are posted on all the principal passes, it is almost a certainty that the deer must be met at one or another. But if the guns are not sufficiently numerous to stop all the "ballachs," the sport becomes still more inciting; for when the roe has refused the passes of those stationed, they must endeavour to cross him at some other, and it then becomes a trial of skill and experience between the

hunter and the deer. In this contest it is indispensable that the former should be perfectly acquainted with the runs and passes; it is of no use to pursue at random, for the deer invariably keeps his paths, and it is only in these that he will be met. In running, until he begins to be hard pressed and long harassed, the roe rarely doubles or retraces his back foot. This he reserves for his jeopardies, when, becoming blown and weary, he finds that the dogs are driving him without fault. Before this extremity, he runs in circles at first of a wide extent, and in bold bursts, for his speed being so far superior to that of the hounds, he soon throws them behind him, and when the sound of their tongue fails, he stops, and stands immoveably still in some thicket or under some height, generally with his back still to the dogs, and either "regardant" over his shoulder, or with his ears bent hindward towards the direction from which he has come. At first, his pauses are short, and as he hears the dogs approach, he shoots away before them; but after having been repeatedly started, he reserves his strength and wind, and will stand, even when the hounds are in sight, calmly watching them until they are within a hundred yards, when he will again burst and distance them. Meanwhile, the hunter, who knows his accustomed runs, and learns from the cry of the dogs which he is taking, must endeavour to cross him in his circles, and meet him in his passes. If he does not know the runs, or wants judgment in his counterchecks—or if the buck is possessed by a running devil, and out-manœuvres him when he finds that the dogs persecute him, and that he cannot throw them out, he will go to any water which he can find, and, walking for some distance up the stream, which takes away his scent, will stand in the current while the dogs are at fault; and if the dogs are not as cunning as himself, or the hunter does not find

his entry, they will probably be thrown out ; and even when an old experienced hound, who knows very well he cannot have vanished at the banks, hunts them up with indefatigable perseverance, the buck will often stand in the burn till the old toller gives the view roar, and plunges at him in the water. For these occasions the hunter must vigilantly watch the cry of the dog, and when it indicates the direction for a burn or lake, he need not regard the voice of the hound, but take the shortest way for the water, and post himself at the best frequented part upon its banks. As the buck will most probably take some circles, or, at least, a long sweep before going to the soil, the hunter will very probably reach it before him. The cry of the dog will perhaps have ceased, but he must place himself behind a bush or tree, or kneel beyond the sight angle of the bank, and in front of the best pass which crosses the water. The roe is perhaps standing within twenty yards of him in the channel of the stream, but, at all events, when the dogs have unravelled his treasons and drive him from the "soil," if the hunter is well placed, he will probably shoot out in his face within ten or a dozen yards. If there is no water, or that it has been tried unsuccessfully, when the forest is large, the roe will leave that quarter in which he has been working, and make straight away for another, where he will recommence the same maze of circles ; but if the wood is limited, he will break and cross the hill or moor to the next covert, where he will run in the same manner till he is again driven out, and, if he has nothing better, return to the wood from whence he came. In both cases the hunter must follow him, and work for the best passes in the new range. In some cases, as in a chain of isolated thickets, he may even head the buck ; for, as he will most likely take a turn or two in one of them, if the chasseur runs straight for the next "bal-

lach," or pass between the covers, he will probably be in time at least to meet the roe going out. In doing this, he must remember that the buck invariably keeps the wood as long as he can; consequently, in crossing an interval, it is always at the narrowest part, or where the two covers most nearly approach. It is of little use to take side passes, however well beaten, for these are only travelling or feeding passes, and rarely—scarcely ever—taken when pursued. If the deer is gone away to a distant wood or hill, or even to a neighbouring moor or cover, especially if the cry is lost or under the wind, if the hunter is alone, he should choose a good pass in the skirt of the first thicket, and there wait patiently for a time, and if there is a party, one or more guns should be left behind, as it is probable, that, after taking some turns in the new wood, or on the open moss or hill, the buck will return into the forest, which will be the more probable should he be one of its native families. If, however, he is a foreigner, he may go off to his own haunt many miles away, and as he will avail himself of every water in the country, probably throw out the hounds in one of them. When, therefore, a considerable time has elapsed and no cry is heard, the hunter must send out a gillie to follow and bring back the dogs, while he returns to the forest, looking for a fresh foot as he goes along, and if he can find none, he may uncouple another brace of hounds in a new range. To one unaccustomed to roe-baiting, it may seem strange to propose looking for a "*fresh foot*" in a beaten wood; but in large coverts, where the roe are accustomed to dogs, those not actually pursued will stand aside out of the runs, and watch the hounds as they pass in full cry; by this precaution they avoid extending their own scent in the danger of its being taken up by the dogs, and a cunning old buck will stand for half an hour while a

couple of hounds are unravelling the treasons of another, whose circles have passed within a hundred yards of him, and when they have made out the foot, will return to his feeding as before. If the dogs are very stanch, however, should they cross the new scent, they will not follow it far, but return, recover the old feut, and pursue it with determined vigour. Good hounds will even retain their distinction of the first scent though another buck should be killed, and they should find him lying upon the track. We were one day waiting for a doe behind the upturned roots of a fallen tree, at a burn towards which the cry of the dogs indicated she would resort. After a pause of deep silence, the toll of the hounds warned us of her approach, and in a few minutes she shot out from the black wood, and running straight for the stream, plumped into the little pool where it was free of ice, and there stood motionless, listening to the echo of the dogs which rung through the forest. When we saw what she was, does being then out of season, we were just preparing to come out from our root to take up the dogs, when something dark glanced across the snow, and immediately a buck, which had been standing in the thicket, and dislodged by the approach of the hounds, came bounding before them, and clearing the burn with a single spring, turned short into the moss, where he stopped and stood at gaze. There he would have watched until the cry went by, had he not suddenly received a slap in the shoulder from a two-ounce ball, which tumbled him over in the heather. The doe went out at the sound of the shot, and the hounds making a cast to recover her track, which they had lost at the water, to their surprise came upon the buck which lay kicking in the heather; true to their first game, however, they only snuffed him, gave him a shake by the throat, and continuing their circle, recovered the feut of the doe, and

would have gone off upon it full cry, had they not been stopped and taken up by the piper.

Roe appear to understand so well their own system of ring-running, and the prudence of keeping their own scent out of the way of the dogs in ery, that when one in chase is making his circles, all others which may happen to be within them will stand quietly in the centre, watching the hounds as they approach, and returning to their browse as they recede. The pursued roe seem sensible to the danger of their single feat, make attempts to confuse it with that of others, not only by entering a group of their cautious companions, but by endeavouring to start one of them to run off another scent, and thus divide the chase. One day we were winding a doe in Tarnaway, and I placed myself within her circles, not only to command all the passes, but to see what there was in the centre, where I knew the free roe ought to be, and if they were, would afford room for a stalk in the interval of waiting the proper chance for the running doe. I soon found that there were several, all standing at gaze, and wherever there was a rise or hillock on its brow, attentively watching and listening to the dogs, following the cry with their eyes and ears, and as it passed, quietly resuming their feed. In a little I discovered a noble buck which was picking in a long green hollow, well grown with black willows and plenty of hog-thistles, of which roe are very fond, nibbling them down to the stump, and scooping out the heart as deep as they can cut with their teeth. The buck was thus employed, and, entirely undisturbed by the toll of old Dreadnought, continued to feed and watch, while I crept in behind him, lying down in the high grass and heather whenever the sound of the dog circling behind me caused him to raise his head in my direction, and again advancing as his attention followed the circle of the cry. After three or

four rounds, the running doe became pressed by the pertinacity of the hound, and shot across the diameter of her orbit, down the green hollow, right up to the feeding buck, and sliding under his neck, and rubbing against him, stopped and listened to the hound. The buck seemed aware of the danger to which she exposed him, shook out of his mouth the thistle which he had been eating, and faced about in the direction of the dog, who came thundering up the wood, carrying the scent breast-high, and making the forest ring with his tongue. The buck remained fixed, with eyes and ears immoveably bent towards him, then made four or five long spangs at his full stretch, and crossing the hollow, stood at gaze on a little knoll, while the doe shot away down the forest and disappeared. For a short time her foil had the desired effect, the dog was confused by the double scent, wheeled, followed the buck with a less certain voice, then turned, sat on his haunches, and bayed with a long heavy challenge, and, dropping the fresh scent, made a cast till he crossed that of the doe, upon which he immediately followed down the forest full cry. Meanwhile, the buck stood still watching towards the hound until I crept within shot, and laying my rifle on his shoulder, sent him headlong over the knoll. What followed was an example of the returning circles of the roe. After I had brittled the buck, and hung him on a tree, I sat down to wait for the doe. I knew where she was gone,—down to the burn of Ifrinne, about a mile distant,—from whence, after endeavouring to cheat the dog in the water, she would return to the high wood within my hearing, and I should check her by the hound. There was, however, a long interval of silence, but at length the faint echo of the cry returned; it advanced louder and louder, but as it approached I distinguished that it had the inclination of another run on my left; I “scrogged my bonnet,” and

cut through the trees for the pass, and gained it just in time to recover breath, and give the doe a barrel of BB. as she shot past at half-range.

The above are the principal features of roe "baiting;"—that of red deer differs nothing in its general character and principles, but as it will never again be practised in Scotland, it is useless to repeat any of its details. Having, however, given the leading features of the roe chase, we will illustrate them by the recollections of a few actual runs. We have before observed the certainty with which, when hard pressed, the buck will go to water. According to this habit, however small the burn in which his own foot may be lost, the hunter must not allow the dogs to be thrown out, but if the scent cannot be found on either side, he must take them along the banks, generally up the stream, and, if necessary, even to the spring-head, for the buck will often walk up the channel to the very source, and only leave the water when it fails,—and because he hears your approach behind him. In his progress up the brook he displays the most astonishing coolness, caution, and precision, avoiding any contact with the banks, stepping over every fallen stick, and stooping under every bough or tree which lies sufficiently high above the stream, and this with such exactitude, that in the course of several hundred yards, when every object is covered with snow, he will not leave the trip of his forked foot on the one, or a brush of his hair on the other.

One morning, after a very heavy "storm,"¹ we started an extraordinary large and strong buck, in the birken braes of Slui; after winding a long pirn in all the "pots" and flats of that quarter, he took up to the high wood, and went "endlong" out of the forest into the larch

¹ *Scotticé*, A fall of snow; and hence the snow itself—as, "the stag has brushed the storm from the heather."

planting of Dunduff. According, however, to the precaution before noticed, we did not follow him, but hovered for a time upon the skirt of the wood, to see if he had finally broke away to the Culmonaidh coverts, or after a few circles would return again. He was running up a strong wind, so that we had the full advantage of the cry; and soon distinguished that he was descending to the river. But the Findhorn was in flood, and at such a height, that we knew he dared not take it had he been as strong as a bull; we judged, therefore, by his direction, that he would circle back through the lower thickets, which lie in detached shaws with narrow passes between them, and commanded by the height of which we were then in possession. As it was uncertain, however, if the buck would turn back for the forest, or break forward by Daltullich for the braes of Culmonaidh, we divided, and while the one ran forward to check the march passes, the other remained to intercept retreat into the forest. For this purpose, I struck across the hill of Dunduff to the brow of the high bank which skirts the river parks, and which rising in a semi-circle from the water, with the possession of their summit, gave me the power to head the buck at almost any of the neighbouring passes. I had not been long on the height when I heard the challenge of the dog below, and immediately afterwards he appeared on a turnip field, flanked by the river shaws; there he dodged as if winding a hare, until he took back the scent into the thicket, where suddenly his cry burst with a vigour which discovered that he had found the buck at "stand," and was driving him out. In a few moments the roe broke upon the field with his back humped like a wounded hare, while he jinked about in short angles, "haining" his strength and wind, as cool as if he was only tripping from wood to wood at his own pleasure. It was not long before the dog followed from

the covert, but the buck scarce quickened his speed as the cry opened on the field, and he allowed the dog to work his foot with little regard, still pricking about in sharp angles, so that it was impossible to guess where he would make his burst up the brae. At last, however, he launched out in my direction, immediately threw the dog behind him, and gained the brooms and whins which covered the bank below me. I now lost view of him, but to the right was the farm-house, and to the left the dike of the river shaw, under which bucks frequently passed towards a favourite young fir wood beyond the fields: the dog was so near that the roe could not double beyond the farm without turning in his face, and if he came up within—at the distance to which he would leave the buildings, by keeping the centre of the *re-entering* angle of the bank, I could run into range of shot on either side, when I heard his bound in the bushes. The wind blew so hard in my ears, however, that it was difficult to hear any thing else, and the dry broom cods kept such a rustling and brushing, that they continually mocked the passing of the buck. In a few breathless moments, however, I heard the unequivocal sound of his hollow bound, sweeping through the bank towards the dike; I ran for the point, and just as I gained a long range, his dun shadow shot out upon the snow. I let him take two spangs into the field, and fired a yard before his shoulder, and he went over on his horns like a wheel, with such force, that his hind legs kicked up against the top of the dike as it stopped his whirl. He rebounded with a dead and motionless weight upon the snow, and while I was reloading, the dog came up and began to tug him by the throat—when, to my surprise, he suddenly rose upon his legs, made a staggering struggle with the hound, and notwithstanding his apparent feebleness, dragged him away into the bushes. Thinking it was merely a con-

vulsive death effort, which the dog would immediately pull down, I continued loading without going to his assistance—but by a surprising jerk, the buck broke from his hold, and glided through a gap into the wood. I had no idea, however, that he could go far ; but for the chance of accidents, as the direction was down the wind, I immediately took up the dog,¹ blew the pist, and as soon as we had assembled, we put two trackers in couples, and led them on the “foil,” which was thickly sprinkled with blood. The bounds were short and feeble, and soon slackened to a walk, and finally a stand, where the snow was blackened with stains ; still, however, the trace went on, and still we followed, every moment expecting to see the brown heap lying before us, on the white drift: but, at last, the springs became longer and longer, till it was evident that the buck was regaining strength. His track now went off in a right line down the forest, and led us into a small burn beyond which it appeared no more. We searched the banks on either side, but there was not a spot on the smooth velvet snow, except the shells of the fretting pine branches, and the round dabs of the wind-falls, which looked like cat’s feet in the drift. We followed cautiously up the burn, but nothing was visible before us, except the dead wood fallen from the trees ; we examined every stick and branch which lay across the stream, and every foot of bank on either side ; but upon each the snow was smooth and untouched, not the mark of a hair, nor the prick of a “clee,” nor a sprinkle of the water on a stone. With this careful search we followed the brook for half a mile ; and only in one place, the upper surface of a stick which lay across the burn, too high for a fair step, and too low for a creep, a little prick

¹ Being under that command, that he was obedient when called off from the scent.

had brushed away the snow. We redoubled our care, but with no discovery of another mark, till at last we came to the fountain head ; where, decreasing to a thin stripe scarce a handbreadth in the grass, the warm spring, rising from the earth, kept a little green patch thawed and open in the snow.—There at last—at the very eye of the source where the water ceased—the track of the buck went out in the snow, and lanced away down the forest with renewed vigour. His speed, however, did not last long, and came to frequent walks and stands, from which he only went off at our approach. In this way we followed him till the light grew dim, and he began to bed. We dislodged him from three successive lairs, and at length the tracks became so obscure that, to the grief of the dogs, we took them off the scent and returned home.

In the morning, however, we returned, and recovering the trace where we had left it, followed the roe to the place where he had bedded for the night. He had made three beds, scraping them as usual down to the soft earth, and close to each was a little crimson impression moulded in the snow by the resting of his wounded head. We tracked him where he had gone to feed, and having scooped away the snow down to the green moss and herbage, was probably browsing at our approach, for his long spangs broke away with a sudden launch from his last stand. We loosed a couple of hounds, but we found that the night's rest had greatly restored his vigour, and he now ran like a fresh buck—making a wide sweep, and soon carrying away the cry, till it ceased altogether. "As we followed its direction we met one of the hounds thrown out, and making random casts through the wood ; but following the tracks, they brought us to a small burn covered with an almost impenetrable jungle of black thorns, where the remaining hound was still working her

way up the water through the interwoven chevaux-de-frise, carefully trying each bank of the burn, and returning continually to the water. We immediately left her, and went round the cover to head the buck at the opposite end, should he be still in the bush. On our way, however, we met an old wood-cutter and his yapping cur; and the cover being very narrow, when we arrived at the end, we found the buck had just sprinkled the wet soil on the snow before us. We blew for Dulachan, and as soon as she came up loosed the other dog upon the track. Since his first run on the preceding day, the buck had made only few circles, but seemed to trust his great strength and speed in gallant bursts and bold stretches to the water, and now went straight away for the march dike, where, however, he had stood and paused, as if he feared the naked moor and distant hill, and turning again into the forest, took away through the high wood and down the lower shaws to the Findhorn. There, however, he was checked by the speat, and after trying in vain for a shallow, doubled close to the river, and returned into the forest. He now made some circles round the banks of Tom-a'-Bhuic, Tom-a'-Bhreacain, and Dùn-Fhearn, and finding nothing could baffle the dogs, broke away first to the terraces and "holly-pots" of Slui, and finally to the woody flats of the low forest. There he recommenced to wind in long circles without leaving the terraces, and we ran him till the daylight went; and the moon rose, and only one dog was left upon the track, but we followed him for three hours by the bright moonshine on the snow, continually checking him by the cry, for the chance of meeting him on an open glade, where, by the light of the frosty moon upon the white ground, we could have shot him as easy as by day. Often we saw his dusk shadow shoot across a narrow gap, and heard his rustle in the bushes not twenty yards distant, but though there

were some beautiful empty glades which shone like day, we never had the chance to meet him on them, and at length the voice of the dog began to fail, and she could scarce drag her beaten feet over the frozen snow. At last, in one of her circles, we crossed and took her up, but though, while we were buckling the couple, she closed her eyes and laid her head upon our knee; when we drew her from the track she strained on the leash, and snuffed the footprints in the snow, and left them with a heavy sigh. It was, however, now a point of honour between us and the buck; and the next morning we returned to "try conclusions" with him.

There had been no wind to drift the snow, and after some time unravelling his maze of runs, we at last found the end of his pirn, and slipping the dogs, started him towards the high wood. His running was now stiffer than on the preceding day, but after circling for an hour, he went down the forest in a direct line for its north-western wing. Whenever a roe breaks away upon that line, it may be known that he is going to the burn of Ifrinne, a little black rindle in which none but a roe or a tadpole could find any pleasure, but which, when unassisted by an experienced huntsman, generally serves to throw out all ordinary dogs. When we heard the hounds bending to that quarter we gave no more attention to the cry, but divided and ran straight for the two best passes on the burn. I knelt on one knee about thirty yards from the stream, where the run crosses the water by a cut which had formerly been made in the deep banks for drawing timber. The sound of the dogs had passed away to the right; as we made for the stream, and for some time after our possession of the passes, there was an interval of deep silence. As I kept my eyes fixed upon the bank of the burn, I was aware of two brown fangery shadows, which moved above it in the sun, and immediately I

recognised the ears of a roe¹ feeling the air to catch the sound of the dogs. In a few moments I heard their voice.—The ears leered backwards; but I could see by their motion the head did not stir. As the cry advanced, the ears became fixed; but as it drew near, they glided slowly forward, and stood again. The cry increased, till it became the clamour of the hot scent, but the ears only advanced at intervals, and remained as steady as the dry knogs of the fallen fir by which they listened. Suddenly the cry ceased: I knew the hounds had come to the stream, and lost the scent where the buck had entered;—the roe knew it too, and his ears stole slowly forward, till they came within two paces of the little ballach, in the banks where he stood, ready to spring forward at the approach of the dogs. Of one, we saw no more for two hours, but Dulachan neither baffled nor tried back, but held straight forward up the burn, the high banks and bushes of which hid the buck from her sight, until within ten yards of his stand, when she opened and plunged into the water. The buck shot out at the gap, but, confident in his speed and freshened strength, without terror or trepidation, and was lightly jinking down the run towards a thick whin cover, where the roe often baffled the dogs, when the unexpected stroke of the double B. met him in the breast, and laid him without motion on the path.

We have noticed the erratic runs of strange bucks, or those which, not natives of the forest, have only come in, from weather, a *chasse* somewhere else, or the mere love of novelty. As before observed, such bucks will make few circles, but run “endlong,” like Samson’s foxes; and many a time we have wished that their rumps were as well lighted,—when they have thrown out two couple of

¹ At that season the bucks had lost their horns.

hounds, and tried such sleights as never came into any horned head but their own and the old original Father of Crafts. One of these gave us a notable example of his genius in the forest of Tarnaway.

We dislodged him from the black willows in the long hollow of Loch-an-Fhéidh. We soon found that he was possessed by a running demon, and had the wind, speed, and courage of an antelope. After a turn round the lochs and birken braes, he took off straight for the high wood, where, disregarding the usual rounds, he went away, like an unknown comet, and returned equally unexpected; so that we never got a sight of him, till I caught a blink of his white target whisking through a gap in the forest-dike, when I gave him a ball which sent him across the moor to the young fir-planting of Broadshaw. There he circled for a quarter of an hour—as if for contradiction, because the thicket had no runs;—but breaking was “his craft;” and instead of returning to the forest, at the skirt of which I waited for him, he went out on the other side of the planting, and crossed the open moor and brae-face into the old wood of Culmonaidh, and, having given the hounds two ring-runs on its north-eastern slope, went straight away for the south descent. There he swept along the edge of the wood, and through the scattered self-sown firs on the edge of the moor, where, warned by the voice of the dogs, I was already waiting him in the pass. About twenty minutes afterwards I heard the distant cry emerge upon the moor, and, watching the skirts of the wood, saw the buck come bounding along with that singular waving course which a roe makes when he follows no certain run. At intervals he stopped to listen, and at last, shooting out at a right angle, and doubling again into the wood, wound his irregular flight northward, to go out where the young scattered thicket terminates in a point.—There, however,

I headed him, and in a short time heard his bound approaching on the hard turf. There was a beautiful open glade for him to shoot out before me, and already I cast an involuntary glance for the best tree on which to hang him, when a base, lank, long-legged, poaching colly, warned by the toll of the hounds, came liltng up the old wood, and knowing all the passes as well as the buck, made silently into the thicket before me, and suddenly there was a rush and crash through the trees, followed by a clattering skurry, and the shrieking skirl of the wood thief as the roe broke back before him.—Here was the end of a six miles' run and all my hunter craft! and I had now only to make a desperate race down the wood, for the chance of meeting the buck, which there was great probability would take an angle into the old wood higher up, and, pursuing his first intention, cross the burn of Gorstan, and return through the larches of Dunduff into the forest. Midway to the stream, however, there is an old dike, which traverses the wood, and terminates about the middle. At its end,—if he did like others,—the buck ought to pass, and I made for the point with all my speed, over burns and gills, scrogging my bonnet, and shutting my eyes, and bolting headlong into and out of all the birch bushes and black willows which I had not time to go round.—I gained the dike,—the bound of the buck was on the brae,—one spring more and—crash I went down into a large juniper bush, splitting it into three, and dashing up the dust and dry needles at its root like smoke.—At the same moment the buck shot like a brown bird through the bushes, and behind a fallen tree, and disappeared.—I rose,—examined my caps,—turned my back to the buck, and stepped back to clear the fallen tree, and have a fair sweep before me.—Up came the colly yapping and skirling till the old pines rang to the discordant yelp; I marked him between the

trees, let him come out on the open bank, and then—"whiz—tchuc!"—went the ball, and the base jackal whirled over and over on the turf, and disappeared into a deep bed of heather, the tops of which did not even tremble after he fell. I only stopped to reload, and knowing that the buck would profit by the last double to cool his dew-clees in the burn, I made all speed for the head of the larch wood of Dunduff, which, communicating below with the brae thicket of Culmonaidh, is divided from the forest by a short open level, half field half moss. It is probable that any other buck would have stood in the planting until the approach of the dog, or given him one or two circles before he broke for the forest, but our present wood-sprite went before us like a jack-a-lantern, and I arrived at the pass just in time to enjoy the view of his broad white target tilting over the moss, and disappearing into the black cloud of the forest.

Neither he nor I had now any further occasion for haste. He was surrounded by nearly twenty miles of wood, in the bogs, and burns, and brakes, and whins of which he had plenty of time and space to show off his wood-craft. I followed, therefore, at leisure on his track, admiring the spread of his hind feet, and the distance of the dew-clees, until they entered the forest, where I knew that he would stilt about the dry knolls, among the open pines, until the dogs entered. Having before circled in that quarter, I judged that, when forced by the dogs, he would now try the river division; and I, crossing by Tom-a'-Bhuic, and down the Bruach-gharbh, took post at the little stream of Alt-na-Fearna, where I expected to head him, or, at all events, to hold a pivot position on the re-entering angle of the river, which, in a great degree, commanded the runs on either side. I had waited a long half-hour, when I heard a roar in the upper wood, followed by the continuous heavy bay of

old Dreadnought, which advanced, receded, died away, and returned, as he worked out the wandering of the buck, who had been listening and watching from one knoll to another, restless, and expecting the return of the dogs. Dreadnought alone, however, was left on the track, and while he was still questing and unravelling the foot, I saw the momentary glisk of a brown back slip into the burn from a small thicket of willows. I could not, however, distinguish whether it was a buck or a doe, and expecting every moment to hear the full burst of the dog bringing forward the roe, which, if before me, the least incautious movement would turn. I remained motionless, with my attention fixed towards the point where the main run crossed the burn, exactly in the line of the cry. In a few moments the clamour of his full tongue burst towards me, and every instant I expected to see the buck shoot out; but nothing appeared before the dog till he came to a small damp hollow, where a trickle of water dribbled through the grass, and fell into the burn under the black willows, where I had seen the roe slip into its channel. The dog checked when he came to the "stripie," wheeled, bayed, tried the back scent, and silently descended into the hollow. I immediately saw what had happened, and went forward to the rill; Dreadnought was busily examining the spongy ground, but immediately he gave a loud challenge, and followed the descent of the stripe, searching every little grassy pool, and lifting his head and tolling till he came to the very place where the roe had slid into the burn. We had now to begin a tedious investigation, for the buck would certainly keep the water to its fall, about three hundred yards below. During our descent, every yard of the deep den banks was to be examined with the probability that, when we arrived at the bottom, the buck would be out at the fall, and half way down to the birken braes of Slui. From

the place where he entered to the Findhorn, the burn has cut a vast precipitous ravine, the sides of which are so thickly clothed with thorns and trees, that it is almost impossible to force a passage. Like the buck, therefore, we descended into the water, and continued to thread our way under the leafy arch of overhanging hazles, beech, and birch, which formed over our heads a dim cloister, topped with the green spires of the pines which rose into the sunshine. The dog proceeded cautiously before us, examining every stone and leaf, and where a tree or a branch lay across the stream, searched it narrowly to discover if the buck had touched it with his foot, or if high enough to creep below, whether he had brushed it with his back, scenting it first above, then below, turning his nose under its lower side, and if he found a taint, lifting his head, and giving a long and joyful bay. It was very rare, however, that the buck touched either above or beneath, and *never*, unless from the broken channel of the burn, the depth of the water and height of the wood gave him a very difficult passage. We had descended half way down to the fall, when I observed some fresh splashes upon a stone which rose above the middle of a still pool. I sent the piper to hold the dog, while I crept up a little gallery, worn by the roe, through some thick blackthorns, to the summit of the ravine. On arriving at the top, I made a cast into the wood, till I reached the edge of the deep den above the fall. Here I waited for some time, and once or twice I thought I heard a tick like a falling leaf below me, but I could not see six yards down the brae, and my only chance was, that the buck should bolt from one of the little cross galleries which came out upon the terrace. At last I heard the piper and the dog beneath, and two whistles, which warned me that the buck had left the stream at the fall by the left bank. I had now no doubt that the sound of

the falling leaves was his stealing away, and I made another cast to the next run, where, after some time, I heard the dog baying about the fall, sometimes up on the bank, sometimes down in the bed of the burn. After which he only gave, at intervals, a challenge from the water, by which I knew that the buck had again taken to the stream below the fall. We thus continued to work the burn for a full hour, until we came to the gulf of the ravine, where the cliffs, scarcely declining from a precipice, rise sixty and eighty feet from the bed of the brook, which is there contracted to a breadth of three or four yards, broken into little falls and rapids, with one or two small pools. I was certain that the buck had not escaped, as I had a good view of the banks on either side, and suddenly I heard a roar in the deep gulf below, a splash in the water, and a confusion of sounds ending in the quick bay of the hound, the cry of the piper—"Tha è tighinn suas!"¹—and the rattling stones tirling down the steep.—In the next moment I saw the head of the buck just in a line with the piper's voice—the horns and ears stood for a moment—I withheld the shot—in the next instant they disappeared, in another the brown edge of his back glanced along the brink of the precipice like an arrow; I sent the ball after him, it struck hard and sharp—but *too hard* for any part except the head and horns, which was a *miss* that I did not contemplate, and upon examining the place where he had gone, I found the wound of the ball in a birch-tree, behind which his body had shot past. We had now to begin a new set of manœuvres, and, upon the ascent of the piper and the dog, I learned that he had tracked the buck down the burn to the lowest pool above the broken rapid which shoots into the Findhorn, and where the last practicable steep gives the

¹ "He is coming up!"

last exit from the burn. There, on turning the angle of the rock, they found the buck standing almost up to his breast in the pool, and ready for his parting spring. Good need he had for agility, for at the roar which I heard, the dog plunged almost on his back, and the piper leaping at him with his dirk, might probably have given him the "coup de grace," but that, slipping on the wet stones, he pitched "endlong" into the pool, when the buck, almost bounding over his head, broke away up the steep.—Donald having wiped his face, and emptied the water out of his bonnet and sporan, we resumed the track of the roe. After tracing it for a short distance along the edge of the ravine, Dreadnought struck into the thick wood, and carrying his head in the air, went tolling straight down the forest till his voice died into silence, and we heard only the moan of the pines, and the muffled roar of the Eas-mòr. We followed down the wood until we came opposite the little hamlet of Ceann-na-Coille, which lies on the east skirt of the Castle Chase. The last sound of the dog had passed away in that direction, and we sat down under a fir-tree—like Jonah—to see what would become—not of the city—but of the buck.—We held our breath and listened, but there was nothing but the monotonous seugh of the pines, and at intervals the crowing of a distant cock.—Donald shook his head,—*Dh'fhalbh e a Bhròdie, Thighearna !*"¹—said he, with a disheartened voice. I thought so too—for by the long straight runs of the buck, I was certain that he did not belong to the forest, and the Brodie roe often went out by the Castle Chase, and crossed straight for their own fir-woods, between Inch-haugh and Dalvey. According to Cæsar's axiom, however—I was willing to *believe what I wished*,—that our Jack-a-lanthorn was a Culmonaidh

¹ "He is gone to Brodie !"

or Altyre buck, and, therefore, I sat down to wait for his return.—Donald spread his plaid at a little distance, and lighted his “cuttie,” while I exorcised, with a fumigation of Habanah, a swarm of little demons which had begun to buzz round my head, like the plague of Egypt, as soon as I became stationary. It was more than an hour afterwards—I thought I heard the far echo of the dog—but I could not be certain, whether it was his treble note, or the crow of an old frizzle cock, which I knew “out bye,” at “*Cunny-cavel*.” I started up, however, and went to a rising ground, and presently the “toll” came again, died, returned, and was decidedly the sharpest running cry of old Dreadnought. I listened eagerly; it returned faintly at intervals, and I became certain that he was advancing over the long ridge which flanks “the pots,”¹ and as the cry became silent, had dived into those deep woody hollows, where the sound was lost. In a few moments, however, the voice came loud and clear over an intervening ridge, and I then knew that the buck had taken a middle run, and would probably make straight for the Findhorn, and cross at the “Holly-muir.”—We immediately turned our backs upon the dog and the roe, and taking the wood at a sharp trot, ran away before them for the river. What they did behind us, we only stopped once or twice to hear; but quickening our pace as we proceeded, gained our post upon the run, where, in approaching the bank of the muir, it divides into three forks. I placed the piper on the western branch, and,

¹ “The pots” are an extraordinary cluster of hollows, between the castle and the river flat—circular basons, thirty, forty, and fifty feet deep, and from fifty to a hundred yards over—encompassed by narrow ridges or banks, clothed within and without by thick brushwood and tall pines. These “pots” were the best hunting ground in the forest, and afforded the best chances for stalking fresh roe, while the dogs were working round them. Since the period of which we speak, the whole of the pots were cut almost naked, and consequently the roe were banished.

leaving open the middle, and least frequented, I took the east path, which descends to the ford of the river.—Let no man, however, suppose that it is a ford for two legs, or ever take it when he can gain another.—Having seen a roe pass, I tried it *once*—but *never* afterwards ; it is full of round slidery stones, from the size of a sixty pounder to that of a two-hundred-weight shell—all slimy and slippery, with a green, rotten, under water lichen, and so close together, that, although the roe, with their slender peg legs, stilt across between them very cleverly, no human foot can pass without the chance of sticking fast or rasping both ankles. We had now, however, a command which diminished the considerations of the ford, and in less time than we have taken to describe it, the buck came over the brae of the Lilies of the Valley—stopped for a moment on its brow, and glancing through the hollow, took the *centre run*, as if he knew we were on the others, and diving into the Holly-muir, swept round its farther side along the river, and descended to the water, about a hundred yards above that ford of which I commanded the pass. It was not, however, on my account, nor by chance, that he had made this detour ; but, when I saw his course, I immediately guessed the cause, for I had observed that since I had passed in the morning, the river had come down, and rolling heavily and sullenly over all the stones, was no longer fordable. From the height where he stopped above, the buck had no doubt heard the altered sound of the water, and knowing that to cross it he must swim, had taken the upper run to gain the proper allowance for the distance which he should be carried down by the stream ; a hundred yards were necessary to enable him to reach the green bank on the opposite side, for if the swimmer enters at the ordinary ford, on reaching the Altyre shore, he will be swept away round the projecting rock ; and if the water is high, en-

gulfed in the horrible "Cracks," which intersect the channel of the river below the ford. Of these frightful clefts there are three or four, rent in the level bed of rock, which forms the bottom of the river like a solid pavement, or conglomerate floor. Seen from the banks, and in ordinary cases covered only by about two feet of water, the still smooth footing appears most inviting to the wader, but about one third of the distance across, yawns the first of the cracks, a dreadful black chasm at least four feet wide, but for the depth!—I tried it once with a fishing-rod eighteen feet long, and dipped my arm up to the shoulder, but found no bottom. The fishermen say it has *none*. One day I asked old Geordie Gib about it.—"Ay!—dinna gang near yon crâks!"—said he, with the obliquity with which our countrymen are said to evade a question, particularly a disagreeable one—"gude kens fat's in yon hól's!"

"I dare say not,"—said I;—"but I want to know how deep they are."

"'De b'aill libh?"¹—replied Geordie, looking at me askance, with the sour half cock of the eye, with which a dog receives your offer of a pinch of snuff.

"How far it is to the bottom?"—said I.

"Ay, man!—ther's *nae* a bottom in this wardle!"²

The buck, however, knew all about "thae crâks," I suppose, for having followed him to the top of the white craig, I saw him take the deep weltering water from the point, and steer gallantly for the other side, his allowance for the stream so accurate, that he landed just at the usual fording place, and without waiting for a shake, jinked up the steep—almost perpendicular cliff. I put up my two hundred yards sight, and quickened his pace, by making the stones fly about his heels, with the heavy

¹ "What is your will?"

² *Scotticè*, World.

ball. I was now certain that he was an Altyre buck, and was away to his own woods. But to my astonishment—after jinking and thridding in and out among the birches and tall ashes which fill the hinds'-hollow—lo, you!—he turned suddenly on his back foot—down the steep, and back again into the river, just where he came out!—He stopped, however, in knee-deep water, and then began to wade up the shallow of the stream, listening at intervals to the dog on the opposite bank, and keeping the water, until he came over against the place where he entered on the other side. There he picked his way farther into the stream, between some large blocks of stone almost of his own colour, and stopped and turned towards the hound, and watched so motionless, that among the resembling fragments of rock I should never have discovered him had I not traced him to the spot. In a few moments down came old Dreadnought thundering straight to the water, and having flopped himself into it up to his ears, took two or three laps, then out, and searched all the bank up and down for some distance, then back to the water where he had lost the scent, and giving a long and heavy bay of disappointment, took the stream, and steered steadily for the other side, keeping his right shoulder to the current, and swimming against it so sturdily, that he landed near the same place as the roe. As soon as he arrived, he tried the bank as on the other side, but at first did not pick up the wet dripping track of the buck, though he always checked as he crossed it: taking a cast from the river, however, he recovered the distinct scent, and giving a loud challenge, followed it up the steep, and when he reached the top, unwound it slowly and surely through every loop and turn which the buck had made in the hinds'-hollow, until he came back to the ascending track. There, however, the triple scent, his own and the double of the buck, rendered him

uncertain, and he returned upon the "treasons," unravelled again every link, taking an occasional cast to ascertain that the buck had not, as is very common, made an abrupt spring, and gone off to one side. Having thus regained the ascent, he followed it with certainty down to the water, and there again tried every foot of the track with the most minute search.

Meanwhile, as far as he could see, the roe had watched all his motions with a fixed immoveable attention ; as I observed with my glass,—his mouth was open, for he had now had a very hard run of twelve miles, and doubtless enjoyed the rest and cool which he was gaining. Though the dog had entered the water exactly opposite to him, he moved no more than the stones, from which he could scarce be distinguished, and continued to watch the hound till he was tolling on the top of the bank behind him. Then he nimbly and steadily stepped out from the stones, and again taking the deep water, swam back to the forest, and landed at the entrance of the ford, where he would have gone in had the river been fordable. I had now no doubt that he was a Culmonaidh buck, and had only crossed the water for a foil, and I prepared for his again running west to the high wood. When he landed, Dreadnought was busy to regain his track where he had re-entered the water, but finding it in vain, after wading into the stream, and scenting the jawing waves till they made him sneeze, he ascended the bank to the distance where the buck had stood, and entering the water to take the stream, felt some stick or stone which had been touched by the roe, for suddenly turning back, he went straight to the blocks where he had paused, examined them all over, waded round them, but finding nothing, returned and searched the bank, where, being certain that the roe had not gone out, he returned to the river, and steered for the Holly-muir. As I knew he

would land near the same place as the buck, it was certain that he would soon recover his track, and as the roe had not come up the brae, I left my pass, and made for another at the west end of the peninsula, where it is closed by the craig of the Ledanreich, and where, if there were roe in the hollow, they were sure to ascend when driven from the east. I was about four hundred yards from the great fir tree which marks the pass, when I heard the deep toll of Dreadnought's voice burst in the hollow.—I ran for my life. If the buck was before me, he was gone for Culmonaidh, six miles away, and the day declining.—I dashed through all obstacles, whins, junipers, blackthorns, and long-tailed brambles, with teeth like whip-saws, and from which, having that day no *glùnachan*,¹ I carried the scars for six months after;—but I felt nothing—saw nothing but the vision of the buck shooting past the great fir before me.—All along the edge of the terrace, the bank was masked by thick coppice of oak and hazel, so that there was no chance of a shot till I was within fifty yards of the tree.—The dog was almost on my parallel at the foot of the brae:—forty yards, however, would bring me clear of the copse. I heard the bound of the buck on the bank.—We came out together at the pass,—he from the edge of the terrace, I from the skirt of the wood. Bang went the rifle at the same moment.—I saw nothing more, and dropped into a deep bed of heather.—I heard something cracking, struggling, tumbling on the brae-face, and got up, almost blind; staggered to the edge.—Half-way on the bank,—sometimes up, sometimes down,—the dog and the buck, fixed together, were rolling over and over.—I followed them, much in the same way, to the bottom, where the buck was breathing his last, while

¹ *Glùnachan* are knee-caps made of deer-skin, and in rough ground were always worn, with the kilt, by the old Highland deer-stalkers, to prevent cutting and rasping the knees.

Dreadnought held him fast by the throat, standing proudly over him, wagging the end of his stiff tail, and looking at me out of the corner of his eye.—We sat down together on the velvet moss, and I summoned breath to blow “*The Prize*” for the piper and the “*deoch fala*,” which I never wanted more in all my life.

The erratic runs of strange and strong bucks are so extraordinary that we cannot forbear giving one more example of their eccentricities.—One dark cloudy day in the depth of winter, we followed a buck, which was like the German leg or the Wandering Jew, and took us all over the forest, into all the burns, and round all the lochs and heights, crossed through the middle of the castle park, down the road of the east farm, between the houses and the square, across the garden, and into the burn at its foot, where of course we lost him for a time.—“Wonderful buck, Sir!”—said Donald;—but “*buck*” only by conjecture: for whether buck, doe, or demon, we had never a glimpse of his head to say, and only judged his gender by the size of his slot and the wide spread of the dew-clees.—With the burn he returned again into the forest, and only left the water,—as we suppose,—because he met an old woman’s cow, which was standing up to her knees in the pool, where the long sweet grass grows down to the Glac-Lucrach.—From thence he went away over the pots to St John’s Logie, treasoned all over the wet woody bog, and into the brae of the Tobar-shìth. I made for the Giuthas-mòr, where a famous run comes up from the hollow, but the deep toll of the hounds passed along the middle of the bank, and went away for the river. I examined the slot to see that it really had *four* legs,—though, it is true, that was little satisfaction, since we have no authority that the fiend does not sometimes go on all-fours, as, according to the Arabiana, he occasionally does on one. As long as the dogs led, however,

we should certainly have followed, though he had as many legs as a millepedes, or no more than a Nim-Juze. Where he went, however, or how we followed, it would be too tedious to relate. Keeping under the wind, we continually checked him by the cry of the dogs, until only old Dreadnought was left on the track, and at last the roe turned short in the face of a pass where I was posted before him, and took wild away for the hamlet of Ceann-na-Coille. This utterly threw me out, as there was no understanding such a buck—who, like Napoleon in Italy, left fortified posts on his flank, and otherwise disregarded the old pig-tailed rules of war—besides which, from his last direction, it was probable that he was a Brodie buck, and was gone straight away for his own woods. However, I followed to hear what had become of him, and though I lost the cry of the hound, tracked the slot till it brought me out of the wood to a little cottage, where I found Dreadnought—very unlike himself—pottering about at the gavel of the house.—I thought he was bewitched, till, as I traced the buck's foot, I also lost it near the same place, and neither he nor I—by nose or sight—could make any more of it than if—like one of Tasso's dragons—the buck had started into the air.—While we were groping in the road, and Dreadnought taking a cast about the house, to the great discomfort of the old wife's cocks and hens, she brought out the usual cottage hospitality, the bowl of “*set*” milk; and as I was rewarding her with news of her cow, which she had lost for three days in the forest, and was the same “knock-kneed, how-backit, glaikit horned auld carline” which had turned the buck in the morning—there was a challenge from old Dreadnought in the *kail-yard*!—I threw the bowl into the barley-mow, and sprang upon the dike, where I saw the deep print of the buck's foot in the soft mould of the potatoe plot, into the middle of which he had bounded

from the road, clearing the dike at a right angle, over which the dog had run, wondering where he had flown from his last slot. I had scarce time to observe the marks, when the hound opened at full cry—made a demi-tour into the wood—across the road, and into the thorn jungle on the burn; from which, as before mentioned, we had lost our buck of the “three days’ run.” As, however, the roe was now tolerably fresh, I judged that, rather than follow the water into the open pines, he would return for the birken braes and thorny hollows behind him. To intercept him, therefore, I kept the flank of the stunted firs which, straggling over the moss between the burn and the castle road, are the connecting cover between the jungle and the woods. I had just left the tall trees, and was making for the dike, when the cry of the dog turned towards me—in an instant after, and for the first time in the day, I saw the buck himself; he came bounding through the centre of the little scroggy firs, glanced over the road, and as he leaped upon the dike, the shot just caught him in the spring with which he topped the fail.

If such are the irregularities of bucks upon new ground, the method of their general habits in pursuit is so systematic and regular, that a stranger to the forest, if he is well experienced in their craft, may work successfully by the elementary principles on which they act. Of this, the best illustration is the example of an actual chase upon a district which we never before hunted. It also demonstrates that the hill bucks run upon the same tactics as those of the wood forests.¹

The ground for the hunt was the north side of Loch

¹ Probably from the decay of the trees by which they were originally wooded. In the Highlands the term “forest” is applied to any extent of deer country, though there should not be a tree in its whole extent.

Laggan. I kept a pass on the upper skirt of the wood of Aberarder, and one strong active hound—enough for the work—was slipped at the west end of the thickets.—Those who slumber or fret in the intervals of a deer pass, and who, strangers to all the interest and associations of its surrounding world, endeavour to dissipate its tedium by a retrospection of their last game of *ecarté*, or a calculation of bets for the next Derby—might perhaps have cursed the dog, the pass, and the roe, which did not come through it during the half-hour which I waited for the voice of old Bachelor. But to the “hill-hunter,” familiar with the associations of those mountains, the time would have seemed short to look upon the sight seen from that pass. It was a cloudless morning of dazzling frost, and as much snow as brightened the winter landscape with a glistening silver light. The broad still mirror of the lake reflected like a downward heaven the lucid azure of the sky, the woody bays and towering mountains of its southern side, and the little tufted islets of Eilean-Rìgh¹ and Eilean-nan-Con²—on the first of which is the ruined hunting-tower of the ancient Scottish kings, and on the last, the remains of the little fort where they kept their hounds when they visited Loch Laggan, to hunt the great pine and birch woods—which stretched from the banks of that lake to “Loch Errach side,” and formed the lower range of the great royal forest of Bean-Aller.—On the southern shore, where a silvery thread of light marked the discharge of the burn of Lubhraich, the gleam of a window, and a thin blue smoke winding up from the birch-wood, discovered the modern lodge of the forest, still possessed by its heritable keeper, the chief of Clan Chattan, when the race of its royal superiors—for whom his fathers perilled their lives and possessions—have melted like the mist from

¹ The King's Isle.² The Dog's Isle.

their hills.—Beyond, above the dark feathery wood of the Coille-mhòr, upon the rising moor, the course of the flying battle of the Clan Cameron, when embroiled by the treachery of the *Pretender* to the supremacy of the Clan Chattan!—and far, and dim, and blue above all, the serrated towering mountains which rise around the king of the forest, the mighty Beann-Aller, where the dethroned prince, whose fathers had so often held their chase upon those hills—himself pursued——“sicut persequitur perdix in montibus”——found safety with the faithful and heroic Clunie in the wild retreat of “The Cage.”——But what is this to the “*dubh-ghàll*”——to whom the legends of the hills are closed—who now revile the language which they cannot speak, as their ancestors chastised its people because they had not the gift of tongues¹—and who curse the steeps which they cannot climb when they take from them the deer, as before, they took from the “red bloodhounds” the royal stag whom their fathers hunted on the same hills.—The cloud of the hundred years that are gone came rolling over our souls as we looked upon that wilderness—when the challenge

¹ Vide Appendix, No. IV.

² “Very often, if you ask questions of the ordinary people, they will answer—‘*Haniel Sasson aggit*,’—they have or speak no English.”—(“*Cha n’eil Beurla agam*,”—I have no English—is the phrase intended by the author; we do not criticise his orthography, for that was excusable, but the words which he has used signify, “You have no English—man.”)—“But they have been frequently brought by the officers to speak that language, by the same method with which *Molière’s* *fagot-binder* was forced to confess himself a physician.”—*Burl’s Letters from the North*, I. 108. This practice was older than the time of General Wade.—“The Highlanders have a peculiar lingo called *Erst*.”—“These people are so curriish, that if a stranger inquire the way in English, they will certainly answer in *Erst*, and find no other language, unless it be forced from them with a cudgel.”—*Modern Account of Scotland*, 1670. *Harl. Miscel.*, 4to, London, 1715, vi. 127. Although the practical despotism is restrained, such is very much the *feeling* and *expression* of many in the present day.

of the hound rung before us, and we returned from the vision of the lost past, to the idler dream of the present. —The toll of the dog came up the face nearly to the edge of the wood, above which I kept watch, then turned, descended, took a circle or two in the bosom of the thickets, and went straight away towards the east. The ground was all strange to me, but I knew what bucks were used to do, and I followed to try my experience against this. The first movement was to ascend the crest of the hill to ascertain the direction of the cry, but it continued to recede in the same line, and became fainter and fainter, until I could only hear at intervals a solitary toll as the dog went over the top of some distant height. —At last it ceased altogether, and I turned my attention to examine the ground by which I was surrounded. —The hill of which I had possession was an isolated ridge, rising between the woods of the lake and the mountain of Coire-goile, and separated from its slope by a narrow elevated glen, and the deep, rough, partially wooded burn of Alt-Coire-Chruinach which runs along its bottom, from a spongy flat bounding the east end of the hill, and declining towards the head of the loch. At the skirt of this flat the wood of Aberarder disappears, but, beyond the still thicker extent of the Coille-dhubh, or black wood, stretches for several miles towards Strath-mashi. —The last cry of the hound had died away in that direction, and it was thought by "Little John," that the buck had broken east for the wide covert of the Coille-dhubh, from whence he had still farther the customary retreat of the roe to the "strengths" of the hill above Shera-beag. —"Robin Hood," however, was sure that the buck would not leave his original haunt unless hard pressed, and that he would first make some treasons about the hill. Believing that, as he had tried the woods below, he would next extend his ring-run round the other

side of the ridge, I crossed over to its northern brow, and as soon as I saw the glen, the stream, and the wet moss at its head, I had little doubt that the buck would come round through the springs, and down the birken burn, to the west end of the wood, where he was dislodged. I took post, therefore, half-way down the brae, at a rock from which I could see the whole extent of the flat moss, and almost down to its junction with that part of the wood in which I had heard the last cry of the hound. After a considerable time I thought I heard the far toll of the dog ; and though it was an uncertain sound, I drew lower down towards the birches which scattered up the burn. I had scarce descended, and taken a position within range of the water, when the bay of the hound approached round the hill, and in a few minutes after the grey shadow of the buck came slipping along the glen, carefully keeping the wet spongy ground to spoil the scent, at intervals making prodigious springs across the little streams and "stripes," but always continuing his general course towards the point where I was posted. The toll of the dog now came loud and distinct down the glen, while the roe kept his wavering course along the flat, till at last he reached the main stream of Alt-Coire-Cruinach, and, bounding over its channel, stretched straight towards the Coire. He was within long random shot, but I felt certain it was only a foil, and that he was not going to take that grim and mighty steep which led to nothing ; and, accordingly, after tilting up the slope for about fifty yards, he turned short on his heel, and again descending on his back foot to the burn, leaped its channel at the very place where he had just crossed, and, making a prodigious spring to the right, came down the stream towards the birches near which I lay. In his descent he twice again cleared the burn, stood in the water for a few moments to check the scent, ascended

the bank on the opposite side—again doubled, and, taking a long spring at a right angle into the heather, made straight for the thicket of birches, when at last, coming within fair shot, I stopped him at the skirt of the trees.

HABITS OF DEER.—Although some of these have been mentioned among the notices of the chase, there are others of a more general character, the familiarity with which tends much to their successful pursuit. Among the first of these is the knowledge of their haunts, which vary with the seasons. In mountain forests, the red deer go to the height of the hills in summer, not only for the sweet short shealings¹ of the coires, but to avoid the insupportable pest of gnats, flies, midges, hornicles, and all manner of flying demons, which infest the lower woods and streams. Even in autumn and winter, they keep the open hill in fine mild weather, and only descend into the thickets for shelter in storms. In the neighbourhood of cultivated lands, particularly in spring and harvest, they come down in the night to feed on the green crops; and where not disturbed, will harbour by day in the woods, and even belts and coppices near the fields. They are

¹ By the low country and foreign writers, the term "*Shealing*" is applied to a hut,—as in the *Account of the Wanderings of Charles Edward*, where it is said, that "at night," he and his party "repaired to a *shealing*, where they remained two days;" and thus, Pennant, describing the chalets of the Highlanders, explains the name as a "Bothy or cottage, made of turf, the dairy-house, where the Highland shepherds or graziers live with their herds and flocks, and during the fine season make butter and cheese."* But a "shealing" is the pasture itself, more particularly those clear patches and stripes of natural grass which intervene amidst the heath around the springs of the coires, and along the banks or streams and lakes. In Gaelic, as correctly noticed by Pennant,† it is called—"An *Airidh*"—and the hut is named "*Bothan-airidh*."—In Scots, a "*Shealing Bothie*," or, familiarly, a "*Shealie-Bothie*."

* *Tour in Scotland*, 4to, London, 1790, p. 124.

† *Id.* 122.

particularly fond of peas and buck-wheat, and will go far for the former. Although extremely jealous and vigilant against real danger, they are entirely guided by their experience, and the intelligence of their sensitive and powerful organs of smell;—hence disregarding sounds, sights, and scents, which they have never known to be associated with man and hostile animals, they have little superstitious fears, and thus soon discover the fallacy of scare-crows, and treat them with contempt. From their desire of change with the season and the weather, variety of ground is essential to their prosperity; and their head and condition is never of the highest order without it. Besides the mere objects of shelter and temperature, they require change of place, from their personal circumstances and demands for food. After the rutting season, and the loss of their horns, they need solitude, rest, and abundant pasture. In winter, or when the hills are covered with storms and famine, they descend to the woods for subsistence and shelter, seeking the green springs and sylvan vegetation, the young wheat or turnips which may be found on the skirts of the forest; and, when the frost and snow have left nothing better, to peel the young trees and scrape for the woodland mosses. In the droughts of summer, when the mountains are parched and barren, the moist valleys and verdant thickets are equally their resource; and even when not pressed by want, they have many varieties and indulgences which improve their enjoyment and condition. In spring they like to browse upon the catkins of aspens, marsh willows,

The error of extending the single word for the ground to the hut has borne the appearance of having been admitted into dictionaries, which explain the term as “a hill pasture, a *summer residence* for herdsmen and cattle, a level green among hills;”—but this is merely a laxity of expression for the *place* of the residence, for among Highlanders the word “*airidh*” was never applied alone to a *building*.

and hazels, and, where they may be found, the buds and flowers of cornel trees. In autumn they love shoots of green shrubs, the tops of heather, and the leaves of brambles, which provide them with foliage when all the rest is fallen. In summer they resort to the hills for the short sweet grass of the shealings, which is then much more salubrious than the rank coarse herbage of the thickets; and in the low country forests, they rejoice among the peas, vetches, and young corns, of which, while in the grass, they prefer rye to all others, but after the ear has shot, they avoid the bearded grains. They are also very fond of sea-ware or dulse, and when attainable, it is their general resource in winter when the hill pasture fails.¹—It is not, however, from necessity only that they resort to the sea. Like cattle, they are passionately fond of salt—the propensity for which is so great among the domestic beasts, that cows, and oxen, and sheep, will greedily lick a ball of rock salt; and those accustomed to receive it from the herdsman will not only follow him like household animals, but crowd about him, and thrust their noses into his hands and pockets, to search for their treat. The deer participate so much in this propensity, that when within their range, they frequent the sea-coast, not only in spring and winter, but in the heat of summer, and will even seek it from such a distance, that they sometimes descend to the shores of Aberdeenshire, from Braemar and Invercauld. While there were any red deer left in the woods of Altyre and Tarnaway, they visited every year the sands between Nairn and Burghead, and not unfrequently at sunrise were met by the fishermen, swimming the mouth of the Findhorn, below the bay. In the same manner, the deer of Gordon Castle resorted to the low woods of Innis, to feed upon the beach

¹ *Martin's Western Isles*, 10, 70.

between the Lossie and the Spey. On the coasts of Sutherland, Ross, Skye, and Arran, they are equally familiar; and with the same boldness and independence with which they range great districts of country, for their internal changes, they swim to an extraordinary distance for their marine haunts. It is common for them to cross the straits of Mull and Skye, and between Jura and Isla, where the current of the channel is so strong that it carries down the swimmer in a diagonal of four miles before he lands. The fishermen of the west coast report still longer voyages, and we know that a stag has been taken in Kilbrannan Sound, four miles at sea, between Kintyre and Arran, and apparently swimming boldly for that island—which is twelve miles distant from the mainland.¹ He was discovered in a summer's evening, by a fishing-boat returning to Skipness, the men of which were obliged to row with considerable vigour before they could come up with him. When overtaken, he was not exhausted, but a rope being thrown over his horns, he was towed back to Skipness, from the neighbourhood of which—his line of swimming, when first discovered, indicated that he had taken the sea; as there are no indigenous stags in Kintyre, it is probable that this was a voyage with which he was previously acquainted, and that, when discovered, he was returning to his native haunt in the forest of Arran.

But the distance from which the deer will seek the sea, and the boldness with which they take its channels, is

¹ Buffon believed that stags only make their long voyages during the excitement of the rutting season, when attracted by the scent of the hinds, under which inducement, he allows that they will swim from one isle to another for the distance of several leagues.* That this is the only cause of their taking the sea is, however, disproved, by the extent of their voyages to places from whence it should be impossible to wind the hinds.

conformable to their free and migratory character. The stag is a nomade of the "Fàsaich," who follows his pasture and his convenience like the Tartar of the present, and the Scythian of the ancient day. This is particularly remarkable in the old heroes of the forest, who, hating rivalry and contradiction, disdain to mix in the common herd, and haunt alone with an undisputed reign in the wildest solitudes of the hills, and the unoccupied woods of the "laich." Of these old monarchs, noble harts used to appear at intervals in the thickets of Altyre, the forests of Tarnaway and Glen-Fidich, and sometimes the solitary fir woods of Innis, near the sea. From these mighty wanderers were the three great heads of Gordon Castle, Innis House, and Cromarty, of which the first two, killed in Glen-Fidich and Innis, bear seventeen points, and the last, killed¹ in the forest of the Earls of Cromarty, in Ross, and recently in possession of the present Cromarty, has *twenty-two*; the greatest number known on any modern head in Scotland.

The habits of wood deer vary very considerably from those of the open hill, and if they are much less jealous, their vigilance, sagacity, and cunning, abundantly compensate for any diminution of wildness, or permission of nearer approach. Among these there are always some old veterans; each of whom combines every trick, faculty, or endowment, divided among those of less experience. The younger, as on the hill, go in herds, but these old horned misanthropes live apart by themselves, and do not admit above two or three companions, as grim and grey and solitary as themselves. These great harts, for they are always the largest of their race, frequent the deepest recesses of the woods, quaint ferny hollows, secret bushy dells, or broken ledges of rock covered with birch and

¹ In 1844.

pine, and up to their breasts in blaeberries or long heather. If disturbed on one of these from above, they will drop down to the next, glide along the face under shelter of the shelf above, and disappear, as if they vanished like one of the cloud-formed shapes of Ossian, without a crack or a rustle ; till suddenly—as you stand ready to “ knock him over ” when he shall rouse up from the rock under your feet—he appears on the other side of a glade or a green moss three or four hundred yards off : You think it must be another, and cautiously slide down the ledge, and drop on the next shelf, where you saw his horns peeping from the heather a few minutes before : —Nothing is there but an empty bed.—You think it *might* have been the next line,—but no—there is only that one dry deep lair, and as you look upon it, the heather at its edge slowly rises from his recent pressure, and if you lay your hand on the dry pine needles in its hollow, they are yet warm—he *was* there two minutes before, and is *now* half a mile off, going over the shoulder of the “ Sgòr,” or through the far deep “ glac.” For miles along the south side of Gleann-Strath-Fàrar, between Loch Moille and Coire-Betha, the ground is broken into these ledges, steps, and precipices, and well the old “ Wood-kerne ” knows how to cheat you at them, and avoid, as if he had a mesmeric sight under his dew-clees, each of those holes and clefts, in which you are frequently in danger of breaking your neck. For, besides the ledges and rifts so convenient to him, there are rents and chasms in the rocks, which go down—some of them the shepherds say—to the level of Loch Bannavie.—They may go down to the Lake of Acheron, or the great steam-boiler of the world, which has its safety valves in Hecla and Vesuvius—I don’t know, I thank heaven I never tried, though I have hung suspended for some seconds between their narrow jaws, holding on by the long heather which hid

their mouths. One day, however, going to a pass at the top of the hill above the loch, I had an opportunity to examine what was to be seen down one of those hideous black rents, the lips of which had been laid open by a “muir-burn,” but the grey walls of the rock went down—down—out of all sight. I dropped a pebble, but there was no sound, then a large stone, and held my ear to the cleft, and after several seconds a dull, heavy, sullen plunge of water echoed up through the yawning chasm. The deer, however, walk among these traps with perfect ease and security, which results from the habitual and never-failing caution with which they always step, to prevent every sound or motion by which they might betray themselves; and it is this unrelaxing, ever-vigilant circumspection, which makes them always on their guard, always prepared, and consequently rarely surprised by their pursuer.

Among the crafty old kings of Glen-Strath-Fàrar, there was one, a well known example of their success, and for many years celebrated by the sobriquet of “an *Cabar-Cróm*”—translated for the unlearned—“*Old Crookie*”—from one of the points of his horns which always grew down backwards. By some whim of nature, or probably an old wound on the same side, this point always grew the wrong way. He had shed his horns—perhaps for a hundred years—but still the same tine took some eccentricity, which gave him an indisputable head-mark, as far as it could be seen with a glass; and from his great size and frequent adventures, made him an object of continual pursuit and emulation. Year after year past, and every man’s hand was against him, and his cunning prevailed against every man.—It was of no use to look for him—stalking or beating he was never to be found.—Yet he was everywhere—on the hill—in the glen—above Leittir-an-Duibhe—under Creag-nan-Suidheag—standing in Glac-an-Eich—lying by Herran’s slope—going up Ruith-na-

Beist—coming through Coire-Betha—crossing the ford of Daine—feeding on Blàr-Fhlulch—every body saw him, when none looked for him, and nobody when they did. —But if the singularity of his head made his conduct more notable, many as crafty a brother he had in the forest ; and Coire-Betha and all its braes and craigs are celebrated for their sleight. One day I kept the high pass above Blàr-Fhlulch while the beaters drove a division of the wood from its east end at Ruith-na-Beist, and the rest of the guns were placed on the high ballachs between those points. I had a full view down the brae over all the east end of the wood, with its little knolls and hollows ; and as the drivers advanced, skirting the hillocks and sweeping through the small green shealings, I watched them till they came almost in a line with my position, when, to my surprise, I saw a large stag rise quietly out of his lair on the top of a little round knoll at the foot of the brae just below me ; he stretched first one leg, and then the other, then his neck, shook his head, scratched his back with the point of his horn, and then quietly walked to the edge of the knoll, and there stood watching and listening till the beaters approached within twenty or thirty yards, when, as they past round the foot of the hillock, he turned, and lifting his legs very high, and carefully avoiding the dead boughs and sticks lest they should crack, laid himself down again in the same place, his neck stretched out, and his horns laid flat on his back. As the men beat through the wood within fifteen yards he never moved, but remained motionless till they had passed on for about a hundred yards, then rising, he stood for a few moments listening, turning his ears backwards, forwards, and to every side—felt the wind before him, and then descending the hillock, trotted leisurely back by the way which the beaters had driven. This is only one example of a hundred such traits. Nothing can equal

the care, leisure, and deliberation of the wood deer in all their stealthy movements *when not seen* ; but the instant you come upon him, or he on you, the lightning is not more rapid.—There is a flying wheel, a rushing bound, a crash through the boughs, and he is gone—but not at random ; he knows every pass and outlet, the surest, the best ; he does not much care about the easiest—unless he is severely wounded : then, if on an ascent, he turns down the steep, or if below, he will not break to the hill ; but always following his slot, it will be found that he has not gone at chance—his foot turns into a hollow marked with many tracks, or along a well frequented run going out at a glac, which he has known ever since his mother first took him out to look over his future reign of hills, and woods, and glens.

There is a path which leads up through the wood from the low wet flat at the foot of the rocks, between Blàr-Fhlulch and Ruith-na-Beist, and winds beside a little streamlet covered with thick alders and weeping birches—the coverts had been beaten through and through, but none of the old “*Laoich nam Bèann*” had been seen, either by the drivers or the “guns.” The tryst was upon the green bank near the river, but as I descended, there was a whistle on the hill above, and, thinking it a signal, I turned up the path. About half-way up the ascent, I heard the sound of hoofs rattling up the track behind me, and thought that it was the pony which carried the deer-saddle, till all at once they were close behind me, and, looking back, I saw a great hart come clattering up the worn and stony path, picking his way on the broken gulley, like a hill “garran.” As I wheeled round, bang he went into the burn—crash through the alders. I covered, and fired, and he disappeared, and the boughs closed after him. I loaded, crossed the burn, and followed the track ; there were great “feuts” of blood on each side, and we traced it to

the edge of the wood, where the pass breaks to the hill. There the deer had made a sharp double back into the wood, and we never saw more of him. We quote this, not only as an instance of the cunning of the deer, who had evaded all the beaters and "guns," and would have escaped unseen but for the accident of my re-ascent—but as an example of the necessity of having thorough trained track-dogs and greyhounds always in readiness.

Among the extraordinary habits of wood deer in Scotland, those of the forest of Tarnaway were remarkable. The great harts of this deep solitude were of that mighty race which went and came between its woods and the wide wilderness of the Monadh-liath, and which, having this vast range, and undisturbed reign of mountain and covert, enjoyed the best resources for all seasons; and hence were the largest deer in Scotland. Confident in the security of their great covert, and in its sanctuary safely familiarised to the sound of men and animals, they grew as much proficient in domestic ways as an old hunter to their own; and thus, always prepared to circumvent them, were rarely surprised, and never driven out by any sudden panic. Hence they gave little regard to beaters, but, quietly watching their progress, slipped back between them—lay in the covert till they were gone—or stole out at a side where there was no certain pass; for in open and easy woods the red deer have not invariable paths like roe. Their conduct was equally cool and circumspect when the wood was beaten with dogs, for, familiar with their voice and working, with a similarity of circumstances they acquired a similarity of conduct to the bucks, and when the hounds were in cry, they either walked leisurely out of the wood, and stood in the moor until the chase was over, or kept their "harboury" in the covert until the dogs were past, and stole back into the empty thickets which they had driven. They had

sometimes another trick still more cunning, and by which they always succeeded in keeping out of harm's way. On the western edge of the forest there is a large wet meadow, which, from the difficulty of draining, had been allowed to relapse into a green bog, but which still in summer afforded sufficient pasture for sheep to be worth fencing for their inclosure. Although to feed, the bucks crept under the rails like hares, in the eagerness of flight they never passed them. The stags knew this very well, and that the sheep grazed there undisturbed; and, when the dogs were running, they leaped the bars, and stood at gaze among the wedders, or lay close in the deep rushes, until the hounds were gone, and all was quiet, when they again cleared the fence, and returned to their thicket-haunts. In their ordinary habits, they moved little after the morning and evening twilights, but, during the day, secreted themselves in all sorts of recluse and uncommon places. One of their favourite haunts was the great craig of the Ledanreich. In the face of this rock—a sheer precipice eighty or ninety feet high—there are tiers of extraordinary galleries,¹ formed by the wasting of the softer parts of the yellow sandstone, between the ledges of the strata, over which grows a deep veil of ivy hanging from shelf to shelf, and forming between each a close dim corridor in the rock, screened from the hottest sun, and cooled by the air of the river which runs below. In these cavities both the stags and the roe retreated from the heat of the day, and the stir of the waking world, and

¹ They may now be much changed. In 1829 “the round-tower buttress,” and a large portion of the rocks, fell during the great speats called “The Moray Floods;” subsequent shocks may have encroached still farther upon the craig, and much of the ivy may have been destroyed not only by the falling of the cliff, but the severe frosts which in 1838 and 1839 exterminated so many of the native and foreign evergreens throughout the north of Scotland.

as the sun declined, they stole out on the dewy banks, and quiet lawns, to feed in security.

Although the stags were never driven from the forest by hunting, they went out before the cutting of the timber, which left them no rest, and obstructed and marred their haunts and pastures. By degrees the hinds, calves, and younger stags, ceased to return at winter, and at last the old harts were diminished to two. These, however, kept the forest till 1830, and with such wariness and vigilance, that though they rarely left it in the proper season—and we sought them by night and day, and frequently came upon their slot—we never gained shot or even sight of them.—We met, however, at last by accident.—It was upon a day that we had a Tainchell for roe. I had taken post on the long hollow of “Glac-an-Fhéidh;” I had just set my guns against the great holly which stands in the angle commanding the inclinations of the glade, when I heard the signal for the beaters to advance. After the usual interval they approached, passed, went down the wood, but nothing appeared—their whoop and whistle died away, and I was about to follow, when there was a slight crack among the trees: I listened and watched, but could see nothing—another slight sound, like the tick of a falling leaf, made me look a little farther into the wood, and I saw something move. It was a dark cloudy day, and the gloom below the trees so uncertain, that I could see nothing distinctly—again, however, a shadow moved—then another, and presently two large harts came out through the screen of scattered wood.—They had out-flanked the beaters, and were stealing back as slow as a yoke of oxen, stepping with great caution, and laying back their horns on their necks, turning them right and left, and guiding them through the boughs and brushwood with extraordinary dexterity. I let them come through

the hollow to the foot of the ridge without moving rifle, for the least stir would have sent them back into the thick wood ; but as soon as they had crossed the hollow I raised the rifle—off they went like the wind. I had scarce time to single out the best head, but I heard the ball strike with that peculiar sound—like a sharp “*punch*” in a sack—which a bullet gives when it hits a living body, whether man or beast—The deer, however, went away, crash through the wood ; instinctively I snatched up the double gun and sprang up the ridge ; they passed on the opposite side within twenty-five yards before me ; I levelled first on one, then on the other—but it was only double B. I would not disgrace the old monarchs by such dust, and took down the gun, and away they swept, splintering through the trees and bushes like buffaloes.

I returned to the holly, reloaded my rifle, and went forward to the place where the deer were crossing when I fired ; there was nothing on the moss except the deep slot of their sudden springs, but beyond, the silvery bark of a birch tree was sprinkled with blood. I followed the track through the thick brake into the hollow, where the great beeches and oaks then grew ; at every step there were large splashes of blood, *scarlet* and *frothy*, and two hundred yards further the old hero¹ of the wood lay motionless upon the moss. His companion, who had escaped, continued for two years a solitary recluse in the forest, generally haunting the deep thickets and lonely mosses of the “high wood,” where he had always a free exit to the moor when disturbed by the dogs. He still frequented the “*póll-bùiridh*” which he and his old friend

¹ The weight of this stag was an example of the size of the old Tarnaway deer ; for though entirely out of season and condition, and consequently very lean, the *clean quarters*, without the head, weighed twenty-two stone, *Dutch weight*.

had used for so many years, and we often saw his broad deep track fresh sprinkled in the moss where he had just gone out before us. Knowing, however, there was but one, and having abundance of roe, we never persecuted him, and always expected that we should some time meet by chance. At last, towards the close of a wild winter's day, during which we had been running roe from dawn, we were following the cry of the hounds, which had circled for an hour in the same tract of the forest, when, in crossing a little glade, I saw a great red hart walking away before me like a cow: he was in no hurry, but merely quitting the disturbance of the dogs, and having passed the moss, stopped on the bank of a little burn, and looked back over his shoulder to see if any thing was coming. I was already on my knee behind a bush about fifty yards distant, with the rifle laid on his shoulder; the ball went through his heart, and, as frequent both in man and animals when that organ receives the death stroke—he sprung with a surprising leap, dashed a few yards with a violent rush, and came down crash among the bushes like a tree.

From that day the slots of the red deer disappeared in the forest, and have never since returned. We notice these incidents, not only as an example of the “tricky” habits of the deer, but because those unacquainted with their ways suppose that they will not tolerate the disturbance of dogs even in timber forests.

Where the old hill deer have no woods for resort, they still maintain the same recluse character as those of the deep coverts. They are rarely to be found except by accident, and are so self-opinionated, that it is difficult to drive them in any proposed direction, or with any certainty in those usually frequented by others. Even when they are forced forward in the face of a line of passes, they will take some quirk, and break away out of all tracks, or charge through the beaters, and make some un-

expected retreat on which they have wilfully determined. —There was an old and mighty hart in the forest of Glen-Garrie; when we knew him he had generally thirteen points in his head, and he had probably had as many for the preceding half century. Like all other extraordinary stags, he seemed to have a charmed life; he had been stalked, driven, shot at, but with no more success than if he had been one of those ghosts of stags, which, having been dismissed by Orion in this world, had descended to afford immortal sport to his soul in the next.¹

- ¹ "There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant hunter flies;
A ponderous mace of brass, with direful sway
Aloft he whirls to crush the savage prey.
Stern beasts in trains, which by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms shoot o'er the lawns of hell."
Odys., B. xi.

Such was the recreation of the Celtic ghost,—

- "Shiubhail 'anam gu 'shinns sir nach caoin
Gu innis mhaol nan stoirm àrd
A' leantuinn *tanais tuirc de chèo*
Air sgiathaibh nan gaoth mòr 's a' chàrn."
Cath-Loduinn, D. II. 135.

- "His soul passed to his fathers
In the isle of storms,
To follow the mist-formed *ghosts of boars*,
On the wings of the tempest of the cairn."

The ideas concerning the future state were of a similar nature among most, if not all, of the ancient Pagan nations, and savage heathens of the present day; with whom, like the ghostly state of the departed, it was, and is believed to be, a shadowy similitude of human life, attended by the same passions, pleasures, sufferings, and enjoyments, as mortality. Hence, at the interment of the deceased, their arms, implements, and ornaments, and in some instances even their wives, servants, and favourite animals, were buried with them, to serve or solace their shades in the world to come. This custom of interring the arms and "delectable things" of the dead in their graves, was so prevalent in the East, that the absence of its observance was cited as a token of a desolate and dishonoured end.—"Et non dormient cum fortibus, cadentibusque et incircumcisis, qui descenderunt ad infernum cum armis

We have risen by star-light to wait him at his feeding before dawn, and when the dawn broke, there was nothing on the shealing but a brocket or a hind ; and we have stalked for him all a summer's day, and it was only at the gloaming that we got sight of his mighty head in a breach of the mist, standing on the summit of the cairn against the last streak of light. His slot has been tracked into the wood, and when it was beaten, nothing has been seen but a "wood-cat,"—or he has slipped out at a pass where a fat "dubh-gall" lay asleep behind a stone, while all the rest of the "guns" were watching like lynxes. A

suis, et posuerunt gladios suos sub capitibus suis."—Ezekiel xxxii. 27.—"They shall not sleep with the mighty dead of the uncircumcised, who are gone down to the grave with their weapons, and their swords laid beneath their heads." Such contributions to the future state are to be traced to the most distant eras and nations. Among the earliest Greeks and Romans, the sword, the spear, and various ornaments, were laid with the distinguished dead. When the Caledonian warrior died, the same weapons, his shield, and his dog, were buried beside him. With the Egyptians, the arms and ornaments of the wealthy, and the implements of the labourer and the artisan, were equally deposited with their remains. When a Scythian prince departed, his arms were laid beside him, and his wife, his horse, and favourite attendants, immolated at his funeral, and their remains interred around him, that their shades might attend his soul in the land to which he was gone. Their descendants, the Calmucs of the middle ages, inherited the same usage ; and in the great Steppes of Tartary, upon opening the tombs of the Khans, the bones of the chief have been found covered by a pall of gold, his bow, his arrows, and his sword by his hand, the remains of his princess at his side, and those of his horse saddled and bridled at his feet. Such at the present day are the donations to futurity among the savage tribes ; and by some—as among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans—provisions are added for the journey of the dead, and there is placed in his hand a small piece of money, a tradition of the same era of belief, as the ferry-fee of Charon. In these superstitions, the idle and the uninquiring discover only objects for ridicule and reproach ; but they are the evidence of the origin and progress of the great family of mankind ; the dream of a clouded revelation, and of the inherent and mysterious sensibility of the soul to that unknown world from whence its emanation was derived, and to which it shall return again, when—"revertatur palvis in terram suam unde erat, et spiritus redeat ad Deum qui dedit illum."

boy has tumbled over him in the brackens, and the deadly hand of Uisdean Mòr snapped a false cap upon him at thirty yards. If he was in the hill, the cloud came down, and if beyond the Garrie, the river was in flood. There was a day, however, when the cloud and the river would not have saved him. We had our hunting-quarters in the—then—little black hut of Toman-donn, and, on the preceding night, news had been brought in by the black forester, that his slot had been seen entering a small wood among the braes on the south side of the river, where the number of his tracks indicated that he had kept “harboury” for some days. In the morning when we looked out, the clouds were down to the roots of the hills, and the Garrie was rolling in an impassable flood; the boat destined to ferry us across was surrounded by a wide sheet of water which rendered her inaccessible. Few of the inland Highlanders can swim, and the only one of the beaters who could, declared that it was impossible to reach the boat from the danger of being swept away into the rapids below. We went out to the water. The coble was dancing like a black cork on the sweeping current, from which a new lake had spread out upon the strath. To those unaccustomed to struggle with a sea surf it might seem impossible to reach her; but I measured the breadth of the water, the run of the stream, and the distance of the rapids, and had no doubt that it could be done.

I returned to the cottage, threw off my clothes, and wrapping my plaid about me, ascended the water to a distance which I judged sufficient to make the necessary allowance for its velocity, and, tossing my plaid to the old forester, plunged into the stream. When I came up I was twenty yards down the current, which was whitened with the hurricane of wind and sleet that swept over its surface. I pulled with all my might, and succeeded in keeping the diagonal of the boat; but I was fast drifting, and the

rain and blast drove so hard in my face, that I could scarcely see or breathe. The thunder of the rapids now became distinct through the roar of the storm. I gained, however, upon the boat, which was tugging hard upon the painter, the tension of which drew down her bows so deep into the water, that every instant I expected to see her leap from the parting rope and drift away to the rapids. I succeeded, however, in approaching before the current took me past, and, by a few desperate strokes, gained the stern, and swung round under its lee, scarce able to retain my hold. After resting for some time, I endeavoured to get in, but, owing to the depression of the head, the stern was so high, that it was like clambering over a horse's croop to get into the saddle, and, at the same time, the least dip on the side brought the water over her bows. After having played at leapfrog with the little black cockle-shell for some time, I at last succeeded in surmounting her cock-tailed stern, and made haste to untie the painter. This, however, was impossible from the tension of the rope, and the swelling of the knot; and having nothing but my teeth which would cut, it seemed very problematical how I was to get her loose. Meanwhile, she was half full of rain-water, and not to lose time while I was thinking what could be done, I began to bale it out, when, perceiving that the old tin baler, which had lost its rim, had a lip as sharp as a saw, I started up to make trial of its tooth upon the rope. Crack!—went the first ply—that was enough. I finished the baling, and then, having placed the oars ready on the pins, returned to the painter—snap went each ply in succession, and up we flew with a spring which almost canted me over the stern—away shot the boat, and whirling round before the blast, swept off towards the rapids. I jumped to the seat, seized the oars, and pulled for life—louder and louder grew the thunder of the falls—they now full in view. laughing, roaring, and leaping like

white horses, as they seemed to suck me in. I heard the voice of old Alasdair MacDhòmhnuill coming down the wind, chanting an old iorram of the isles, which had often put might into the hundred arms of the "Biorlin Clann Raonuill," as they pulled her through the foaming seas. No doubt, I pulled as if I had been going into Coire-bhreacan, till I came through the main run of the stream, and got under the lee of the hill, and at last the boat shot through into the back water, and glided round, smooth, and safe, and quiet, up to the green bank. Old Alasdair was ready with my plaid, and Glen-Garrie with the cuach and the black bottle, and while I was dressing, the boat was drawn up the water, and by successive ferries brought over the whole party. We took the path to the wood, the guns were all posted, the long line of beaters filed away to make their circuit, and in about half an hour the shrill whistle of Uisdean Mòr gave notice that the beat had commenced. I was posted behind a large grey stone covered with heath and whortle-berries; it was the best pass around the wood, and if deer broke before it, by their usual course they ought to cross within fifty yards of its front. As I watched the line, there was a clamour of shouts and cries from the drivers, and out broke two stags from a lower ballach, and took straight for the pass below me. They went forward like a patrol of hussars, carrying their branchy heads with a high and gallant pace—they stopped within a hundred paces of Glen-Garrie's pass—looked back—advanced—and halted abreast, the one a little higher than the other. In the next moment a white pluff of smoke blew up in the wind out of the heather—the nearest stag dropped like a stone, and the other, making a wide leap, rushed forward about a hundred yards, and went down headlong into a little green glac, where he disappeared among the deep myrtles. —All was again still, and nothing visible upon the

brown heather but the appearance of a round stone opposite the place where the first deer lay, but which, in reality, was the little dun stalking-bonnet of Glen-Garrie, watching without motion towards the wood. I returned my glass in the same direction. The flankers had now passed its centre, but not even a roe came out,¹ and the wood began to grow thinner, and the ground smoother, with only one or two ferny hollows intersecting the scattered cover.—Suddenly something moved out of the tall green brackens and passed among the bushes—stopped—turned up the hill—disappeared amidst the trees—again showed a dark shadow at the skirt of the wood—and the “damh mòr” came out through a little open glade which descended from the thicket. Undismayed by the sounds behind him, he advanced with a slow and stately pace, carrying his mighty head like a black tree in the air, and occasionally turning its broad beams with a majestic gaze, as if he measured the hill and the retreat which he should take.—My heart might be heard to beat behind the stone, but at last he seemed to decide, and took the path which descended within eighty yards of its front. Without quickening his pace for the sound of the beaters, he advanced over the knolls and hollows, till he approached within four hundred yards, when he slackened—stopped—plucked the grass—went on a few steps—stopped, and looked to the hill—and again advancing, made a short turn, and went off at a right angle for the height!—I followed his giant-shadow with a look of despair; as he ascended he made no check nor change till he reached the sky-line of the hill, then, stopping on the summit, turned his mighty

¹ In driving a cover, the larger animals always precede the smaller. The deer come first, then the roe, then hares. This rotation is invariable, and it is in vain to expect a stag where a roe or a hare has broken from the thicket.

branches against the light—gave one look to the wood—felt the wind before him, and disappeared into the glen of the Garrie. Such are the chances and the manœuvres of the old “Laoich chabarach nam bèann.” Many such he had tried before that, and for nearly twenty years after he bore his beamy crown over those hills, the monarch of their three marches, till one evening he was met accidentally by “Iain Beag Abrach,” whose Cuilbheir dubh achieved what had been vainly attempted by the most noble Eggs, Mantons, and Purdies, for forty years.

The two deteriorating periods of the stags, the rutting¹ and the mewing, or shedding of the horns, happen at the spring and autumn, so that, according to the old rules of hunting, their full season lasts only from “Midsummer to Holy-Rood.”² Their imperfect condition for the remainder of the year is caused by the restlessness, abstinence, and constant warfare during the rut, and the subsequent severity and privations of winter, which reduces them till spring, when they shed their horns, and the effort of nature necessary for their reproduction diminishes their “pride of grease,” until the exhaustion in the new growth has ceased. The horns generally begin to drop in February, but the period is retarded or accelerated by the age, health, feeding, and general condition of the deer. The old harts are the first to lose them, and in a mild climate, and good health, they shed in the latter part of February or beginning of March. The stags of five or six years are the next in succession, towards the end of the latter month, and those of three or four in April, and the spayads, or those of two years, not before the

¹ “Ruting” or “Routing”—Saxon and Scotch—bellowing or roaring. The season is so called from the continual bellowing of the harts at that time. So in Gaelic it is named “*Am Buirleadh*”—The roar—from “*buir*,” to roar or bellow as a bull or stag.

² 14th of September.

middle or end of May. This order, however, is affected by various irregularities, as the nature of the season, or the condition of the stag; for the mew is advanced or retarded by a mild or a severe winter, and if weak or wounded, the old stags are sometimes later than their juniors. Unless for some accident, it is rare that both horns fall together; there is often an interval of a day or two between the dropping of each beam, and hence they are very seldom found together. In full health and vigour, the heads of the strong harts are regrown, hardened, and sometimes cleared of the velvet in the latter part of July, and those of the younger stags according as they were later dropped; but like the shedding, the filling and hardening of the horns is dependent on the condition of the animal, being hastened or suspended in proportion as he is weak or vigorous. Hence a wounded deer will have an inferior head, and sometimes the horn on the injured side will be deformed or diminished. After very severe wounds received before the horns were loosened, the vigour of the constitution is not always sufficient for the effort to throw them off, or if the injury was sustained after they were cast, it is often unable to reproduce more than a withered and stunted pair of sticks. From the same cause, stags which have been castrated before the mewing will never change their head, and those upon whom the operation has happened afterwards will remain for ever bald.¹ Such as suffer with the velvet will never lose it, and if, when the horns are entirely green and soft, they have been known to fester, ulcerate down to the skull,

¹ This fact is attested by Buffon:—"Si l'on fait cette opération dans le tems qu'il a mis bas sa tête, il ne s'en forme pas une nouvelle, et si on ne la fait au contraire que dans le tems qu'il a refait sa tête elle ne tombe plus, l'animal en un mot reste pour tout sa vie, dans l'état où il étoit lorsqu'il a subi la castration."—*Hist. Nat.*, vol. vi. p. 81.

and, by the porous connection with the brain, produce madness and death. The falling and reproduction of the stag's "head" is one of the most extraordinary operations of nature; whether we consider its tenacity in adhesion, its spontaneous and periodical dislocation, or the regrowth in three months of beams a yard in length, garnished with numerous strong tines. The horn itself is entirely free from any joint, cap, or other insertion; it is a porous solid body,¹

¹ In discussing this structure of the stag's horn, Buffon proposes a very extraordinary demonstration; namely, that, as it is solid, fibrous, and altogether distinct from the testaceous horns of cattle, goats, and antelopes—grows upwards like a plant, and sheds like an acorn—it is "*wood*." In support of this theory he observes, that in French hunter-craft it is called "*bois*," and that certain ancients—Aristotle, Pliny, and Theophrastus—declared that there were people who had seen ivy sprouting and growing on the heads of deer.* What the horns of stags are called in the fanciful terms of venery, is not, we apprehend, more demonstrative of their nature, than that in the same language the head of an old fallow-deer is called a "*shovel*," and that of a young one a "*spoon*,"—and without stopping to remark that in Bacchanalian processions the heads of stags were sometimes decorated with garlands of ivy, we cannot admit that the testimony of the above named sages, even literally maintained, is of any satisfactory evidence. Whether Aristotle, Pliny, and Theophrastus, said or believed that leaves grew out of a hart's beam, is of no more importance to a question of natural history, than that the Roman zoologist witnessed, that the back-bone of a man sometimes changed into a serpent,† or that he had known at Tesdrita a bridegroom who, on the day of his marriage, was converted into a woman.‡ Rational conviction will not now listen to the procreation of mud,§ or the transmigration of wolves,|| or any other venerable lie, because it was told in Greek two thousand years ago. For the veracity of the ancient sages, however, it may be remarked, that the superstition which they repeat, might have had some foundation in an accidental appearance, which sometimes is actually seen upon the horns of deer. At the time of the rut, the shedding of the old, and the burnishing the new horns, the stags gore them into the soft ground, and "fray" them on the trees, from whence they carry away sedges and green tendrils, which occasionally adhere to their beams for

* Hist. Nat., 4to, Par. 1761; vol. vi. pp. 85, 86, 88, 89, 103.

† Phil. Hist. Nat., Lib. x. ch. 86.

‡ Ib. ix. 84.

§ Ib. vii. 2.

|| Herod. iv.

an osseous substance entirely dissimilar to the shelly nature of testaceous "horn," properly so called, and which is the same, whether on the head or the hoof, and thus does not, like the tubular sheaths of cattle, antelopes, chamois, and various small deer, slip on a point or root of bone, being an articulated prolongation of the bone itself. It does not, however, grow *out* of, but *upon* the skull, having

several days. Buffon, however, advances physical reasons to show that the growth of a stag's "wood" is an organic phenomenon, resulting from the nature of all animals to partake and reproduce the substance of their food, and thus that as a deer sometimes browses upon trees he shoots out branches. In support of this argument, he cites the example of beavers, which, from feeding upon fish, grow scales upon their tails, and otters, who, for the same reason, acquire so much of a piscatory body, that they may be eaten in Lent. That the otter has a "very ancient and fish-like savour," we are not disposed to dispute, but that he becomes so consubstantiated with his food as to afford true meagre, is not sufficiently apparent to satisfy a good Catholic conscience. If this were true, it would follow, that the Laplanders, who live on fish, should become covered with scales, as Sir John Mandeville reports they were with feathers; that an ox, which feeds on straw, should depilate stubble; the sheep fattened on turnip, run to head in Swedes and purple tops; and that if the water dog,* who preys on salmon, voids scales upon his trowel, the land dog, which subsists on bones, should ossify at his similar extremity. Finally, the naturalist confirms his position by the diversity between hart's-horn and all testaceous cornes, and infers that, because it has no identity with that of bulls, goats, and antelopes, it is truly timber. The endless variety of nature is, however, a much more natural alternative.—"Non omnis caro eadem caro."—So all horns are not the same horns.—"Alia caro hominum, alia verò pecorum, alia volucrum, alia autem piscium."—So there is one horn of bulls, and another of goats, and another of stags, and one horn may differ from another in texture, as one star from another in brightness, and yet both remain the same in nature. Hence, until it is proved that the meat of beasts is not flesh, because it is different from that of man, or that the body of fowls is not animal, because it varies from that of beasts, it cannot be acknowledged that a stag's antlers are wood, because he differs from other cattle, and sometimes feeds upon twigs.

a transverse seam at its junction with the base, which is a flat projection of the cranium, like the stump of a bone sawn off at an elevation of about half an inch ; and when the beam falls, exhibiting no connection except by a porous ramification, emitting a slight effusion of blood and humours. Over this root the skin and fur soon closes, gradually "*buttons*," or rises into a round swelling or small wen, which extends into a soft spungy beam covered with downy pile, technically called the "*moss*" or "*velvet*," and progressively shooting into the antlers and tines. During their growth the horns are soft, fleshy, and replenished with blood ; and for a time after they have attained their full size, and are generally hardened into bone, the extremities are still spungy, and supplied with the sanguinary circulation. When the horn is fully formed and hardened, the velvet dries and peels off in long stripes, which often exhibit a remarkable appearance, streaming from the head of the deer like ribbons. At this time the horns are irritable, and not only for this cause, but to facilitate their clearance, or, as it is technically called, "*burnishing*"—the stag rasps them against the trunks of small trees, called in hunting-language his "*fraying post*;" and it is observable that he chooses a larger or smaller stem in proportion to his own strength, from whence the old forest proverb—" *The greater the deer, the larger his fraying post.*"

At their first divestment the horns are white and slightly stained with blood, like a denuded bone, but as they harden they become brown and polished, of a deeper tint, according to the colour and condition of the animal, and the length of time in which they have been matured in the air. In general, those of the strong old stags are of the darkest colour, though, from their natural burnish, and the action of the deer, the points are always white

and smooth, as if filed and polished. It has been thought that the general hue of the head is dyed by the sap of the trees on which it is rasped, and that it derives a red tinge from the beech and birch, a brown from the oak, and black from the elm and aspen. This, however, is a mere conceit; beech, elm, and aspen, afford no dye, and though it is possible that the strong tan of the oak and birch may accelerate the tinting of the horns, they acquire their colour by nature, and with equal decision, where they have no trees on which to fray their heads. There is another superstition, that when the deer shed their horns, they hide or eat them! It is true that horns are rarely found, but this arises from accidental causes, and is quite unintentional on the part of the deer; and if they sometimes gnaw those which they find, it is from no design of secreting them in their bowels, but because, like all cattle, they are extravagantly fond of salt, and nibble the beams for the sake of the saline flavour afforded by the "harts-horn" or sal-volatile which they contain. The rarity of their appearance arises from two causes:—When the shedding time approaches, the stag retires into the most secret solitudes, and the horns are therefore dropped in places seldom visited by men, or in rough ground, where they fall out of sight, in high heath, among rocks filled with chasms and covered by deep vegetation, close thickets, or other places impervious to the view. The remaining cause is equally prevalent in open ground:—When the horns begin to part—like loosening teeth, they are very irritable; to allay the excitement, and also facilitate their detachment, the deer thrust them into mud and soft ground, and thus many are separated in the action, and are left buried in the mosses¹ and banks of lakes and streams. This practice has given origin to the name of a small lake

¹ Boggs,—Scot.

near Fort-William, and which is called Loch-chabar,¹ or the "Lake of the Horns," from the number found in the soft black moss by which it is surrounded, and which in its old forest days, when the whole district was covered with wood, was a deep savannah greatly frequented by stags at the mewing.

By those unfamiliar with deer, it has been erroneously thought, that with every year they acquire a tine on each beam, and, consequently, that the number of their points is an index of their age. This is devoid of any foundation; in his first year the stag has no horns, and in his second no branches. It is true, that the latter increase for seven years, but during that time their amount is governed by the condition and health of the deer, and afterwards, they will increase no more except in magnitude. The horns of the calves begin to bud when they are about six months old, but they may be retarded by poverty or disease. At their first movement, the protuberances of the os-frontal, which form the bases of the horns, begin to rise, and swell the skin into two knobs or bosses, from which, towards the end of his first year, he is called by modern hunters a "*knobber*." In the second year he produces two plain shoots, without antlers or tines; and which, being named in the old forest terms, "*broaches*,"² he obtains the appellation of a "*broacher*," or "*spitter*." In his third year, each beam acquires the antler and one or two tines. In his fourth, he should bear six or seven points on the

¹ The etymology of this little insignificant lake must not be confounded with that of the large and important district in which it happens to lie. This, though similar in sound, Loch-Aber has an entirely different meaning: that is, the "discharge or mouth of the lakes," from the debouchure of Loch-Lochie, Loch-Eil, and Loch-Leven, into the Linne-Loch, which forms a distinguishing characteristic of that great estuary, the western boundary of the province, to which its confluences give name.

² "*Broach*," a spit, O. E. "*Broche*," Fr.

entire head, and, according to the old French and English woodsmen, in his fifth, from eight to twelve; in his sixth, from twelve to fourteen; and in his seventh, sixteen, or as many more as he will ever obtain. In the Highland forests, however, since the introduction of sheep, and the diminution and disadvantages of the deer, they have ceased to produce these luxuriant heads; and it is now rare for the full growth to exceed thirteen points. After acquiring ten branches, the stag is called, by British hunters, a "stag of ten"—"twelve,"—or as many as he may possess, until he attains sixteen, when he is named, a "*Great Hart*," and his head is said to be "*summed of its points*," or filled with the full complement of maturity: after this period, if he still increases the number of his tines, he is said to be "*summed of eighteen*,"—"twenty,"—or as many as he may bear. From his second to his eighth year, the horns of the stag continue to augment in size and branches, and unless diminished by wounds, poverty, or sickness, sustain nearly the same growth during the vigour of his age. "As he advances in strength, they become higher and wider, the beams thicker, the tines longer and larger, the burrs and the pearls greater, and the gutters deeper; but as his years decay, with the strength by which it was produced, the head declines as it increased, till in extreme old age it again degenerates into two withered and pointless sticks, like his first '*broaches*.' During this decline, while the teeth of the animal are entire, the decisive sign of longevity is the large size of the burr, its strong corollated pearls, and close position on the head. In all ages, the growth of the horns depends upon nourishment, climate, and tranquillity."—"The stag which, in an abundant range, where he feeds at his ease; where he is undisturbed by men or dogs; and where, after having feasted quietly, he may ruminate in repose; shall always have a fine head, high and well

spread, the palms wide and well branched, the beams thick and well pearly, with a great number of strong and lengthened tines; instead of which, he who is confined to a space where he has neither repose nor plenty, shall produce only a stunted head, of which the palms shall be contracted, the beams slender, and the branches small and few; so that, from the head of a stag, it is always easy to judge whether he inhabits an abundant and quiet district, and if he has been well or ill nourished. But those which are not stinted, should they have been wounded, or merely disturbed and hunted, rarely carry a fine head, or good venison."¹—“Hence it often happens, that the same stag which one year bore a certain number of branches, in the next shall bear more or less, according as he has enjoyed more or less nourishment and repose; and in the same manner, as the magnitude of the head depends upon the quantity of the sustenance, the quality of the horn is equally governed by the nature of the aliment, and thus in moist and fertile countries it is large, soft, and light, and in dry and sterile bounds it is short, hard, and heavy.”²

In genial climates and abundant districts, the season of the rut commences in September, and terminates in the end of October; but the period, like that of the mewing, depends upon the age and condition of the stag, the year, the climate, and the district which he inhabits. Hence in cold regions, or high and sterile mountains, it is later than in the fertile forests of a mild luxuriant country; and in warm prolific lands, it is proportionally accelerated, so that in Greece, it commences in the beginning of August. In Scotland, its beginning is often as late as October; but in France and Germany, with strong and well fed harts, it is common in the early part of September, and termi-

¹ Buffon, Hist. Nat., vi. 82.

² Hist. Nat., vi. 94.

nates in the end of the same month. With stags of five and six years, it is near a fortnight later ; for those still younger, it is about ten days retarded, and towards the end of October, it is only continued among the broachers. During the rut, the stags become very lean, chiefly owing to their constant restlessness and abstinence, deprivation of sleep, and continual battles to herd the hinds, and prevent them from leaving the ground.

At this time they look blacker in the face than usual, and, from the decrease of their bodies, contrasted with the long coarse hair of their neck, that part seems larger in proportion, having the appearance of being swollen at the throat. In the general period of congregation, the great solitary stags return to the herds, and desperate and constant conflicts are maintained, among all which bear a head capable of doing battle. When there is no single superior, this produces unceasing anarchy ; but when one of the heroes of the hill is present, he soon vanquishes all others, and, remaining master of the herd, exercises a monarchical supremacy, which keeps the rest in awe. Those which are defeated are driven to the skirts of the royal group, and, in the centre, the master-stag herds the hinds in a gathered circle, bounded by a vacant space, round which he stalks with grim and constant vigilance, roaring at intervals, and preventing any hind from feeding out of the centre, or any stag from entering the open ring. Should any giddy hind thoughtlessly graze beyond the rest, or make an attempt to join the inferior multitude who stand at gaze around the court-circle, the monarch immediately interposes, bestows a sound benediction of his branchy sceptre on her back, or a spur of the sur-royal to her flank, and turns her back into the seraglio ; but if a stranger stag presumes to show head before him, or any of the vanquished champions again take heart of grace to pass the line of banishment, he levels his horns,

or sometimes, if the offender is unworthy of those weapons, lets fly at him a straightforward blow of his fore-foot, and drives him out of the circle. When another distinguished hart enters the herd, there is an immediate and dreadful combat for the sovereignty. The rest look on without interference, and, if the struggle is long, the hinds break their circle, and scatter out among their companions. This immediately occasions a general conflict, and all who are able to couch horns for them, engage in a universal tournament. Their bellow resounds through the coires, like the roar of lions, and the ground seems to tremble with the rushing, charging, trampling, and tumult of the herd. Sanguinary hurts, however, and, what is more remarkable, the loss of an eye is rare: the contest is rather a wrestle of strength than a "battle of wounds," and generally ends by the belligerents locking their horns together, brow to brow, when the strongest soon gets the mastery, and runs his adversary, *pas-de-charge*, down the hill, or off the shealing. Between the conflicting monarchs, however, the combat is often maintained with long and desperate determination: severe injuries are sometimes given, and even death has occurred from the antler piercing the arteries of the neck, or striking through the eye into the brain. In the Duke of Gordon's forest of Glen-Fidich, a very extraordinary accident terminated a desperate battle between two very fine and well-matched stags. In the wrestle, their horns became locked together, and, in the struggle to disengage them, the antler of one pierced the jugular vein of the other, and caused his death. The survivor, still unable to extricate his head, was held down fast by the dead stag, and when discovered by the forester, was nearly expiring from exhaustion. The heads were preserved exactly as they were found, and are still in the armoury at Gordon Castle.

As soon as the combat between the rival champions is

decided, the victor immediately turns upon the herd, drives off the inferior stags in all directions, and regathers the hinds into the central circle. In this manner he maintains their ward, day and night, with little rest and scanty feeding, browsing but seldom, except in the morning and evening twilight. Meanwhile, the hinds feed at pleasure—within bounds—but the stags do nothing but quarrel, fight, gaze and grumble at their masters, and wander restlessly about in search of unguarded hinds, so that they soon become lean, haggard, and ragged. The rut generally continues for a month or six weeks, during which time the stags have no certain haunt for food or harboury. In November, the rutting being over, they again leave the herds; those of the hill-forests retiring to the coires, and those of low-country chases to “heaths and broomy places,” where they make the “*póll-biáiridh*,” or wallowing-pool of which we have before spoken. “At this time they have an ill savour, like goats; their faces still look blacker than is natural; they choose the most solitary places for their haunt, but, after rain, return again to their pastures, and herd as before. In December they are herded, and withdraw into the strengths of the forest to shelter from the wind, snow, and frost, and feed on holm-trees, elder, bramble, or whatever is green. In January and March, they leave herding, keep only four or five in company, in the corners of the forests, and going to the corn-fields, if they can find the wheat and rye above ground.”—“As soon as they have cast their heads, in April and May they retire into the thickets, seeking places where there is good water, and if it may be found, a neighbourhood of peas and wheat; but young harts will not retire to the thickets till they have borne their third head. In June, July, and August, they are in the pride of their grease, and still frequent the thickets, bushes, and shady places, stirring but very little till the

rutting time, and resorting to spring coppices and corn-fields, but avoiding the rye and barley." In mountain-forests, however, when the weather is fine and the pasture good, the younger deer will generally keep high on the hill. The hinds calve in May or the beginning of June, and are in season from November to March; but "yell¹ hinds," or such as have not had a calf, are in excellent condition, and consequently in good season until October, and may be known by their sleek "blue" colour; those in milk being brown, yellow, dun, and generally lean and haggard. The hinds bring one young at a time, and their affection for them is strong: they hide them with great care, in a deep bed of ferns or moss, and will attack both dogs and men in their defence. Previous to the calving, they retire into the depths of the woods or thickets; and in hill-forests, where there is no covert, to the most solitary coires, or low mossy dells and braes, bedded with ferns, blaeberries, or deep heather. Their seclusion, at that time, was as well known to the eastern as the western hunter, four thousand years ago:—" *Nunquid nostri tempus partus ibicum in petris, vel parturientes cervas observasti?*"

From all the foregoing notices concerning the habits of the deer, it will be seen how great is their demand for wide and diversified change of ground, and, consequently, how important to a forest, that it should possess all the varieties of haunt necessary for their abundance, tranquillity, and freedom. Without the full enjoyment of this sylvan empire, the free denizens of the forest will never attain their greatest size and finest form. The effect of ease and plenty, restraint and poverty, upon the head, has been already described. These circumstances

¹ "Yell," Scot. dry, without milk. In England, they are called "barren hinds." In a good forest, the yell hinds of summer are the most delicate and finest venison.

are no less influential to the body. In fertile plains, valleys, and moderate elevations, abundant in grain and pasture, the stags are much larger in the bulk, and higher in the legs, than those of dry, arid, and stony hills, which are short, low, and thick in the limbs, and, though they will run longer, are inferior in speed to the former. As venison, however, the hill deer are esteemed finer and better flavoured. In proof how much the growth of the stag is affected by his pasture, Buffon cites an instance of one which was reared and amply fed by himself, and at four years of age was much higher, larger, and better filled than the oldest hart in his forest.¹ In the Highlands, the inclement winters and worse springs, long deep snows and frequent famine, are opposed to the highest degree of animal growth; and, since the forests have been reduced, impoverished, and constantly circumscribed, if not invaded by sheep and dogs, absence of repose, restrictions of haunt, and inferiority of provision, have reduced the deer so far below the great continental forests, that the stags rarely exceed twelve points in their head, and eighteen stone in weight, and a palm in the horn is almost unknown. In the old parks and forests of France, the heads of the great harts sometimes attained twenty-four points, the body was in equal proportion; and the "bois" was so frequently palmed, that the superior part of the beam, where the palm should appear, is ordinarily named "*l'empaumure*." Such was the luxuriance of these heads, that among hunters it was considered usual, that on a stag of twenty-four points, the *empaumure* should carry *at least* nine of that number. In the old parks of Austria and Bohemia, and the forests of the Hartz, the heads of the great stags frequently bear from seventeen to twenty-two points, and the clean quarters weigh from twenty to thirty, and even thirty-five stones; but in

¹ Hist. Nat., vi. 95.

the vast woods of Hungary and the mighty wilds of Servia, where the deer are luxuriantly fed on acorns, and their range, freedom, and provision are still more ample, the heads of the great harts sometimes reach the amount of *thirty* and even *forty* points, and their weight rises to six, seven, and occasionally eight hundred pounds. This great growth is attributed to the vast range and undisturbed freedom of the animal, and the effect of the high acorn feeding, and constant abundance of provision. It is observed by the old German hunters, that deer of the same magnitude and head are not to be found in the "Schwarz-hölzer" black forests of pine, where no oaks grow. Even these, however, produce heads surprisingly superior in size and number of tines to any now known in Great Britain. In the forest of Prince Stolberg Kerningerode, in the Hartz, we have seen several with seventeen good points, and in the collection of Prince Colerode Mansfeld, at Prag, one with twenty, an immense beam, and a palm ten inches in breadth, bearing seven long tines. At Wohrad, the hunting chateau of Prince Schwartzenberg, on the lordship of Frauenberg, in Bohemia, out of a collection of one hundred and fifteen heads, twenty-five bear sixteen points, fourteen eighteen, seven twenty, two twenty-two, and one twenty-four; while at Eisenberg, the principal seat of Prince Lobkowitz, in the same kingdom, there are two heads, each carrying thirty-two points.

All these, however, fall into insignificance before the gigantic trophies in the royal hunting-lodge of Mauritzburg in Saxony. Among these the greater number have twenty-four points, many thirty-two, and several thirty-six points; but the most surprising examples are two with *fifty* points, one with twenty-four, the beams of which are *four feet long and seven feet asunder* in the spread, and another, killed by Frederick William I. King of Prussia, in the forest of Furstenwalden, near Frankfort on the Oder, upon the 18th of September 1696, which bears the in-

credible number of *sixty-six* points.¹ The spread of the beams in the last is three feet and a half, and their length two and a half, and the animal to which they belonged weighed eight hundred and eleven pounds Saxon, or eight hundred and thirty-seven British imperial weight. Among those not intimately conversant with the history of deer, there is a mistaken supposition that these great stags are the last example of an extinct species. Naturalists, however, entertain no question of their identity with the common red deer, and there is no doubt that they were merely giants of an uncommon occurrence, at a time when the race had not been diminished and degenerated by the continual slaughter of fire-arms, and the abridgment of their great forests. The trophies preserved at Mauritzburg were the choice of two centuries, and the range of various kingdoms brought together by sovereign power, and from the finest haunts; and wherever deer have been preserved with the same advantages as those which produced the Royal Saxon heads, they doubtless presented, within an equal period, a similar superiority of growth. The largest Scottish deer of the present period known to us was the last great hart shot in the forest of Glen-Fidich in the year 1831, and said to weigh thirty stones. But this stag having been killed upon a Saturday evening, was left "in the hill" until Monday morning, and then for facility of carriage being broken on the ground, his weight was only *computed* from the quarters sent to the castle. The head of this stag bears seventeen points,² and is preserved in the ducal collection. Another very similar and of equal size is—or during the life of the late James Duff

¹ The enormity of these heads is so much beyond credibility in Great Britain, that we caused exact measurements to be made of their dimensions, the official report of which will be found in a letter from the Hoff-Meister, or Maître-du-Palais, at the Chateau of Maauritzburg. Appendix, No. V.

² Seventeen are counted, but one is very small, and is rather a "croché" or thorn, which might never have grown into a tine,

was—to be seen at Innes House, in the woods of which it was killed about a year later than the Great Hart of Glen-Fidich; both of these were inferior to the Cromarty head, which, as before noticed, bears twenty-two points. These deer, however, were rare, but of old in the vast chases of the border and great forests of the Highlands, the one bounded by plains of corn and wood, the other clothed like those of Hungary with oaks,—the ancient Scottish stags were of a size approaching to those of the Continent. From the uncommented rule in the old books of hunting, that a stag was not considered a “Great Hart” until he obtained sixteen points, and that his “summing” was afterwards to be named by as *many more* as he acquired, it is evident that the first number must have been an ordinary distinction, and that a considerable excess was not uncommon. The horns occasionally dug out of mosses confirm this presumption: at Coire-Monaidh, in the time of the late hereditary family, there was preserved one found near the head of Glen-Urchart, the beam of which was far superior to that of any living deer, and bore a great *palmed* top, a feature now almost unknown in the Highland forests, though formerly common among the old deer, both in the high and low country chases. At Tongue, the seat of the Lords of Reay, when that estate was in the possession of their family, there was shown a gigantic head discovered in a moss at the foot of Bean Loyal, and which bore an oval “crown” above fourteen inches in circumference, and having within the tines a “cuach” or cup, which, according to the jolly gauge of the old Highlanders, was “capable of containing a wine glass of whisky.” The stags which bore these heads were equalled, if not exceeded, in the low country chases. The mosses of Liddesdale, Eskdale, and Cheviot, have produced examples of beams bearing from fourteen to sixteen points, and one

found in Ettrick Forest measured thirty-eight inches in length, and bore twenty-four tines. Such deer are now no longer to be found, and circumscribed by sheep and desolation, or divested of the great oak forests which were their support and shelter in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the existing race cannot equal their continental neighbours, because their growth is often stunted by severe winters and worse springs, in which, devoid of warm shelter and corn pastures, they have no resource in a sufficiently diversified range. It is for this reason that sheep are the greatest enemies to deer, by diminishing their already restricted haunts, disturbing their repose, and deteriorating their best pastures. For all these causes the gallant natives of the hill detest the sordid and encroaching intruders, and will not inhabit the same ground with large flocks. A remarkable instance of this antipathy was observed in the end of the last century by an old drover, familiarly called "*An dròbhair bàin*,"¹ when crossing one of the great moors in Sutherland, soon after the first "head" of sheep had been introduced into Lord Reay's country. The narrator was surprised by the appearance of a large column of nearly a thousand deer passing out of the country in a steady and determined emigration. Disgusted by the invasion of sheep and dogs, they had collected from all parts, and unable to find clean ground, continued their march to the west, dispersing into the most solitary glens, from whence they never returned. This determined abhorrence to sheep does not arise merely from the disturbance of their collies. The deer are very delicate in their food, and exceedingly fastidious in the purity of their pasture ;

¹ The late respectable Mr MacIntyre of Cinnamacre in Lorn, whose acute observation, great traditionary recollections, and warm hospitality, rendered him a remarkable example of the last race of "true Highlanders."

independent, therefore, of the severe diminution of their best provision caused by the close feeding of the sheep, they cannot endure the oily rancour of their wool, and the additional abomination of its tar and butter. From the absence of these disgusting concomitants they exhibit no antipathy to black cattle, but will herd with them in perfect harmony.

Although generally, but unaccountably, distinguished by the term "*red deer*," stags and hinds exhibit much diversity of colour, but are never, by some degrees, of so bright a tan as the roe when out of season, from whence these are, more appropriately, named, in Gaelic, "*na Ruaidh*,"¹ the Red, while the great deer are called "*na Féidh*:" In winter, the former are generally of a warm brown, but in summer, those in best condition of a fine iron-grey, called, in the forest, "*blue*;" but there are also many brown, red, "*fallow*," and dun, which last sometimes approaches almost to a dirty white. *Fallow*,² in old hunting-craft, signified a "*sandy colour, like half-burned bricks*," and harts of that tint "*were the least esteemed, having long, slender, ill-grown heads, without either courage or force*."³

Harts of a pure white are a variety which have appeared at times, since the days of Aristotle and Pliny, but they seem to have been an accidental diversity, occurring only in the semi-domestic state of enclosed parks.⁴ Although occasionally seen in France, before the diminution of the great forests in the revolutions of the last and present centuries, in Great Britain their memory is now, perhaps,

¹ Pronounced "*Rua*;" hence the derivation of "*Roe*;" as "*Gleann-Ruadh*" is converted into "*Glen-Roy*."

² Hence the name of the park-deer, from their preponderating colour.

³ *Sportsman's Dictionary*, 8vo, Lond. 1744.

⁴ *Hist. Nat.*, vi. 96.

only preserved in the traditionary sign of the "*White Hart*," still common in the country towns of England.

The red deer live to a great age, and it has been allowed by hunters and naturalists, that they will "*commonly* attain a hundred years, and upwards."¹ Exception has been taken to this belief, because some tame deer have died, decrepit, within a comparatively brief period; but, created for liberty and the pure free forest, confinement acts with fatal consequences on the poor prisoner, who has exchanged the air, food, and franchise of his native range, for cakes and gingerbread, and a stifling stall: and hence, we have known a hind reared in a stable exhibit premature decrepitude at five years old. Without, however, offering any decision upon a question which only "*Old Parr*" could personally have demonstrated, we may observe, that the traditions of various countries confirm the extraordinary longevity of the animal. Between thirty and forty years ago, there was killed, in the forest of Glen-Garrie, two stags, the presumptive evidence of whose ages not only corroborated a centenary existence, but indicated that the Nestors of their race attain a much longer period. The first was killed by the celebrated old stalker "*Iain Dubh-Droighneachain*," the second by the late "*Mac Mhic Alasdair*," about the year 1815, and both bore the mark of a well-known forester of Lochiel, "*Alasdair Mac Dhonachaidh Ruaidh*," who died a hundred and fifty years,² and had

¹ Sportsman's Dictionary.

² Buffon supposes that the stag lives only forty years, and quotes, as a veto, the opinion of Aristotle; but the incredulity of both is of no weight; for neither advances any argument beyond supposition. The Greek acknowledged that deer were believed to be very long-lived, and, without any contradictory facts, merely adds his own *opinion*, that it was opposed to probability. Buffon's contention was excited against miraculous longevity, and his conviction had contracted the estimate of a hart's age, in recolling

begun to mark calves about a hundred and eighty years, before that date. His mark, which was three peculiar snips in the ear, was well known, by tradition, to the oldest deer-stalkers of Lochiel, Glen-Garrie, and Croidart, and a very few deer which bore it had been killed within their memory : but for many years it had not been seen, and since the last, which fell to Glen-Garrie, no other has been found. Similar evidences occur in other old deer-forests. In Gairloch, there is remembrance of a stag killed in the end of the last century, and which bore the mark of a celebrated forester of that district, "*Fionnladh Dubh*,"¹ who *died* near a hundred years before. The age of deer may be known from the manner of their feeding. A young deer "*nibs*" the grass closely, by a short, sharp upward cut of the fore-teeth ; a middle-aged deer *pulls* it more gently ; and an old deer, who has lost his teeth, does not touch the grass, but with his lips and gums plucks gently the tops of the long heath. In extreme old age, the deer is almost starved from his inability to feed.

Like the red deer, roe seek a change of place at various seasons, and it is essential to their condition. In the mountain forests, however, they do not ascend, like red deer, to the heights, but frequent, more generally, the "*braes*," the woods, and lower pastures. In fine dry weather, they lie out in the heather like hares, and nearly as closely. According to the habits of all wild herbiferous animals, their feeding-time is from a little before dawn until the sun grows hot, and from sunset until night. During the day they ruminate, or sleep in the deep brackens, heather, blaeberreries, or other small covert, or stand, like horses, in open woods and thickets. In winter, they draw in from the hills and moors to the

from the citation, that one had lived a *thousand* years !—*Hist. Nat.*, vi. 93.

¹ Vide Appendix, No. VII.

woods and coppices, and, as the severity of the season increases, pass down the country from the higher to the lower shelters, to which, if a large and tranquil forest, they will resort for twenty miles. In the summer, those which remain—and which are generally the natives—keep the close coverts, and are very fond of high ferns, junipers and thorn jungles, or deep “pots” or small abrupt dells, where the heath or blaeberreries grow as high as their couching bodies; but, in wet and snowy weather, they go to the tall open woods, where the herbage is short, and they are free from the drenching “storm” and rain which loads the bushes and low branches. On naked or short-clothed ground, they always scrape for their bed, laying it bare to the fresh mould. This they will do several times during the night, so that the numbers of a family cannot be judged by their beds, for each will often make three or four in one night. The roe do not wallow in pools like the red deer, but in hot weather, when fretted by flies, to brush them from their heads and flanks, they stand by a bush, and run round it so continually that they soon beat a circle like the lunging ring of a horse. In July and August these circuits are often found in bushy woods, and as they occur in the weaning season, when the kids are seen pursuing their dams for milk, by those ignorant of their habits, their circuitous runs have been thought an exercise to wean the young. In their gregarious habits, there is a difference between the red deer and the roe, for while the former go in *herds*, the latter associate in *families*; these, as they increase, divide continually, rarely remaining together beyond two or three generations, which, as the doe gives two at a birth, generally a male and a female, produces from six to eight associates.¹ If a single pair is broken, the re-

¹ Buffon asserts that the young remain with their family only eight or nine months.—*Hist. Nat.*, vol. vi. p. 203. This is not

maining buck or doe continues without a mate until the next "turn" season, when it unites with some other which has no "marrow;" but when roe are scarce, and no other one may be found unpaired, it will be left lonely till a new solitary enters the same haunt. When undisturbed, and provided with agreeable ground and pasture, the range of roe is very limited, and they seldom move far, unless incited by want or some other local cause. They will feed on the same shealings, and bed on the same brae for weeks, and thus their numbers and haunts are perfectly known to those who seek them. We remember the surprise of a novice at such an acquaintance between an old forester and a single buck, which, passing along the edge of a coire in search of stags, he discovered, and remarked to his guide—"Ou, surely"—said the old man—"he is always on yon shoulder." As there was no appearance of deer within hearing, the roe was stalked and shot. Before "hurdling," the forester contemplated him with a look of interest amounting to sadness.—"Many a time we met by the shoulder of the hill"—said he—"but ye'll no see the sun rise there again." When we proceeded, somebody recommended caution, in the expectation of another.—"Ou, ye need na mind"—said the forester—"there's no anither,"—and we saw no more all day.

The roe are extremely cautious and delicate in their tread always, except by accident, stepping *over* fallen sticks, or any object which might make a sound among the dry leaves; and when anxious or watchful, they move with extraordinary silence and caution, planting their feet directly and gently, without any tripping or trailing, and sometimes suspending their extended hind leg while listening, lest in setting it down they should

confirmed by our experience, which leads us to believe that in quiet and abundant haunts there may sometimes be found as many as three, four, and even five pairs, accumulated in one family.

rustle the leaves, or otherwise attract notice. The does bring forth their kids in April or May, and they produce, almost invariably, two, generally a male and a female. These twins, reared and nourished together, acquire so strong an affection, that they never quit each other during their lives, and when they leave their family, go to establish another in some new haunt. In the bedding season the does retire into the most secret thickets, or other lonely places, to produce their young, and cover them so carefully that they are very rarely found; we have, however, deceived their vigilance. There was a solitary doe which lived in the hollow below the Bràigh-cloiche-léithe in Tarnaway. I suppose that we had killed her "marrow," but I was careful not to disturb her haunt, for she was very fat and round, stepped with much caution, and never went far to feed. Accordingly, when at evening and morning she came out to pick the sweet herbs at the foot of the brae, or by the little green well in its face, I trode softly out of her sight, and if I passed at noon, made a circuit from the black willows, or thick junipers, where she reposed during the heat. At last, one fine sunny morning I saw her come tripping out from her bower of young birches as light as a fairy, and very gay and "canty"—but so thin, nobody but an old acquaintance could have known her. For various mornings afterwards I saw her on the bank, but she was always restless and anxious—listening and searching the wind—trotting up and down—picking a leaf here and a leaf there, and after her short and unsettled meal, she would take a frisk round leap into the air—dart down into her secret bower, and appear no more until the twilight. In a few days, however, her excursions became a little more extended, generally to the terrace above the bank, but never out of sight of the thicket below. At length she ventured to a greater distance, and one day I stole down

the brae among the birches. In the middle of the thicket there was a group of young trees growing out of a carpet of deep moss, which yielded like a down pillow. The prints of the doe's slender forked feet were thickly tracked about the hollow, and in the centre there was a bed of the velvet "fog," which seemed a little higher than the rest, but so natural, that it would not have been noticed by any unaccustomed eye. I carefully lifted the green cushion, and under its veil, rolled close together, the head of each resting on the flank of the other, nestled two beautiful little kids, their large velvet ears laid smooth on their dappled necks, their spotted sides sleek and shining as satin, and their little delicate legs as slender as hazle wands, shod with tiny glossy shoes as smooth and black as ebony, while their large dark eyes looked at me out of the corners with a full, mild, quiet gaze, which had not yet learned to fear the hand of man : still they had a nameless doubt which followed every motion of mine—their little limbs shrunk from my touch, and their velvet fur rose and fell quickly ; but as I was about to replace the moss, one turned its head, lifted its sleek ears towards me, and licked my hand as I laid their soft mantle over them. I often saw them afterwards when they grew strong, and came abroad upon the brae, and frequently I called off old Dreadnought when he crossed their warm track. Upon these occasions he would stand and look at me with wonder—turn his head from side to side—snuff the ground again, to see if it was possible that he could be mistaken—and when he found that there was no disputing the scent, cock one ear at me with a keener inquiry, and seeing that I was in earnest, trot heavily onward with a sigh.

The affection of the roe for their young is very strong ; and timid and feeble as they are by nature, inspired by the danger of their offspring, they become brave and dar-

ing, and, in their defence, will attack not only animals but men. We were one day passing along the west walk of Eilean-Agais, and, beyond a turn in the path, heard the sound of feet running towards us, and immediately out shot a cat round the corner, and, close at her heels, a doe pursuing her with great eagerness. Knowing that her pursuer could not overtake her, and having no instinctive dread of her kind, the cat did not give herself the trouble to run faster than just sufficient to keep beyond her reach, while the doe pursued her with an angry scrambling pace, and, whenever she was near overtaking her, endeavoured to kneel on her back. This is a mode of attack common to deer as well as cattle, which, when they have overthrown their object, not only gore them with their horns, but bruise and crush them with their knees. At our appearance there was a pause ; the cat cantered up the brae to the top of a little rock, where she lay down in the sun to see what would happen between us and her pursuer. The doe, after a few bounds, turned round and looked indignantly at us, and stamped and belled in great displeasure ; this she continued for some moments, glancing occasionally at the cat with a strong desire to resume her chase, but being restrained by a sense of prudence, she slowly ascended the hill, stopping at intervals to stamp and bell at us, who knew very well that she had two kids in the junipers upon the craig.

A much more remarkable example of maternal affection was, however, manifested by a doe, whose kid was shot by Lord Lovat in the upper forest of Glen Strath-Farar. The roe being at that time numerous, and consequently a hinderance in approaching deer, their extermination was necessary ; and one evening, as he was returning to the shooting lodge, he observed a well grown kid, and discharged one of the barrels of his rifle at its little shoulder ; upon going up to the place where it

fell, he was surprised by the doe, which, after stamping and belling at him, rushed down and butted at him like a sheep. He put her away more than once with his rifle, but so determined was her attack, that she struck him with her brows ; and it was not until after repeated parries that she was forced away, when she retired slowly and despondently to the brae, frequently stopping and looking back towards her little son, who lay lifeless in the heather.

The "turn" or rutting season of the roe begins in the end of October, and continues about a fortnight, being generally over by the third week in November. During that period the doe makes a small melancholy sound like a boy's willow pipe, and the bucks may be easily attracted by a call which imitates their voice. There is another still more powerful temptation which will bring them from a great distance, but which we do not describe from its poaching character. The bucks have no fury like the stag, and though the greater drive away the smaller, and an occasional joust happens between two great "brocards," there is no universal war and battle as among the harts ; and as the roes are never "surcharged with venison," or in a high fat condition, they sustain no change in their appearance, and little in their flesh.

The buck sheds his horns in December ; and in genial seasons and good condition they are regrown and hardened, and the brocards begin to "burnish," or clear them of the velvet, in the month of April. The same superstition as that which attends the dropping of the stag's horns follows the "mewing" of the roe, and was a fable sanctioned by Dame Juliana Berners in the seventeenth century, and credited, perhaps as long before, as men believed that barnacles turned into "claik-gheese,"¹ and

¹ Boethius, by Bellenden, crown 4to, Edin. 1822, xlviii.

the mud of the Nile into mice.¹ The noble abbess thus communicated the delusion to her "deare childe" of the forest:—

"At Saynt Andrewes day his hornes he woll caste,
In moore or in mosse he hydyth theym faste,
So that noo man maye theym soone fynde,
Elles in certayn he dooth not his kinde."²

The disappearance of the roe's horns, however, like that of the stag's, arises merely from the solitary or covert places frequented by their owners in the shedding season, and from their having been lost where it was difficult to find them; but where they were left with no more intention for secretion, than premeditated by the Irish sailor when he dropped his kettle into the sea.

Like the broaches of the stag, the horns of the roe begin to bud when he is about six months old; in his second year, he bears only two little "pricks," or young stems; in his third, he acquires two "spurs," or small tines, on each "spine," and in France, Germany, and other continental countries, these are sometimes augmented to three; for his fourth year, in the same regions, he carries three or four; and in his fifth, four or five, and sometimes even a greater number; making, with the extremities of the stems, an entire "head" of eight or ten points and upwards. In Scotland, however, it is extremely rare for the two spines to bear more than six points, including their own extremities; and the position of the spurs is generally as invariable. The first to the front, at about one-third or one-fourth the length of the horn, and with an elevated inclination; the second to the rear, nearly the same distance from the point, often at a right angle to the spine, and sometimes at an obtuse angle

¹ Plin. Hist. Nat., ix. 84.

² Book of St Albans, Edit. Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, Sig. d. ij.

with its extremity; which has most frequently a slight direction upwards, from the root of the second spur. As the buck increases in years, his horns, like those of the stag, diminish in the size of their growth and the number of their points; till, at an advanced age, he has sometimes only two wasted short spines, without any spurs; or a stunted and distorted head, of which the stems are gross and gouty, and the points withered and eccentric. In an old buck, as in an old stag, the surest sign of his age is when the "burrs" are thick, large, and strongly pearly, and set close to the os-frontal.

In May, the roe begins to cast his coat, from which time it changes its natural colour; and during the summer months is thin and poor, and as red as a fox. In autumn, it recovers its perfect pile and hue; and from October to April is very thick, long, and strong; of a dark iron-grey, inclining to black upon the neck and back, while the stomach is of a delicate mouse colour, the "target" snowy white,¹ and the throat marked by a small grey gorget.

By the old rules of hunting, the season of the buck was from Easter until Michaelmas;² and that of the doe from Michaelmas to Candlemas.³ But latterly, the roe have not

¹ Buffon, who does not notice the change of fur in the roe, according to the season, gives an erroneous description of its generic colour:—"Sur la plus grande partie du corps du chevreuil, et de la chevrette, le poil est de couleur cendrée depuis la racine jusqu'à une certaine longueur plus ou moins grande, et le reste a une couleur fauve, les poils étant serrés ou couchés, les uns contre les autres, on ne voit que la couleur fauve, lorsque la couleur cendrée n'occupe qu'environ la moitié de la longueur de chaque poil; mais si elle s'étend plus loin, elle paroît avec la couleur fauve qui est à l'extrémité des poils."—Hist. Nat., vi. 215. This is only true, when the roe's skin is out of season or changing the pile; in its autumn and winter coat, all the predominating hair is of a dark iron-grey; from the outer extremity, to within one third of its length from the root, which is of a dusty white.

² 29th of September.

³ 2d of February.

been considered to have any regular season, because they are never fat, and not going in herds, at the rutting season the bucks are not reduced like stags, by fighting, watching, and abstinence. Law, however, is given to both sexes, until the "turn" is past; and to the does, from the time that they become "heavy," until the kids are strong. Yell does, like yell hinds, being in good condition, are in season throughout spring and summer.

PAGE 2, NOTE 1. *The Feaut.*

In the vocabulary of olden hunting, this was a general term, which, like "*the join*," signified the track of any beast, whether by scent, foot-print, or blood.¹ The foot-track, however, had other and peculiar terms, not only for every species of animal, but in some cases according to the ground on which the impressions were left; thus, in earth or soft soil, that of a stag was called the "*slot*" or "*view*," and that of a hare, the "*prick*;" but on hard grass, as in the dew, or mere impression of the herbage, the trace of deer was called the "*foil*," and that of hares, the "*sorth*," or "*resorth*;" while on the snow, the latter was named the "*trace*." The marks of a boar only were technically termed the "*track*;" those of a fox, the "*print*;" and of all vermin, the "*footing*."

PAGE 3, NOTE 1.

Wearing the horn "*side*," or low in the baldrick, was a characteristic fashion among ancient huntsmen. Thus, in the old ballad, Lady Margaret says to her brother:—

¹ History of Prince Arthur, Part I. chap. cxiii.

" You seem to be no gentleman,
 You wear your boots so wide;
 But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
 You wear your horn so side."
Proud Lady Margaret.¹

PAGE 4, NOTE 2. *Cleaving the Arrow.*

This feat of archery is attributed to Clym-of-the-Cleugh, in an old forest ballad; which was one of the recreations of the good old Muime of our nursery. The subject of the rhyme was the same as that given by Percy in his *Reliques*; with the difference, that instead of shooting against the royal archers, the north country bowmen, for the display of their skill, shot each an arrow; the first of which was put into the prick, or centre of the bull's-eye, by Adam Bell; and split by Clym-of-the-Cleugh, as it stood in the target.

" Then Clym he drew his good bend bow,
 'Till the feather was nigh his ear,
 And in the prick he clave the shaft,
 As it were a fat fallow deer."

It was probably from this rhyme that Sir Walter Scott, in his romance of *Ivanhoe*, transferred the feat to Robin Hood. We need not perhaps suggest that the *fact* is impossible, even by accident; since the arrow, though it *might* strike, would glance from the long tremulous reed, without *cleaving* it, unless it had been broken to a stump. An achievement, still more extraordinary, however, was attributed by the old ballads to Robin Hood, and even his inferior in wood-craft, William of Cloudeasy; and not as an example of their pre-eminence, but the customary exercise among archers of the "north

¹ *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

countre," who are represented as shooting at, and splitting a hazel wand, at the distance of sixty yards. Such was the practice of Robin Hood with Guy of Gisborne.

"They cutt them down two summer shrogga,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood¹ in twaine,
To shoot the prickes y-fere!"

"The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin he shott far better than he,
For he clave the good prick wande."²

That this practice was customary among the northern English archers is declared by William of Cloudesly, who swore that he held him no good archer who would shoot at so wide a mark as a pair of butts; and when questioned by the king,—

"At what a butte now wold ye shote?
I pray thee tell to me.'
*At suche a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countre.*

"Wyllyam went into a fyeld
With his two brethérene,
There they set up two *hasell rodde*s,
Full twenty score betweene."

"I hold him an archar,' said Cloudele,
'That yonder wande cleve in two:'
'Here is none suche,' sayd the kyng,
'Nor none that can so do.'

"I shall assaye, syr,' sayd Cloudele,
'Or that I farther go:'
Cloudele with a bearyng arrow
Clave the wand in two."³

¹ The "rood" of the ballad must be understood to mean, not the modern "rood" in land-measure; but the yard-rood, i. e., rod, or measure, still called a "*wand*."

² Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. 8vo, London, 1765, i. 81.

³ *Ib.* i. 157.

Although the monstrous exaggeration of four hundred yards to the range was doubtless the corruption of some ignorant reciter after the disuse of archery, the practice of shooting at the wand within moderate distance may be considered as a bowman's exercise. Examples of incredible skill are to be found in the notices of ancient archery; and even in its decline, after the increasing prevalence of fire-arms, instances of extraordinary strength and dexterity were still exhibited by proficient in the antique weapon. A romantic example is given among the traditions concerning Henri IV. of France.

In one of those shootings with which Charles IX. indulged his passion for the bow, the Duc de Guise having had the first shot, split the orange which served as the bull's-eye of the target; another not being ready, "le jeune Prince Henri voit une rose sur la sein d'une jolie fille qui se trouvait au nombre des spectateurs, il s'en saisit et court la placer au but. Le duc tire le premier, et n'atteint pas; Henri que lui succède mit sa flèche au milieu de la fleur et va la rendre à la jolie villageoise sans la détacher de la flèche victorieuse qui lui sert de tige."¹

PAGE 4, NOTE 3. *Sir Tristram.*

According to the ancient romances, Sir Tristram de Lions was not only the greatest proficient in all kinds of hunter-craft known before his time, but the principal inventor of the arts, terms, and usages of the chase, afterwards practised during the middle centuries. At the age of fifteen he was perfect in all the gentle accomplishments

¹ L'Hermite en Provence, 12mo, Stuttgart, 1827, vol. i. p. 85.

of his period, and more initiated in the mysteries of hunting than the most celebrated of his predecessors.¹—"He is uniformly represented as the patron of the chase, and the first who reduced hunting to a science." Hence his name is frequently cited by the old English writers; Dame Juliana Berners warns her pupils to render themselves well acquainted with his rules.

"Wheresoever ye fare, by frith or by felle,
Mi dere child take heed how Tristrem doth you tel
How many maner of beastis of veneri there were."²
 &c. &c. &c.

Spencer bears testimony to his skill in a declaration which he puts into his own mouth:—

"————— My most delight hath alwayes been
To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peers :

¹ The Romance says, "than *Manerious*;" but who this personage was, we are entirely ignorant. The editor of the Auchinleck Sir Tristrem observes, that Du Cange gives "*Manerius*" as synonymous with "*Mandaterius*;" and Mr Ellis suggests, that "a work upon the chase *may* have been compiled by a person designing himself *Regis vel Comitis Manerius*."—*Notes to Sir Trist.* p. 378. We have no doubt that a work "*may*" have been written upon the chase, or any other subject, by the bailiff of a king, earl, or any other exalted person; but we should have thought it a readier possibility to suppose, that—as we have honest Scots *Baileys*, and very good hunters of the name—so there "*may*" have been some redoubtable ancient woodsman, hight—"Manerius," from the same cause in Latin, and, if we may be permitted to pursue the possibility—probably of the same origin with the family of "*Manners*" in England; and that, though he never wrote a book in his life, the fame of his practical forest craft might have caused him to be placed in juxtaposition with the great patron of the chase. Meanwhile, however, we take leave to confess, that neither we nor any other persons have any knowledge of "*Manerius*," in Latin or English; but that, in consideration he is mentioned as the anti-climax to Sir Tristram, we have no hesitation in believing that he was the most celebrated "master of game" by whom the Knight of Lions had been preceded.

² Book of St Albans.

Of all that rangeth in the forest green,
Of which none is to me unknown, that ever yet was seen.

"Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on perch,
Whether high towering or accosting low,
But I the measure of her flight do search,
And all her prey, and all her diet know."

The *Morte d'Arthur* adds its prose testimony concerning the institutions of the great woodsman. "Tristrem labored ever in hunting and hawking, so that we never read of no gentleman more, that so used himself therein; and as the book saith, he began good measures of blowing of blasts of venery, of chase, and of all manner of vermeins, and all these terms have we yet of hawking and hunting, and therefore the booke of venery, of hawking and hunting, is called the booke of Sir Tristrem: wherefore, as we seemeth, all gentlemen that bear old armes of right, they ought to honor Sir Tristrem for the goodly termes that gentlemen have and use, and shall to the world's end."

Great, however, as the fame of Sir Tristrem, we do not think, with Sir Walter Scott, that his name had "passed into a proverbial appellation for an expert huntsman."¹ In proof of this supposition, he cites the title of a chapter, in the *Art of Venerie*,—"How you shall rewarde your houndes," &c.: which the Frenchman calleth the "rewarde," and sometimes "the querry," but *our* old Tristrem calleth it the "Hallow;" and in another place—"Our Tristrem reckoneth the boar for one of the foure beasts of venery." In these allusions, however, we consider that the references are to Sir Tristrem *himself*, and the laws supposed to have been derived from him, and quoted for the great rule of example by Dame Juliana Berners.

¹ Notes to Sir Tristram, p. 378.

PAGE 4, NOTE 4. *Sir Tristrem's Hound.*

The renowned dog Hodain was as highly celebrated among his species as his great instructor among men, both for his perfection in all canine wood-craft, and his devoted attachment to his master and his lady, La beale Isonde. He is said to have derived his affection not only from his tuition under the illustrious patron of the chase, but from the same charmed cause to which the lovers owed their fatal passion. For when they drank "the boire amoureuse," Hodain having licked the cup became inspired with the same indissoluble regard, which nothing could afterwards abate but death.¹ Accordingly, he was their inseparable companion through life, and though fierce and terrible to others, gentle and devoted to them. When Tristrem assumed the disguise of an insane beggar,² and when actually transformed by a real frenzy,³ the faithful hound immediately discovered him, though unsuspected by all others. When the knight and La beale Isonde fled to the forest of Moroy,⁴ Hodain and his fellow Pettycrewe were their only companions and assistants for support, and with them Sir Tristrem obtained plenty of venison.⁵ Hodain, who was his oldest and favourite dog, was broken with peculiar care, and during his forest life, to suppress the danger of his tongue, taught by his master to run mute. "Illecques apprint Tristan a Huden à chasser sans glattir pource qu'il ne fut guitté en aucun maniere."⁶ At the departure of Tristrem from Cornwall, he left Hodain with La beale Isonde, and when the remains of the lovers

¹ Rom. Sir Trist., Auch. MS., Edit. 1833. Fytte ii. li. p. 222.

² Fragment of the Romance of Sir Tristram, MS., in the Douce Collection.

³ Romance of Tristan, Fr. Prose Fol., f. cxix.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Rom. Sir Trist., Auch. Ed., F. lii. xvi. xvii. xviii. xix.

⁶ Rom. Trist., Pr. Fol.

were brought back to repose together, the faithful dog quitted his wood, without regarding the tracks of the deer, until he came to the chapel where his master and lady were laid, when, couching beside their biers, he remained without eating or drinking till they were separated from him by the grave.¹

PAGE 5, NOTE. *St John's Mead.*

On the banks of the Findhorn, between the craig of the Ramflat and the quarry of Cot-hall, there is a beautiful amphitheatre, formed in distant ages by the changes of the river, and bounded on either side by the wooded steepes, which were its banks at various periods. The old Gaelic name of the whole level is "*An Raon*," The Mead; but, according to tradition, near its eastern extremity there was a cell of the Knights Hospitallers, from whence the field has also obtained the appellation of "*St John's Logie*," or *St John's Hollow*—*Logie* being merely a mutation of the Gaelic "*Lagan*," a small valley or dell.

The supposed ancient site of the monastic knights is now only remarkable for its romantic scenery and interest to sportsmen. When Tarnaway abounded with roe deer, the opposite banks were the favourite resort of bucks; and at the mill there is one of the best fords upon the Findhorn, by which, when hard pressed, they often broke from the forest, and, throwing out the hounds at the water, escaped into the Altyre woods. Near the centre of the mead the pool of the Rone is no less familiar to fishermen; and above, under the craig which forms the west boundary of the valley, the deep black basin of

¹ Rom. Trist., Pr. Fol., last leaf.

the Ramflat, which, being barriered by perpendicular rocks plunging into the water, sometimes embarrasses a fisherman when a strong sulky fish tows him up the stream, until he reaches the foot of the steep, where there is no alternative between swimming the pool, and risking your "single gut" against the courage of the fish.

PAGE 5, NOTE 5. *The Royal Badge.*

There is reason to believe that the white rose, the badge of the house of Stuart, was originally the royal cognizance of Scotland, before the inauguration of that family; that it was only assumed by the high seneschal upon his succession to the throne, and afterwards identified with his name, because its origin was forgotten in its long descent with his successors. This presumption is supported by the usage of David the Second, who, in the jousts held at Windsor on the 23d of April 1349, carried a "rose argent" embroidered upon his housings.¹

PAGE 6, NOTE 6. *Friar Knights.*

The Knights of St John, like those of the Temple and the Sepulchre, were an order of military monks residing in cloisters, professing the ordinary conventual rules, with a particular obligation to serve, relieve, and defend "the poor and sick of the Lord,"—"servum Dominorum pauperem infirmorum, q. praclaru. existat pauperibus Christi seruire, ac misericordiæ opera exequi."² In

¹ Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*. Fol. London, 1772, 85.

² *Statuta Ord. Dom. Hosp. Hierv.* 12mo, Rome, 1556, f. 5, b. 6, b.

their monastic rule they conformed to that of St Augustine, whose habit they also adopted in the convent.—“Chlamydem siue mantellam nigri coloris, cum cruce alba gestare teneantur. Tamen pro loco et tempore de colore vestis et Pallio, modo crux sit alba octogona, per statuta cum eis est dispensatum.”¹ The battle habit was the same cross upon a red surcoat.—“In armoru.~ autem exercitio statuimus, quòd sagula siue suprauestes rubeas cum cruce alba recta deferant.”²

In the cloister the knights were bound to maintain charity, temperance, fortitude, chastity, and all good works, to mortify the appetites,³ profess personal poverty and community of property, cultivate the study of theology for the augmentation of the faith,⁴ observe the service of the Church in a prescribed ordinance for all the canonical hours, and receive the holy Eucharist thrice in the year.⁵ In their profession of knighthood they were obliged to exercise themselves in arms, “et pro Christe nomine, pro culte divino, pro fide Catholice, pugnare.”⁶

The order having been founded for the aid of all the poor and distressed, though more particularly for the suffering pilgrims to the holy city, women were subsequently admitted to its profession. For though the knights by their manhood added the service of defence by the sword, the peaceful sisters were equally capable of fulfilling the benevolent, medical, and consolatory offices of the fraternity.

If the profession of these ladies was not the first cause which suggested the foundation of the Sisters of Charity, they were probably the eldest association for such a purpose. The law for their admission was made by Hugo

¹ Statuta Ord. Dom. Hosp. Hierv. f. 9, b.

² Ib. 1, 2, 5, b.

³ Ib. 2, b. 6, b.

⁴ Ib. 3, b. 2.

⁵ Ib.

⁶ Ib. 20, 21.

Reuel, nineteenth Grand-Master, and prescribed that those admitted should be "honestæ vitæ, ex legitimo matrim.~ et nobilibus parentib.~ natas."¹

PAGE 10, NOTE 7. *Jape*,

A jest, a banter ; also verb, to banter or jest.

"Quhat wenys fulis this sexte buke be bot *japis*,
All full of leis and auld idolatryis."

Dougl. Virg. Prol. 158, 16.

"Right so, there came Sir Dinadan, and mocked and *japed* at King Bagdemagus, that all laughed at him, for he was a great boarder, and well loving all good knights."
—Hist. Prince Arthur, P. II. ch. cxxx.

PAGE 10, NOTE 8. *The Ledanreich*.

Near Slui on the Findhorn there is a range of precipices and wooded steepes, crowned with pine, and washed by a clear and rippling stream of the river, through which there is an excellent ford, very well known to the roe, for escaping to the woods of Slui when pressed by the hounds. This reach is called the Ledanreich, from a remarkable craig, a sheer naked even wall of sandstone, lying in horizontal strata eighty or ninety feet high : At the eastern extremity of this rock there is a great division, partly separated from the main curtain by a deep woody slope, which dips into the precipice with little more inclination from

¹ Stat. Ordin. Dom. Hosp. 12, De Sororum Ordinis nostri receptione.

the perpendicular than to admit of careful footing. In the face of the divided craig, the decomposition of the softer stone between the courses of the strata has wasted it away into narrow galleries, which, passing behind the tall pillars of the pines growing from the rifts and ledges, extend along the face of the precipice, veiled by a deep tapestry of ivy, which spreads over the mighty wall of rock, and hangs from shelf to shelf over the covered ways.¹ Beyond the craigs, the bank of the forest, an abrupt steep, covered with oak and copse-wood, slopes down to the river, its brow darkened with a deep-blue cloud of pines, and its descent carpeted with moss, primroses, and pyrolas, here and there hollowed into quaint "cuachs," filled with hazels, thorns, and giant pines. Along this wooded scarp, and through its thick copse, the roe had made narrow galleries, which communicated with the ivy corridors on the face of the craig, to which there were corresponding ways upon the opposite side. In that fortress of the rock, for shelter from the sun and flies, and seclusion from the stir of the world during the day, in the heat of summer the red-deer and roe made their secret haunt, concealed behind the deep dim veil of leaves, unseen and unsuspected in the cool hollows of the cliff. The prying eye might search the craig from below, and the beaters or the woodmen might whistle, and whoop, and shout above, but nothing appeared or moved except the grey falcon, which rose channering out of the rifts. Above the craig the wooded bank was so abrupt, that to the front view there was no indication of a slope, and any who passed quickly over the brow was immediately out of sight. At each descent beyond the extremities of the whole range of rocks there was a common roe's run and pass, which was supposed to be "deadly sure" if the deer

¹ Such was their state in 1838.

took the path, since the precipice below was believed to be an infallible barrier against any intermediate escape. Often, however, when pressed upon the terrace above, the deer neither went through the passes nor turned against the beaters, but vanished as if by magic—nobody could tell where ; and it was the common opinion of the drivers and fishermen, that when forced near the river, they threw themselves over the craigs “for spite,” a belief often confirmed by old Davie Simpson, who declared that he had found their bodies beneath the rocks, and in the Cluach, the Clerk’s Pool, and the “Furling Hole.” He did not, however, relate what *wounds* they had, and the truth was, that those which disappeared at the brow of the Ledanreich dashed down the sudden dip of the bank between the precipices, and turning through the ivy corridors, went out through the copse galleries upon the other side, and either descended to the water, or skirted below the pass, and went back into the forest. Those which were found dead were such as had been mortally wounded at some in-wood pass, and, unable to take, or cross the water, had died on the beach, or been carried down by the river. In the same mysterious passages which gave concealment and escape to the stags and bucks, the does were used to lay with their kids, and from thence at morning and evening they brought them out to pluck the tender grass upon the green banks beyond. Often from the brow above, or from behind the ivy screen, we have watched their “red garment” stealing through the boughs, followed by their little pair drawing their slender legs daintily through the wet dew, and turning their large velvet ears to catch every passing sound upon the breeze as it brought the hum of the water, or the crow of the distant cock, now trotting before, now lingering behind their dam, now nestling together, now starting off as the gale suddenly rustled the leaves behind them—then listening

and re-uniting in a timorous plump, pricking their ears, and bobbing their little black noses in the wind,—then, as the doe dropped on her knees in the moss, and laid her side on the warm spot where the morning sun glanced in through the branches, they gamboled about her, leaping over her back, and running round in little circles, uttering that soft, wild, plaintive cry like the treble note of an accordion, till, weary of their sport, they lay down at her side, and slept while she watched as only a mother can. No marvel it was that they loved that safe and fair retreat, with all its songs and flowers, its plenty and repose. All around was sweet, and beautiful, and abundant, such as the poetical imagination of the painter can rarely compose, and *never*, unless like Salvator he has lived in the wilderness with its free denizens. Upon the summit above the craig there was a broad and verdant terrace surrounded by ivied pines and feathering birches, and upon a little green glade in the midst grew two of the most beautiful objects ever produced by art or nature. These were a pair of twin thorns exactly similar in size, age, and form, and standing about three yards from each other: their stems as straight as shafts, and their round and even heads like vast bushes of wild thyme, but each so overgrown with ivy and woodbine, that their slender trunks appeared like fretted columns, over which the thorny foliage served as a trellis to suspend the heavy plumes of the ivy and the golden tassels of the woodbine. Many a “Ladye’s bower” we have seen, and many a rich and costly plant reared by the care of man, but none so beautiful as those lonely sisters of the forest, planted by His hand in His great garden, where none beheld but those for whom He made it lovely—the ravens of the rock, the deer who couched under its shade by night, and the birds who sung their matins and their even-song out of its sweet boughs.

PAGE 11, NOTE 9. *Clach-an-t-Sealgair,*

"The hunter's stone," is a square block of freestone covered with a velvet of moss, and lying, where it was left by the deluge, on the bank of the burn of Alt-na-fhearna, about two hundred yards above the deep and wooded gorge, worn by that small vein of the moors, down which, in all probability, the subsiding springs of the flood were drawn off into the great artery of the Findhorn. Near the stone there is a little path, originally made by the roe, through the thicket, and afterwards improved by the few who crossed the forest from the ford of the "*Peel-anker*," to the "*Rad-mòr a' Mhorair*."

Whenever we passed this track at the "hour of dine," we turned aside for the use of its beautiful velvet table. There was, besides, a green bank at no great distance, thickly overgrown with primroses, "dead-men's-hands," and wild geraniums, with tufts of luxuriant deer's-grass, and round pillowy cushions of moss and wood-sorrel pierced here and there by the little round archways of wood-mice—all true tokens of a soft and deep soil. In this bank, at the foot of an old tree, or under some flower, we had our cellar, that is—certain bottles, or a "greybeard pig," or it may be a little runlet, such, but something larger, as in illuminations, pilgrims carry at the end of a staff,—and filled with mountain dew,¹ brewed in the moonlight upon the east shoulder of Beann-drinachan, or under a rock by the "whirling holes" of Knock-

¹ Burying whisky, especially in "the wood," greatly mellows and improves the spirit; immersing it in running water is believed to produce a still greater improvement.

ando. The graves of our interred were all like those of the lovers in the old ballads ; for,

“ Out o’ the tane there grew a birk,
And o’ the ‘tither a brier.”

And when the birks and the briers were too numerous or too similar, we planted a notable orchas, or a cluster of lilies of the valley, over the heads of the imprisoned spirits, which we consigned to sleep with Montisinos and the Geni of the pot,—“till we did call them.” Thus, to save the trouble of conveyance and improve the speed of the gillies, we had divers of these earth-sealed fountains ; near customary trysts or good passes, where the “*Deoch-fala*,” or “Blood-drink,” might be wanted. More than once, however, we were disappointed of our dram, by the mice, who, mining over our bottles, found the corks ; and probably mistaking them for the spongy stocks of roots, and curious to taste some new kind of pig nut at their foot, had neatly scooped them out of the glass ; when, doubtless, surprised with the potent whiff of the spirit within, they had burned their noses with no less dissatisfaction to themselves than displeasure to us. These invasions of our cellars were, however, rare ; and when a roe was killed, and time wore long since a grey-of-the-morning breakfast, while Donald dug up a bottle, we unslung our “*màileid*,” and blew for the stray hounds ; and when they came in, bestowed the “hallow” from the buck which hung on the next tree ; the association of which made them perfectly conscious to the “*prize*” or “*mort*,” and return with alacrity when it was blown. Many such trysts have we held at the “Clach-an-t-sealgair,” and many a *deoch-fala* we drank in the passes by which it is surrounded, and where now they will never be drank again.

PAGE 11, NOTE 10. *Carped.*

The verb to "*carp*" was the popular vocable in the middle centuries for talking or conversing.

"Of thaime that lyvyd wityously,
Carpe we but lityl and that warly."
Wynt. Cron. III. Prol. 26.

"Then aye he harped,
 And aye he *carped*,
 'Till a' the lordings footed the floor."
Bord. Min. I. 84.

PAGE 11, NOTE 11. *The Hunter's Horn.*

Originally the hunting horn was used only for blowing, and the drinking horn was a domestic utensil; but in time, the frequency with which both the hunter and the soldier had occasion to resort to his bugle for the purpose of a "*brenc horn*," suggested the convenience of supplying the former with a moveable cap, closing with a hinge upon the mouth-piece, and thus enabling the possessor to drink out of the bell. A very curious example of this improvement is extant in the Pusey horn, preserved for many generations in the family of Allan of Pusey, at Pusey in Berkshire;¹ and which had for its tip a dog's head, closing as above mentioned. The celebrated horn of Oldenburg, in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, is, if we remember right, of the same description. In the old hard drinking days, when long draughts and vast potations were esteemed proofs of manhood, it was a feat to prove

¹ *Archæolog. Ang.* III. 13.

both the head and the wind of the drinker—to empty such a horn of wine or ale, and then reverse it and blow a blast, in which if the drinker failed he paid a forfeit.

PAGE 13, NOTE 12. *The Hallow.*

This was the old English hunting term, for the reward given to the hounds when they had killed their game. In French *venerie*, it was called the “*quarré*,” but the English hunters, deriving the word “*hallow*” from their great master Sir Tristram de Lions, were tenacious in retaining its use.¹ According to the “*Art of Venerie*,” the hallow of the deer was “the neck, the bowels, and the fee;” but “*The Master of the Game*” names only “the paunche and the bowelles,”² and this is all which is allowed by the old Scots ballad:—

“Johnie has bryttled the deer sac weel,
That he has had out her liver and lungs,
And with these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they were Earles’ sons.”

Johnie o’ Breadislee, ver. 7.³

Although irrelevant to our purpose, we must observe that Johnie’s dogs were not “*bloodhounds* ;” the epithet relates to their condition after having killed the stag, and received the reward, as in the old Gaelic poem:—

“Bha cèann dearg air do chuilean,
Tighinn o mhullach nan àrd bhèann.”

Red was the head of thy dog,
When thou returned from the hill.⁴

Dame Juliana Berners was much more liberal to the

¹ *The Noble Art of Venerie*, 174.

² MS. Bibl. Cott. Vesp. B. xii.

³ Min. Scot. Bord. III. 117, 8vo Ed., 1833.

⁴ *Griogair mòr na Lùireach*.

hounds than Johnie of Breadislee, or the two English sportsmen, and directed that the dogs shall be rewarded with a very handsome portion:—

“The *tongue*, the *brayne*, the *paunche*, and the *necke*,
When they washen ben wel with the water of the beck,
The *small guttes* to the lyghtes in the deres,
Above the hert of the beast when thou them reres,
With all the *bloud* that ye may get and wyne,
Altogether shall be take and laid upon the skynne,
To gyue your houndes”¹_____

The hallow was always given upon the hide, whence it was called by the French hunters the “*quarré*,”² or curree, from cure, curre, or cuir, the skin. The hallow of the hare was the shoulders, sides, head, and all the entrails, except the gall and paunch; the loins only being preserved for the table. Such are Dame Juliana’s instructions to her “children” of the greenwood.

“When your houndes by strengthe have doon her to deed,
The hunter shall rewarde theim wyth the heed,
Wyth the sholders, and the sydes, and wyth the bowelles all,
And alle thyng wythen the wombe, saue onely the gall;
The paunche also yeue theim none of tho.
Whyche rewarde, whan on the earthe it is dealyd,
Wyth all good hunters the hallow it is namyd.
Thene the loynes of the haare, loke ye not forgete,
Bot brynge theim to the kechyn for the lordes mete.”³

By an extraordinary prejudice in our ancestors, the loins of the hare were esteemed the finest venison; but this superstition will cease to be surprising, when it is known that the animal to which it belonged was considered the king of the beasts of venery, and in hunting to have made the most disport, bred the most delight, and to have been a beast of such a strange nature, that he changed his kind, and was “both male and female!”⁴

¹ Book of St Albans.

² Book of St Albans. Sig. dj. b.

³ Art of Venerie.

⁴ Book of St Albans.

It is surprising that Dame Juliana did not also notice his transformation from old women ; which, however, though it increased his speed, would not have improved his royal venison.

PAGE 14, NOTE 13. *Court,*

A retinue or company of followers, whether armed men or domestic attendants.

“Be that the court of Inglismen came in
Four score and ten weill graithit in yair ger,
Harnest on horss, all lykly men of wer.”

Bl. Min. Wal. B. IV. 440.

The ordinary “riding servants” of Lord Percy are named by the minstrel under the same term :—

“—— Lord abyde ! your men are martyrt downe
Rycht cruelly, her in yis fals regiounne,
Fyffe of our court her at the wattir baid,
Fysche for to bring thoch it no profit maid.”

Ib. I. 422.

PAGE 19, NOTE 14. *Dole,*

Lamentation.—Thus when Sir Lanceor’s “damsel” found him slain by Sir Balin—“therewith she took the sword from her love that lay dead, and as she took it, she fell to the ground in a swoon, and when she arose, she made great *dole* out of measure.”¹ This use of the word is still partially retained in some parts of England, where it is applied to the complaining note of the wood-pigeon.

¹ Hist. Prince Arthur, Part I. xxxi.

PAGE 19, NOTE 15. *Groom.*

Originally this word was not confined to a horse-servant, but signified any active stalwart man.

"Upon the laif fechtand wondyr fast,
And monie a *groyme* they maid full sair agast."

Bl. Min. Wal. VI. 725, MS.

Subsequently—as the word "*maid*" has become localized to a female domestic—the term came to signify a man-servant, as groom of the stole, groom of the chambers, groom of the stable, &c.

"Every man shall take his dome,
As well the mayster as the groome."

Gower, conf. fol. 46, b.

PAGE 26, NOTE 16. *Silver Horse-Shoes.*

At a period when the manes and tails of horses were braided with gold, silver, and silk, their bridles hung with silver bells, and their housings decorated with precious stones,—silver and even gilt shoes—for so we must interpret the *gold* of the ballads—were another addition to the equestrian splendour of the middle ages. Allusions to such costly shoeing frequently occur in the old minstrelsy.

"And say your ldye has a stede
The like o' him 's no in the land o' Leed,
For he is *siller shod* before,
And he is *gowden shod* behind."

Willie's Lady.¹

The steed of Childe-Waters was equally splendid:—

¹ *Min. Scot. Bord.*, 8vo, Kel. 1802, vol. ii. p. 29.

"Gowden graithed his horse before,
And *siller* shod behind." ¹

This magnificence was not a poetical fiction. When James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and Ambassador at the Court of France, made his public entry into Paris, his horse was shod with silver shoes slightly tacked on, so that at every curvette he threw off one amidst the crowd, and this was immediately replaced by a farrier, who attended for the purpose.²

PAGE 30, NOTE 17.

Norway Hawks, and St Hubert's Hounds.

The Norwegian hawks were early celebrated for their quality and beautiful plumage, which, like the white hare, the fox, and various other creatures of the Alpine and northern regions, is assimilated to the snowy region which they inhabit. They are mentioned in the old Romance of Sir Tristrem, as ancient objects of commerce and importation into distant countries :—

"Ther com a schip from Norway
To Sir Rohande's hold,
With haukes white and grey,
And panes fair y fold." ³

The great price of these birds may be inferred from the fact that, in the Romance of Sir Tristrem, twenty shillings is named as staked in a game of chess against one hawk. A farther testimony of their value is given by Olaus Magnus, who declares that "the white ones

¹ Per. Rel. Anc. Eng. Poet. vol. ii. p. 173, 8vo, Lond. 1765.

² Wilson, Hist. Reg. James VI. p. 92.

³ Sir Tristrem, Auch. MS., Edit. 1833, Fytte 1, xxviii.

were never shot at by the inhabitants, but were held as sacred, unless they did too much hurt and rapine."¹

St Hubert's Hounds were a breed of bloodhounds, originally kept by the monks of St Hubert in France, and thus described by a zealous old hunter in the time of James VI.:—"They are commonly all blacke, yet, neuertheless, there race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. This kinde of doggies hath beene dispersed through the countries of Henault, Lorayne, Flanders, and Burgone. They are mighty of bodie, neuertheless they are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of scent, hunting chaces which are farre straggled, feiring neither water nor cold, and do more couet the chaces that smell, as foxes, bore, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chaces that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour prove good, especially those that are cole blacke; but I made no great account to breede on them, or to keepe the kinde, and yet I found the book which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorayne, which seemed to loue hunting much, wherein was a blazoun which the same hunter gaue to his blood-hound, called Souyllard, which was white:—

‘My name came first from *Hubert's* race,
Souyllard my sire, a hound of singular grace.’

Whereupon we may presume that some of the kind proue white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the Greffiers or Bouxes which we have in these days.”²

It is probable that the white or pale St Hubert's dog was a variety, and that it was the same as the beautiful cream-

¹ Ol. Mag. Hist. Goth. Angl. Lond. 1658, p. 200.

² Art of Venerie, 4to, Lond. 1611, p. 15.

coloured species, called "*royal-bloodhounds*" in some parts of England, and still, or lately, preserved by Mr Round-
ing at Woodford-wells, and, as we have been told, in Devonshire and the Royal Forests. The colour of these dogs varies from a pale buff to a red tan, and the *red* bloodhounds mentioned by Bellenden¹ were likely of the same race. The breed is now very rare, and from the want of "new blood," affords still rarer specimens of good dogs.

PAGE 31, NOTE 18. *To Win Hosen and Shoon.*

In the middle ages, not only the "little lads," but even grown men—like the Moorish gentlemen of the present day, and the common Highlanders and Irish in the seventeenth century—went bare-footed, and often bare-legged to the knee. In the illuminations of the thirteenth century, the pedestrian attendants even of royal personages are thus represented.² The reward of "hosen and shoon," therefore, was not only an acceptable but an honourable guerdon; and hence, in the old ballads, it was one of the most common rewards offered to little messengers for services which required activity and enterprise.

"O where will I get a little boy
That will win hosen and shoon,
To run sae fast to Darlintoun,
And bid fair Eleanor come!"³

"Quhair sall I get a bonnie boy
That will win hosen and shoon:
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his Lady cum."⁴

¹ Bellend. Cron. Descrip. Alb. p. xi.

² MS. Bibl. Reg. 20, D. 1; Bibl. Cott. Nero C. v.; Bibl. Harl. 2840, &c., &c.

³ Min. Scot. Bord. 8vo, Kelso, 1812, vol. ii. p. 285.

⁴ Percy, Rel. Anc. Eng. Poet. vol. iii. p. 94.

PAGE 31, NOTE 19. *Midsummer.*

This name was given of old, and still in some of the midland counties of England is given, by the peasantry to the great wild valerian,¹ which in the districts where it is indigenous, grows abundantly in the woods and hedges. The popular name is derived from the charm in which it was used upon midsummer's night. For the purpose of this spell, the swains or maidens who desired to divine their success in love, gathered two stalks of the plant as straight as possible, and placed them in an upright position on the "mantle shelf." If in the morning the heads of the fading stems were found inclining towards each other, it was a token of the happiness, or at least reciprocity of the passion which they personified; but if both or either of the stalks bent outwards, it indicated that it should be unfortunate or unrequited. There was another variety of the charm, in which, like the pea-shells, one branch of the plant was at evening placed over the door, and the person who first entered under it in the morning was believed to be the predestined spouse of the individual who made the spell. In Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, where the wild valerian abounds, the charm was recently, and perhaps is still, a popular amusement among the peasantry on midsummer's eve, and at the haymaking of the preceding day, much "daffing" accompanied the gathering of the charm stalks.

¹ *Valeriana*: Hall's Brit. Flora, Cl. III. p. 10.

PAGE 32, NOTE 20. *The Magic Turn.*

Turning from east to west, in the direction of the sun, was a custom of great antiquity, and perhaps universal usage, among the religious ceremonies and magical superstitions of all ancient nations. In sacrificial devotions, the Romans frequently turned round in a circle by the right—"in gyrum se convertabant."—*Liv.* v. 21 ; *Plin. Hist. Nat.* xxviii. 2, (*al.* 5.) The Greeks had the same custom, circumambulating the altar, or revolving on the place on which they stood when praying.—*Plaut. Curc.* I. 1, 70. The custom might be traced through most if not all the nations of Europe, down to our own islanders. Both among the ancients and the moderns, the performance of the turn was governed by the mystical number three. Thus in the incantation of the enchantress Medea :—

"Ter se convertit, ter sumtis flumine crinem
Irroravit aquis" ¹ _____

"She turned her *thrice* about, and *thrice* she threw
O'er her long tresses the nocturnal dew."

So in *Macbeth*, Shakespeare introduces the witches making the same triple circle about their caldron :—

"*Thrice* about ! about ! about !
And *thrice* again !—the charm is out."

In the same number the Highlanders performed their charm turn of the Deiseil.² In the low country the magical rotation was no less associated with popular incantation, and from the use of its gyrations the vulgar Hecaté, or queen of witches, was called by the peasantry the *Gyre*—

¹ Ovid. *Metam.* VII. 189, 190.

² "From *deas*, *south*, *right*, and *iùl*, *direction* ; *as*, *deas-iùl*, contracted into *deiseil* or *deasail*, *southern direction* ; in the course of the sun ; *right*, *fortunate*."

carling, as the *Gyr*-falcon was named from its circles in soaring. Among the Highlanders, until the last century, the turn sun-ways was retained in general usage for almost every occasion of life, and for its dexter direction was named "*Deiseil*," from "*deas*," the right. Its happiness was proverbial—" *deiseil air gach ni* ;"¹ and so great was the belief in its influence, that nothing was begun or ended without its observation. Before putting to sea, the fisherman performed it in his boat to obtain a good voyage; and after gathering in his harvest, the farmer about his stacks and cattle, to secure them against fire and disease; the gossips round a woman who had been delivered, to ensure her health; the midwives round a child, to preserve it from the fairies; and the poor about their benefactors, to return them "good luck," encircling them like Medea and Hecaté with the triple number.² The charm was equally prevalent in Wales, where we have frequently received its benediction from an old mendicant when we had given him an alms. One instance was particularly remarkable as evincing the strength of original impressions. It was in a poor man, whose reason had become permanently affected by a fever, but who never lost his recollection of the "*Deiseil*," and seldom neglected its performance upon the customary occasions. He was very sensible of kindness, and generally demonstrated his gratitude by making the three tours round those from whom he received the benevolence of alms or kind words; and it was observable that, notwithstanding his unsettled intellects, he never failed to make his turns "*with the sun*."

In proportion as the "*deiseil*" was considered fortunate and propitiatory, a gyration in the opposite direction, or

¹ MacIntosh, *Gael. Prov.* p. 82.

² *Mart. West. Isl.* pp. 117, 118.

against the sun, was believed fatal and ominous. It was called in Gaelic "*Car-tuaitheal*," and its ill-luck was proverbial—" *Car-tuaitheal aimhleas*." In the low country of Scotland its malign association was no less familiar, under the name of "*Withershins*," and frequent allusions bear witness to the belief of its infelicity. Thus in the ballad—the maiden lamenting the shipwreck of her lover, declares as a forerunner of his loss :—

" My love then and his bonnie ship
Went *withershins* about."¹

The evil principle of the direction was referred to the anti-natural mysteries of the witches, according to which they performed all things contrary to the laws of the universe: and thus, as in a charm, they repeated a prayer backwards,—so they made their mystic turns in opposition to the apparent course of the heavens. The antiquity of this superstition is manifest in its astronomical error; for though the turn was against the *visible* motion of the sun and stars, it was in the *real* course of the earth and planets, and therefore conformable to nature; while the supposed propitious motion, though accompanying the sensible revolution of the heavenly bodies, was, in reality, contrary to the true motion by which the imaginary is produced. The Gaulish Druids have been quoted² for the performance of the "*Car-tuaitheal*;" but if used in their rites, it must have been with some hostile or fatal association, for the custom was in opposition to any propitious gyrations with which we are acquainted.

Several familiar usages still retain an observance of the fatal and fortunate courses. At table, the bottle is *always* circulated "*sun-ways*," or from left to right; and, amongst

¹ " My love has built a bonnie ship, and sailed it on the sea."

² Pennant's Tour in Scotland, Part II. p. 15, 4to, Lond. 1790.

sailors and old people, the opposite direction is often checked by the observation, that it must "go round with the sun."—When the wind veers in the opposite progress, it is believed by old seamen to be an omen of bad weather, and they prognosticate the continuance of foul days, until it "goes round with the sun." Old wives still attach fatality to the side on which they see a magpie; and even in our ordinary terms of "*sinister* motives," and "*sinister* actions," we retain the left-handed association of the rites of Paganism.

PAGE 33, NOTE 21. *Lymme.*

This dog—called also "*Lemor*," or "*Lymmer*," from the "*leyme*," or leading-thong—was a track-dog used, in a leash, to find the "feut" of fresh game, or follow a wounded beast. The name did not signify a species, but a dog of any kind broken to work silent in a leash; such as the old deer-stalkers call a "*track-dog*," whether hound, bloodhound, or deer greyhound. It is enumerated as the fifth class, in that heterogeneous canine catalogue given in the Book of St Albans:—"These ben the names of houndes, First there is a grehound, a bastard, a mongrel, a mastif, a *lemor*, a spanyel, raches, kennettys, teroures, butchers' houndes, dunghyll dogges, tryndel-taylles, pryckeryd currys, and smalle ladyes' popees, that bere awaye the flees, and dyuers smalle fawtes."¹

The "*lymme*," and the catalogue of Dame Juliana Berners, was alluded to by Shakespeare among the dogs threatened with the vengeance of Edgar:—

¹ Book of St Albans, c. ii. b.

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache or *lym*,
Or bob-tail'd tyke or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wall."

King Lear.—Act III. Scene 9.

In some instances, it has pleased the printers of Shakespeare to spell the name of our track-dog "*hym*," instead of "*lym*." Like the feminine of the whole race, "*limmer*" came to be a term of opprobrious reproach.

In the old time of hunting, when deer lay in the open country, on the day of a proposed run, very early in the morning the huntsman, with a "*leymme*" in his leash, made a circle, or, as it was called, a "*ring-walk*," round the detached coppices or covers where the deer was likely to lie. A track having been found, the huntsman traced it to the "*gallery*" or "*entry*;" that is, the pass or gap worn in the bushes or underwood, by the passage of the deer when he passed to his "*harboury*" from feeding. Here the huntsman made a "*blemish*," or plashed down some small boughs to mark the place, and, having carefully and very quietly encircled the cover, to ascertain that the deer had not "*unharboured*," he returned, to give notice of his success, to the master of the hounds, reporting, from the size and shape of the slot, the fumets, and the height of the gallery, the size, quality, and condition of the stag. By an experienced hunter, this information was obtained from the foregoing tokens with much precision, according to the following rules:—"A long slot signifies a larger and an older deer than a round one. The old hart's hind foot will never overreach his fore foot, but that of a young hart will. All harts which have a long '*gait*' or step are great, mature, and strong: if the slot is large and deep, he is old, and will not run far. If the fumets are large and thick, the hart is old. If the deer's gallery or entry is high, the deer is large and

old ; for a young one will creep, but the old ones are stiff and stately.”¹

If the “lymme” was indispensable for finding a fresh deer, he was no less necessary for tracking one which had been wounded. Down to the system introduced by the modern *Dubh-ghàill* and Saxon butchers, who shoot at deer, and leave them to go away and die, without search, no wounded stag was left in the hill, if he could be recovered ; none went to the chase without stanch and well-trained “track-dogs ;” and if a wounded deer got away, a man was immediately detached upon his “feut” with the “*cù-lùirge*,” and, if the stag was good and strong, one, two, or more “long dogs,” to slip as there might be occasion. These track-followings were often very interesting and exciting, and afforded various traits of the sagacity of the dogs, and the habits, endurance, and character of the deer. We have known one instance of a dog which took his master for ten miles upon the track of a deer, until there was only light enough left to shoot him ; and of another which tracked a severely wounded hart for three days, with less success. The last was one of three which came out at a pass above Greenfield, on the Garrie, of which two were killed, right and left, and the third severely hit with a second rifle. It was the opinion of the old “Black Forester” that he would not go far, and Glen-Garrie was anxious that they should all count. Alasdair MacDhòmhnuaill was therefore despatched upon the blood-track with “Black Dulachan,” a very fine deer greyhound, and excellent track-dog. The day was considerably advanced when they took up the slot ; but there was such a large “feut” of blood, that the forester did not expect to go far. The deer, however, led him on from moor to moor, and stream to stream,—for he could

¹ Sportsman's Dictionary, 8vo, Lond. 1744.

not "take the hill,"—and at last the light began to fail, and night "came down from behind the cars."—Alasdair knew that the deer would harbour when he found himself no longer pursued, and having oat-cake in his "màileid," when he could see no longer, he lay down in the heather, with Dulachan at his feet. At the grey dawn they again took up the track, and roused the deer about a quarter of a mile from their beds; but though he still continued to show indications of a very severe wound, Alasdair could not get within distance to slip the dog. It would be too long to tell how he continued to draw them forward, how often he harboured, and how often was roused; of the bloody lairs which he left behind; and how, more than once, Alasdair stalked him with all his skill; and when he lifted his head from the last knoll, or out of the last burn, he was again standing, like a phantom deer, upon the moss, a quarter of a mile before him—his back humped, his single drooping, his flank drawn up, and his neck extended, but his head for ever set towards the west.—The day again closed, and Alasdair again lodged "beside the deer;" and on the third morning the stag brought him into Croidart, and stole into the Sanctuary, where it "was not lawful" for any man to follow, and where, the old hart knew, as well as Alasdair, that a gun had not been fired for seven years.

PAGE 38, NOTE 22. *Single.*

In correct forest phrase, only the tail of the deer and the wolf is called the "*single*." In the ancient vocabulary of hunting, the tail of every beast had a peculiar name: thus, of a boar, it was named "the *wreath*;" of hares and rabbits, the "*scut*;" of the fox, the "brush" or "*drag*;" and the white tip, the "*chape*." For the tail of the roe-

deer there was no name, for the same reason that the Oriental proverb has refused pearls to a crocodile.—This we observe, because of the frequent error among artists, and even the illustrators of natural history, who persist in representing the roe with a single like a fallow buck, although it has not pleased nature to bestow upon him either “single,” wreath, scut, brush, drag, or any other manner of such appendage.

PAGE 39, NOTE. *The Grave-shudder.*

It is an old superstition, still commonly alluded to in Great Britain, that when people shudder involuntarily without any sensible cause, it is from a mysterious sensibility produced by some person at that moment walking over the earth where their grave shall be made.

PAGE 46, NOTE 23. *Imp.*

It was not until the latter mutations of the English language that “*imp*” came to signify only a small demon. Originally its meaning was simply an infant, or more extensively, an offspring, without regard to age. In its first sense it occurred in an inscription on the tomb of a minor Earl of Warwick, in which he was called “the noble *imp*.” Of the enlarged acceptation there are various examples. Thus Spencer—

“And thou, most dreaded *imps* of highest Jove,
Fair Venus’ son.”¹_____

¹ Fairie Queen. B. I. Inv. Stan. 8.

So also in a later poem,—

“Or thou, O Stanly, stiff in stour,
Thou *imp* of Mars.”¹

In the same sense of an offspring it was applied to a graft. —“Believers are so closely united to Christ, that they are *imped* into him, like an *imp* joined to an old stock, the *imp* or scion revives when the stock reviveth.”² Thus a grafted tree was called an *imp* tree; and, accordingly, Sir Walter Scott was wrong when he supposed it to mean an elf tree.—*Min. Scot. Bord.*, ii. 138.

PAGE 46, NOTE 24. *Dwarfs of the Mines.*

In the popular superstitions of the middle ages among all or the greater number of the northern nations, both in Europe and Asia, a dwarfy race of supernatural beings were believed to inhabit most parts of the earth,—within and without; some lived in the bowels of rocks, some on the waste moors, some in the recesses of mines, and some within the little knolls called fairy hillocks; some under the foundations of old houses, and some in the cellars, where they made free with the wine and ale, and drank to an extent altogether disproportioned to their little persons. Like all superstitions, the character of these dwarfish races varied very much according to the imagination, habits, and condition of the people among whom their existence was believed. In the mountainous parts of Europe they inhabited crags, rocks, and caverns, and in the plains of Tartary the steppes and woods. The domestic dwarfs of Britain were quiet and inoffensive little beings, seldom appeared unless to complain of some inconvenience offered by their human

¹ Battle of Flodden Field, Fit. I. ver. 29.

² Brown on Rom. vi. 5.

neighbours, and never occasioned any disturbance beyond a peal of little laughter, or a chorus of shouts and songs, which sometimes ascended out of the cellar. But amidst the desolate moors of the Scottish border, and the stern solitudes of the Borealian mountains, among fierce tribes, familiarized with terror by habitual danger; when surrounded by hostility and outrage, every unknown shape was doubtful, perhaps injurious—the dwarfs were supposed to be of a malignant and mischievous character. Thus the brown man of the moors was believed to rend in pieces those whom he encountered; and another as diminutive in person, but with a mighty head, gave death by a single look. The dwarfs of the mines were equally associated with the character of the people whose imagination gave them birth. With the northern nations, in the mystic and piratical ages of the Vikingr, like their human contemporaries, they were supposed to be stern and malevolent; and according to the popular passion for war and necromancy, greatly skilled in magical secrets, and the fabrication of miraculous weapons. As the character of the believers changed, the popular superstitions varied; and the mine dwarfs of later times became, like their human companions, a mild and industrious race; time confounded this succession of ideas, and it was believed that there were two kinds of the little genii; “one fierce and malevolent, the other a gentle race, appearing like little old men dressed like the miners, and not much above two feet high. These wander about the drifts and chambers of the works, seem perpetually employed, yet do nothing; some seem to cut the ore, or fling what is cut into the vessels, or turn the windlass, but never do any harm to the miners, unless provoked.”¹ The belief of these little labourers de-

¹ *Agricola de Animantibus Subterraneis.*

ascended so late as the end of the last century. When Pennant visited the coal-mines of Whitehaven, he inquired of the miners if they had ever seen any of the dwarfs; to which one of them gravely answered, that "he never had, but that his *grandfather* had found their little implements and tools."¹

Among the people of the middle ages, the northern dwarfs were all more or less associated in the characteristics of the mine elves, especially in the arts of necromancy and supernatural metallurgy. This belief extended over all the Celtic and Teutonic races of Europe, and most part, if not the whole, of Northern Asia. By the Saxons, the subterranean race were called "*Berg-elfin*;" by the Scandinavians, "*Duerger*;" by the Danes, "*Trolde*;" by the Tartars, "*Tchadkurs*;" and in Lapland, Iceland, and the Faroe Isles, "*Froddenskemen*," or the subterraneans. By Christians, they were believed to be creatures of God; and by all, supposed to possess, like human beings, a body and a soul, a diversity of sexes, and the procreation of their race like man, subject to similar passions and wants, capable of engendering with mortals, and subject like them to death.² In proof of their alliance with men, it is cited that Merlin the enchanter, and Geoffry Plantagenet,³ were the sons of a mortal and a fairy. And so grave was the belief in this demi-demon race, that coat armour was assigned for their use, and heralds prescribed the leopard as their most proper cognisance, because that animal was supposed to be a hybrid between a lion and a panther.⁴

If inferior in size, the dwarfs were greatly superior to mortals in power and intelligence. Deeply initiated in

¹ Tour in Scot. and Voy. to the Heb., 4to, Lond. 1790, p. 56.

² Torfæus, Prof. Hist. Hrolf. Kraka.

³ Bower, Scotiecron., L. ix. 6.

⁴ Sir David Lindsay's Heraldry, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid., W. 4, 13.

the secrets of nature, and hence possessing a supernatural proficiency in arts. Of their skill in arms, many instances were given in tales of enchanted horns, and wonderful weapons, enriched with inestimable splendour, endued with magical blasts, and forged with the power of cleaving through stones and rocks, and the armour and bodies of human antagonists. Such was the golden horn of Oldenburg, still preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, and said to have been given to a Duke of Oldenburg by a trolld lady. Such also was the miraculous sword of Suarfurlami, and the famous blade called "Balmungess," forged by the renowned Scandinavian smith Valent; and which, though not the work of dwarfs, was formed with the virtue of their weapons. An example of its temper was given when the smith struck the giant Æmelius—"What do you feel?" said he—"As if cold water trickled down me"—replied the giant. "Shake thyself!"—said Valent: he did so, and fell asunder in two halves, as he had been divided by the sword.¹

But, however great the power of the dwarfs, it was seldom exerted with benevolence towards mortals; and they rarely conferred a favour except through the compulsion of a spell; for, like the genii of the East, they were subservient to words, and songs, and talismans. Wayward and whimsical, they were not however altogether insensible of the merits of men, and sometimes did them good, and presented them with precious gifts in return for courtesy or kindness, or when incited by mortal love. Such instances often resulted from the usual contradiction of magical mythology, for, notwithstanding all their superior power, the dwarfs were in some things inferior to the human race. In their appearance they were "swart," quaint,

¹ *Wilkins Saga.*

uncouth, and diminutive, and, holding the place of boors and artizans among the fairies, were sometimes much smitten with the charms of human beauty. In a similar anomaly to their supernatural intelligence, they were not above the aid of mortals, and occasionally were indebted to them for assistance beneath their faculties and powers. An instance of this kind is given in an old Danish legend.

“Not far distant from the town of Lyng is a hill called Brondhoe, which is inhabited by the trolld-folk. Among the little clan which peopled this hillock, there was an old sickly trolld, very peevish and ill-tempered, the rather that he was possessed with jealousy by a young and indiscreet wife. This unhappy trolld often set the rest by the ears through his domestic discords, from whence he was nicknamed *Knurré-Murré*, synonymous with the ‘*Grumbo-Lumbo*’ of English penny literature. It chanced that *Knurré-Murré* discovered an intrigue between one of his acquaintances and his ‘*wife*,’—we suppose the diminutive is the proper appellation for the dwarfie spouse. The young trolld, who had excited his jealousy, was obliged to fly for his life from the carn, and take refuge under the shape of a tortoise-shell cat in the house of a certain goodman Platt, where he was harboured with much hospitality, obtained the freedom of the great wicker chair, and feasted twice a-day upon bread and milk, which was served to him in an earthen pipkin. One evening the gudeman came home and declared that, as he was passing Brondhoe, there came out a trolld who said to him—

“ ‘Hör du Platt
Siig til din kat
At Knurré-Murré er dod!’—

“The tortoise-shell cat was lying on the arm-chair supping his bread porridge when these words were repeated,

but no sooner were they uttered, than he sprang up on his hind legs,—‘Knurré-Murré dead!’—he exclaimed in good Danish—‘Then I may go home!’—and bounding out through the door, was never seen again.”¹

PAGE 47, NOTE. *No Force.*

In old English dialogue this exclamation was equivalent to the—“Never mind!”—or—“No matter!” of modern conversation.—“Then King Marke called the knight which had brought him the tidings from Sir Alexander, and commanded him for to abide still in that country.—‘Sir,’ said the knight, ‘needs must I do so, for in mine own country I dare not come.’—‘*No force!*’ said King Marke,—‘I shall give thee here double as much as thou hadst in thine own country.’”—*Hist. Prince Arth., Part II. c. cxxi.*

PAGE 48, NOTE 25. *Weird thee,*

i. e., Doom thee; thus in the old ballad:—

“I *weird* thee to a fiery beast,
And relieved shall ye never be,
’Till Kempion the king’s son
Cum to the craig and thrice kiss thee.”
Kempion, ver. 3.

PAGE 52, NOTE 26. *The Hand keeping the Head,*

Was probably a proverbial metaphor in the language of the old masters of arms. When Lord James Douglas was at the Spanish court in that fatal visit which frustrated his

¹ Quart. Rev., vol. xxi. p. 98.

voyage to the Holy Land, one of the knights present expressed his surprise at seeing no scars upon his face.

“ That swilk a knycht, and sa worthi,
 And prysst of sa gret bounté,
 Mycht in the face unwemmyt be——
 And he answerd tharto mekly,
 And said——‘ Lowe God, all tym had I
Handis my hede for to wer.’ ”¹

PAGE 53, NOTE 27. *The Northern Sunset.*

In the north of Scotland at midsummer there is no real night. The sun, setting far towards the pole, makes but an inconsiderable descent below the horizon, and all night its glow is visible, passing towards the east until it again rises. The darkest period is about half-past twelve o'clock, and even then so much light remains, that in a clear night, without a moon, we have read a letter written in a small and imperfect hand. At two o'clock all the birds begin to sing, and for more than an hour is heard a full chorus of little voices, as if the whole world was alive with twittering sounds, but all warbling, and whispering, and whistling, and chirping under their breath, as if they feared to disturb the rest of nature.

We have seen the dawn break, and heard the larks sing in the sweet fields of France, the bright plains of Andalusia, the green vineyards of the Rhine, and the pine woods of the Elbe; but never have we heard that full mingled thrilling rejoicing of nature as among our own northern denizens in the jubilee of those hours when light never leaves the world, and night is only a cooler, milder, calmer day, the sky more blue, and the earth more green, than in the dazzling blaze of sunshine.

¹ Barbour's Bruce, B. xiv. l. 964-969.

PAGE 55, NOTE. *The Bittern.*

Although very rare, this solitary bird still exists in the North Highlands. Some years since one was shot in the neighbourhood of Culduthel near Inverness, and we have heard the "booming" of another in the west woods of Beaufort.

PAGE 60, NOTE 28. *Derf*,

In old Scots, "hardy," "fierce," or, perhaps more strictly, daring.

"Turnus the Prince, that was baith derf and bauld."

Dougl. Virg., 296, 19.

"The frer than furth his wayis tais,
That was baith *derf* and hardy."

Barb. Bruce, xviii. 307, MS. orig.

PAGE 60, NOTE 29. *Lost! Lost! Lost!*

This exclamation seems to have been a "spae-word," with which the shape was changed by the dwarfs and familiar imps who sometimes frequented the society, and even assumed the service of men. It occurs as well in the tales of Ireland as of Scotland, in occasions when the urchins performed some personal metamorphosis, or "gave the slip" to a previous master. Sir Walter Scott has celebrated the account of the Border dwarf, "Gilpin Horner;"¹ but in this instance it is uncertain whether the ex-

¹ *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

clamation accompanied a change of shape, or merely the escape of the imp. The story was thus related by old Anderson of Todshawhill in Eskdale Muir, where the dwarf is said to have lived for some time.

“Late one evening, as two men belonging to the farm were spencelling some horses on the borders of the land to prevent them from straying during the night, they heard a shrill sharp voice cry—‘Tint! tint! tint!’—‘Whaten a diel has tint ye?—come here!’—said one of the men named Will Moffat. Upon this invitation there immediately appeared, skipping nimbly through the dusk, a dwarfish urchin surprisingly small, ill-shapen in limbs, and distorted in features. As soon as the men distinguished the uncouth figure, they left the horses, and ran for the house with all their might; the dwarf pursued, and Moffat tumbling on a molehill, it ran over him, and arrived first at the farm. Some sort of understanding, however, was soon established, for the dwarf spoke good broad Scots, and liking, as it appears, the habitation, made friends with the inmates, and not only obtained lodging for the night, but for a long time afterwards. He seemed to be ordinary flesh and blood, shared the food of the household, and, like the brownies, was very fond of cream, of which he would drink as much as he could get. He was, however, an ill-tempered urchin, and appeared to take delight in mischief, and beating and worrying such of the children as were not too strong for him. One evening, when pinching and pulling the ears of a child belonging to Moffat, the latter knocked him down, but he immediately sprung lightly from the ground, and, shaking his head, exclaimed—‘*Aha! Will Moffat! ye ding sair!*’ During the time that he remained at the farm he was never recognised as having been seen in that district before, and, when alone, was constantly repeating—‘*Tint! tint! tint!*’—and sometimes was heard to mention the name of

'*Peter Be-tram*,' by which he was supposed to mean 'Bertram.' At length, one evening when the women were milking the cows, and the dwarf was playing among the children, they heard a strange voice cry—'*Gilpin Horner! Gilpin Horner! Gilpin Horner!*' The urchin started up, and at the third summons exclaimed—'There's Peter Be-teram!'—and instantly disappeared. From that time he was never seen again in Eskdale."

With the services of such little gentlemen, good and bad, the readers of old chronicles and romances are sufficiently acquainted. The most notable examples perhaps are "*Orthone*," the familiar sprite of the Lord of Corasse,¹ and the demon page of the famous magician Lord Soulis, still remembered upon the Border by his popular sobriquet of "*Red-Cap*." The former, however, had the peculiarity of never having appeared to his master except once, as a morsel of straw, and again, as an ill-favoured black pig; but the other was a varlet well known about Hermitage, and frequently seen among the domestics.

PAGE 66, NOTE 30.

In olden forest craft the hound was broken to the docility and obedience of a retriever, to run mute, to follow his master through a forest without leash or couple, and never leave his heel, even upon a hot scent, unless laid on, when directed by a word, or even a sign, to descend into a dingle or coppice, beat it out, and rejoin his master at the commanding pass, to return, even from a hot-foot at the sound of the bugle, and at the sign of holding up a couple, lie down when required, and

¹ Froissart, Cron. Angl. by Bouch. II. ch. 37.

wait till his master had proceeded to his pass, and then, at the signal of the horn, rouse up and beat the intervening covert. To all these disciplines, except running silent, which was not required, we broke a bloodhound and two favourite slow-hounds in the forest of Tarnaway. Latterly they understood their work as well as the most experienced beaters; and often we went out with no other than old Dreadnought, walked through the forest to some convenient "pots" or thickets, and sending in the dog at the proper entry, proceeded to the opposite passes, where, if there were roe in the cover, he infallibly sent them out.

The faculties developed by dogs thus educated are truly extraordinary, not that they are peculiar to them—they are only elicited and brought into greater notice by familiarity with their superiors; and often display instances of mysterious perception, when human senses are at a loss. Such is the intelligence by which birds and animals possess the consciousness of locality, and retrace their course through air in which they have never flown, and over ground on which they have never run. The following subordinate, but still remarkable, example of retentive faculty happened in the forest of Tarnaway. One stormy winter's day, when the short light was failing, and the wind blew so hard that the hounds and bugle could not be heard when they had gone down the blast, I had lost all the rest of the chase, "guns," dogs, beaters, and piper, and followed the last trace, merely for the chance of reclaiming by the "recheat" any stray hound which might chance to be within hearing. As I passed through the wood I observed a roe, which was "standing" among some open trees, keeping his nose and ears to the wind, and taking care not to move, lest he should cross the snouts of the hounds, who he knew very well were then employed upon another scent. It chanced, however, I

caught sight of his white target as he stood at gaze, and as he had not acquired the mesmeric "clair-voyance" in that part of his person, I stalked within rifle-shot at the moment, when, satisfied with the existing tranquillity of the forest, and his usual feeding-time being come, his slender legs began to stilt slowly and stealthily through the heather, in the direction of the neighbouring moor, where there was a pretty little piece of clover and peas very well known to him and me ; just, however, as he was drawing in his last hind leg, which, in the anxiety of listening, he had held extended behind him, he was surprised by a slap in the shoulder, of which he never afterwards knew anything more. Having "hurdled," and hung him up in a tree, I was about to proceed, when one of the hounds which had heard my call came in to the blast, and after he had received the "hallow," we went on to look for the rest. The night was beginning to fall, and the skiffing snow to fly, when I came to the great whin cover at the skirt of the forest, where I met most of the scattered party, the heads of the hounds bearing red tokens of how the run had ended, before I saw the black buck mounted upon the shoulders of Iain Frisal. After a short halt, and a double "cuairt" of the cuach for the death, at which I had, and had not been present, we turned our faces towards the roe which was left in the tree. As the dark file of plaids and bonnets disappeared into the wood, the snow-storm came sweeping over the forest, roaring and moaning through the creaking pines, which strained their tall masts and frayed their jarring branches over our heads. It was such a night as is seldom seen, a darkness almost tangible, which enveloped the nearest objects, and compelled us to grope our way with our rifles. In that vast wild of wood, with no more track than the narrow roe run, something beaten by our own feet, it might be thought that we had little chance of find-

ing a single buck hanging in a tree. For our assistance, however, we allowed old Torman, the dog who had joined me at the place, to precede us by a few paces; and though we could not see him as he led the way, at each cross path we found the dim shade of his white coat standing in the branch which we were to take, but which he never followed until he saw that we accompanied him. In this manner he brought us up to the tree where the buck hung, and stopped of himself at its foot. It was more than three weeks before we again hunted the same side of the forest; but at length one morning we began the beats on that side, and, in going to our passes, followed only by Torman, whom we had taken as a track-dog, we observed him stop and look steadily into the wood. We unslung our rifles, but there was nothing visible; and the dog drew slowly forward as if for some familiar object, and went straight up to the fir tree, which we then recognised was that to which I had hung the roe. He examined the trunk, the heather at its foot, then looked up to the branches, and back to us—as if—the former venison having been so unexpected by him, and not knowing how we might have been employed since—he thought, that in taking the same way, we might have a similar object.—But by what faculty had he identified the place? Near four weeks had passed since he had visited the spot,—the tree was fifty yards out of the roe run by which we were passing, in a part of the wood which the dog had very rarely visited, in the midst of a monotonous crowd of trees, among which, not only to a dog's, but to most human eyes, except for some rational distinction, all might be supposed to have appeared alike. How did Torman discriminate them? Everybody will answer with the same readiness with which they would reply to the question of the philosopher—“*Why* does water run down a hill?” “By gravity.”—But what is

gravity? With the same triumphant familiarity it would be said of the dog, "By *instinct*."—But what is instinct? The observation of animal *facts* are profoundly instructive, but for the solution of the little world of mind by which they are governed—that is far away. There are perhaps faculties of which we know nothing, as different from ours as reason from impulse; and some objects may be as imperceptible from their minuteness, as others incomprehensible from their magnitude, and either inconceivable from a diversity with which we have no *rapport*. It is questionable whether we yet know much more of the moral organization of an ant-hill or a beehive, than its active and laborious inhabitants of a railroad or a steam-engine. To these reflections we might call evidence from the faculty of the carrier-pigeon, which has been brought in a basket a hundred miles from home, and immediately upon being liberated, soars into the air, and strikes away in a direct line for the place from whence he came: or the dog which, after having been transported four hundred miles on the top of a coach by day and night, and lost at the end of his journey, found his way home on foot, through a country which he had never scented, and much which he had never seen—through crowded cities, and multitudes of devious roads. "Wonderful instinct!" is the uninquiring exclamation. But "*instinct*" is a conventional term, a resource of ignorance to express that which we do not understand,—as in the gloom of science, the "*abhorrence of nature for a vacuum*" was the solution of the ascent of fluids in an exhausted tube. *Why* nature "*abhors*" a vacuum is now understood, but we have made no progress in the moral philosophy of instinct. In addition to our senses, the dog probably possesses faculties of which we know nothing; its approximation to reason is often very close, and the distinction not easily defined. It possesses memory in a

strong degree, and, to a certain extent, an observation of causes and effects,—as the monkey, who became intoxicated with brandy, would never afterwards indulge in spirits. This semi-reasoning faculty produces a result of reflective action which frequently exhibits extraordinary instances of combination, not only in the conduct of the animal, but with the superior powers of man, and the diverse endowments, or increase of force in the union of their own species. Of the former we remember an amusing example in a shepherd's dog, belonging to a farm upon the skirts of the sand-hills between Findhorn and Burghead. This tract, overgrown with bents, and bordered by whins, is inhabited by vast numbers of rabbits which burrow in the banks, and feeding upon the short grass between the furze bushes, at the slightest sound or motion vanish like phantoms into their holes. The neighbouring farms being arable, our colly had little to do, and therefore spent three-fourths of his leisure in hunting. By the time, however, that he arrived at days of discretion—for he was born upon the farm—he discovered that running coney was like the endeavours of Ulysses to embrace the ghost of his mother. It was not long before he understood the cause of his unprofitable sport, and instead, therefore, of prowling among the whins in the vain pursuit of such phantom game, he went quietly to some secluded spot, and laying down behind a bush, watched until the rabbits came out to feed, and were at a convenient distance from their burrows, when he made a rush—not at them, but at their earths; and, as they whisked round one side of the bushes, “chopped” on the other, and met them at their holes. When first we knew him, he was a lean disappointed Don Quixote of dogs; but in the space of six months after his change of hunting, he became a fat, spruce, high feathered cockscomb of a colly, with a tail like an ostrich, and a coat as sleek and well

“lined” as Shakespeare’s Justice. His conscience, however, was not so good as his condition. Although he knew nothing of the Acts “anent Stancks,” “Dowcatts and Cuningaries,” he was sensible of the unlawfulness of his practices, and so vigilant against surprise, that, during the years of our mutual “herryschips” among the whins, we never met but twice, and that upon his road home. Yet he had never been “stung” by keepers for his trespasses, for the ground was like all Morayland to the old Monroes, “where every man was free to take his prey.” At our meeting, however, he immediately “avoided” behind the bushes; and had he been an *Irish* dog with “a beard upon his upper lip,” according to the statutes, an Englishman would have been fully justified in the presumption that he was “going to or coming from robbing,” and should have sent his head to the “castle of Trim” upon much less suspicion.

Of the combinations between dogs and their masters, there was a remarkable instance in a thorough-bred colly which belonged to a shepherd who lived in a solitary cabin upon the marches of the old forests of Monar and Glen-Strath-Fàrar. According to report, the swain loved the deer better than his sheep, and though nobody concerned ever saw him kill one, it was said that “skinned beasts” hung in his byre, when neither “marts” nor “morkins” could have afforded him beef. From that similarity of taste which subsists between dogs and their masters, the colly equally preferred tracking a stag to herding wethers. With the sagacity of his race, however, he well knew that he should never provide venison to himself, according to Mrs Glass’ premier maxim of gastronomy—“First catch your hare”—and he had, therefore, learned to appreciate the value of Colin’s black musket, the effects of which he knew as well as the pointer, who, when he hears the click made by cocking a gun,

immediately cocks his own ears, and looks eagerly before the sportsman for the object of the shot. For this reason, perhaps, as well as the extraordinary education so often effected in his species, he not only never stole away to hunt alone, but even if he found a track when his master was at home, he immediately returned to bring him out for its pursuit. Upon these occasions, when the shepherd was occupied, he attracted his notice by whining, wagging his tail, looking wistfully in his face, then to the door, and sometimes when these hints failed, taking him by the coat, and drawing him towards the porch. One day, after an invitation of this kind, the shepherd took down his gun, which was always loaded, and upon following the dog, he brought him to a moss where he found the fresh slot of a very large stag. As soon as the colly saw that his master had taken the track, he proceeded carefully before him, occasionally stuffing his nose into the deep prints with a snuff of satisfaction, and, when the soft ground was lost, leading steadily forward through the deep heath, and over the bare rocks, until wherever the earth or moss appeared, the slots were again visible. Thus he brought his master for ten miles across the glens, through woods, and over hills and waters, until at the approach of evening, the shepherd discovered the deer feeding in a coire, and bidding the dog to his heel, stalked and shot the stag.

Similar combinations between hunting dogs have frequently been noticed. In a state of nature their species are gregarious animals, and not only associate, but hunt in packs, by which co-operation they are able to run down and vanquish large animals, which otherwise they could never overtake or subdue. This confederate principle is sometimes manifested among domestic dogs of opposite qualifications; and we have had two remarkable allies in a spaniel and a greyhound which had frequently

been taken out to hunt together, the former to find, and the latter to run. This union had made them perfectly acquainted with their mutual qualifications and deficiencies; and Carlo knew very well—which some cockers do not—that he should never *catch* hares in his life, and Luath was equally sensible that he was very ill at finding them. Accordingly—but always when he believed himself unobserved—if Carlo wished for a day's sport, he went to look for his companion, gamboled about him, as if inviting him to play—nibbled his ear—pinched his tail—took a little run and looked back, and returned and performed various incitements until his friend obeyed the hint, and then, with a careless and unconscious air, they trotted off together, but very quietly, occasionally stopping at a stone, or examining this or that plant with a preoccupied look, as if they were only going to the stables or the kennel, until they were out of sight—and then!—They never came home till night, when they returned tired, and daggled, and dirty, and as stiff as old turnspits.—The little silky cocker in tight black breeches, his long ears drabbed with moss and combed with briers, and “the father-of-long-legs,” as if lead had been run into his tail, his eyes like dead fishes, his beard standing on end in *red* wiry whiskers, and his white gorget as if he had cut his throat.—Upon these occasions nobody knew what had become of them, until one day that the shepherd met them in the hill, Carlo beating the ground before Luath as regularly as ever he did before Duncan Campbell, and Luath following with the same keen and vigilant gaze with which he used to pace beside his master's pony till he heard the “*soho!*”—This he did not fail to get from Carlo, with a voice like a bell, as soon as he had found, and away they went;—Carlo of course *con amore* for exercise, and that his companion might not have too much time for uncasing the hare: they divided her, however,

with very good fellowship.—Luath, to be sure, as became his noble blood, had the largest share, not only because he was first at work, but—because he would have it so.—Carlo, said the shepherd, sometimes remonstrated about the division, especially if he was late up,—to which Luath replied sharply, and, as Donald supposes—“What was the use of your finding if I had not run into her?—hold your tongue, Sir!”—Upon which Carlo modestly drooped his black silky ears, and picked his bone in silence; and when he had made as much as he could out of the giblets of that hare, “gathered”—as the shepherd said—“a cheery countenance,” and took the bents to seek another.

These combinations exist to a certain extent among all gregarious creatures, and often evince a degree of reasoning power which has been little examined and less understood. One distinction of the animal mind appears to be, that although it combines causes and consequences, it does not distinguish their extent or limits, or modifications of matter, circumstance, and probability. An incident among some of our little neighbours in Tarnaway illustrates this definition. In our bothy, among other miscellanies, there was a tray of rifle balls, which were soon discovered by the mice.—“Of things unknown,” says Dr Johnson, “we can only judge by things known.”—The mice knew nothing about guns, but they were very well acquainted with nuts; the balls being round and hard, and very large, they took them for fine “*cobs*,” or “*filberts*,” and set to work to crack them.—This, however, gave them a good deal of trouble. Our balls diminished, and we could not think what filled the tray with fine lead raspings, for they were just too large for a file, till one day we found a two-ounce bullet reduced to its half. There was a small hollow in its middle, caused by a bubble of air in the casting; to this one side had been reduced, and the surface of the section exhibited the

sharp gouging of the little teeth which had cut it down to the hole, but stopped as soon as they found it empty. Whenever a mouse finds the cavity of a decayed nut, he immediately leaves it and tries another.—Our little neighbour thought the hollow ball was a bad nut, and cut up half a dozen solid ones in looking for the kernels.—The unreflecting find no difficulty in these traits of intelligence; they possess a universal solution in the word “*instinct*”—with which they associate a species of inspiration, according to which the animal acts by an involuntary impulse, and thus the mouse consumed balls by an irresistible propensity for round objects; and the dog went to Exeter and the bird to London, as the mind of Samuel followed the beasts of Kish, and the spirit of Elijah accompanied the steps of Gehazi. Such is the popular idea of instinct—a mindless necessity, by which the creature performs without ideas the operations of his immediate demands. Heaven, however, has endued him with the ordinary physical senses, and a certain unknown degree of reasoning power to govern his existence. In proportion as the moral faculty has been restricted, the physical has been increased.—Like us, he possesses sight, touch, hearing, smelling, and memory—but how much more?—What of which we have no knowledge—no occasion in our existence—no suspicion in our ignorance!—“*Mirabilis facta est scientia tua ex me: Confortata est, et non potero ad eam.*”

PAGE 67, NOTE 31. *The Lily Lea.*

The lily of the valley is indigenous in the forest of Tarnaway, where it grows in large and luxuriant beds; the first which we discovered were on a bank between the

"Castle Pots" and the flat of the "Ledanreich." It was in the midst of a long run the buck was making wide circles, which we had vainly endeavoured to intercept. At length, as he grew weary, his "treasons" contracted. We were in the midst of a round of passes, the dogs were in full cry, and circling towards us, when, running for the "bealach," as we plunged down a steep bank, we felt a cloud of faint perfume, and looking down, saw that we were in the centre of a wide mass of lilies of the valley in full bloom. We found them afterwards in various other parts of the forest, and in such abundance, that at evening, the sheets of white blossom looked like flakes of snow in the deep gloom of the blue pines, and at night, when the flowers could not be distinguished, they were discovered by the odour which rose from our feet as we crushed them.

PAGE 75, NOTE 32. *Olden Mirth.*

The merry and generous people of the middle ages, who knew nothing of the modern apathy which renders it unpolite to confess any emotion, were wont to indulge the demonstrations of grief and joy without restraint; and as knights and heroes were not ashamed to "fall on the necks" of their friends, "and lift up their voices and weep," so neither did they deny themselves the happiness of laughing heartily, and it must be confessed, at jests, and passages of wit, in which the modern more phlegmatic reader can scarce discover any risibility. Thus it is difficult for us to understand why, when Sir Dinadan alluded to his buffet, Sir Launcelot and King Arthur "*launched that they might not sit*,"¹—nor why, when the

¹ Hist. Prince Arth. Part II. clxiv.

same merry knight was disarmed and brought before Queen Guiniver and the Haughty Prince, "they *laughed so sore that they might not stand.*"¹ Nor in what consisted the humour of the repartee at which the same queen and prince "*laughed that they might not sit at table.*"² Neither do we participate in the "immoderate" merriment of King Marke, when told by Sir Tristram, that his "mother was a whale, and his nurse a tigress."³—Like the urchins in our tale, the glee seems to have been in the light heart of the laughers rather than the wit of the provoker; and testifies, that if the comedy of our ancestors was less, their good humour was greater than that of their apathetic and supercilious descendants, who disdain to laugh, and have not the heart to weep with their friends.

PAGE 78, NOTE 33. *Fey*,

Predestined, doomed, O. S.

"So fends his men with his deyr worthi hand,
The fyrst was *fey* that he before him fand."
Bl. Min. Wal. viii. 833, MS. Orig.

PAGE 80, NOTE 34. *Tarn-Cap.*

The dwarf by whom the cap was possessed is here intended. The cap itself was one of the wonders of northern enchantment, and belonged to the same magic wardrobe with the "*Nebel-kappe*," or cloud-cloak, and the "swift shoes," and "seven-league boots," worn by Alberich, Loke, Jack the Giant-killer, and other dwarfs, giants, and mystical personages of the same family. Like

¹ Rom. Prince Arth. Part II. cxxxiii.

² Ib. cxxxv.

³ Rom. Sir Tristram, Frag. Douce MS.

the "Nebel-kappe," it had the virtue to render the wearer invisible, and was equally familiar to the Germans, the Scandinavians, and the Tartars. By its assistance Wolf Dietrich saved his life from the giantess.

"Mournful he sighed for his good blade,
 Dame Grel had stolen from his aid:
 A dwarf who heard as he deplored,
 And wist where laid the mighty sword,
 A *Tarn-cap* cast upon his head,
 And to the hidden falchion led."¹

Of the equal familiarity of the Tarn-cap among the Calmucs, an example is given in the romance of Seidi Kurr:—

"The khan's son and his servant, travelling along a river, came to a wood where they met several small people no bigger than children, quarrelling about something which they had found.

" 'What is the matter?'—said the prince.

" 'We have found a cap in the wood,' said the dwarfs, —'and we all want it.'

" 'What is it better than any other cap?'—said the young khan.

" 'Whoever puts it on his head cannot be seen by gods, men, or Tchadkurs.'

" 'Very well'—said the prince—'we will settle your dispute presently.—Go away all of you to the wood side, and run a race to this place, and whoever wins shall have the cap.'

"The dwarfs agreed, and went to the wood, and ran with all their might, but when they came up the cap and the servant were gone, for the prince had put it on his head, and he became invisible. The dwarfs sought it in vain, and the khan's son and his servant continued their journey."—*Quart. Rev.* xxi. 106.

¹ Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 91.

PAGE 83, NOTE 35. *Hot Trod.*

This phrase, synonymous with what modern sportsmen call the "*hot-foot*," was an old Border term for a pursuit upon the fresh track of fugitives, chiefly the moss-trooping marauders. It was made with bloodhound, and out-horn, and sometimes a burning brand upon the head of a spear, the followers sounding their horn and crying their slogan to raise the country upon the pursuit. It was common upon both sides of the march; and if the dog could trace the scent it was lawful to follow wherever he should lead, into any house, and even into the opposite kingdom.¹ A tradition of the sixteenth century relates a curious instance of the sagacity of the bloodhound. Veitch of Dawk having lost some sheep, which were driven off by Dickie of the Den, a Liddesdale outlaw, assembled his servants and followers, and pursued their track with the sleuth-dog. The hound led them on for many miles, till, on the banks of the Liddel, he stopped at a very large hay-stack, which he would not leave, and, upon tearing down the hay, both Dickie and the sheep were found concealed within a recess at the centre of the stack.²

PAGE 86, NOTE 36. *Extinct Animals.*

The prevalence of the wolf in Scotland, even to a late period, is well known; but there were various other animals equally aboriginal, though now long forgotten in the

¹ Sir J. Balfour, *Prac.* p. 60.

² *Min. Scot. Bord.*, 8vo, Ed. 1823, i. 169.

British Isles. It admits of a doubt whether among this number there may not have lived within the period of history some varieties, which, like the Siberian Elephant, are now extinct in Europe: But those known to have existed, were the bear, the beaver, the boar, the elk, the wild horse, the greater red deer or wappeti, the white wild bull, and a long-horned species of sylvan cattle, the urus of Europe, the wild cow of India, and the parent of our present domestic beeves. Of the British bears, organic remains have been found in England, and that they continued in the days of the Romans we know from Martial, who declares that they were conveyed to Rome for the cruel purpose of tormenting criminals upon the cross,¹ and since this is noticed, as a characteristic and consequently common occurrence, it indicates that they were numerous at the time, or they would not have been brought from such a distance when they abounded in Italy and Savoy. Of their existence in Wales there are said to be still some traces; and in the Highlands a shadow of their memory is preserved in their Gaelic name—“*Magh-Ghamhainn*,”²—and the traditions of some remote districts, which retain obscure allusions to a rough, dark, grisly monster, the terror of the winter’s tale, and the origin of some obsolete names in the depths of the forest and the dens of the hill. Hence—“*Ruigh-na-béiste*”—The *monster’s* slope,³—“*Loch-na-béiste*”—The *monster’s* lake, &c., for “*beist*” in Gaelic signifies generally—not as may be inferred from its similarity to the English word, a mere animal, for

¹ Epig. i. 7.

² Literally—“the paw calf”—from “*Màg*,” a paw—and “*Gamhainn*,” a year old calf. The name is now often corrupted into—“*Math-Gamhainn*,” the calf of the plain, which has no meaning, for bears are not characteristically inhabitants of plains; but the implied allusion to the size and colour of the calf, with the distinction of the paw, is descriptive of the beast.

³ “*Ruigh*”—signifies literally—the outstretched descent or

that is—"beathach," or—"ainmhidh,"—but—something beyond an ordinary creature, a monster, a beast of prey. Thus in the above instances we believe it to have been derived from the mysterious and exaggerated recollection of the last solitary bear which lingered in the deep recesses of the forest, the terror of the hunter and the herdsman; in places where the name and nature of the wolf has been forgotten, there remains only the vague imagination of an unknown ravening creature, with which is associated the appellation of—"Cù-bheist"—The dog monster—instead of the proper designation of the animal—"Fiadh-Chù," or—"Madadh-alluidh"—The wild dog.

Of the beaver there is later testimony than of the bear; like that animal it has left in its radical Gaelic name—"Dobhar-Chù"¹—the water-dog, an evidence of its aboriginal nativity in Scotland; and its existence in Britain is noticed in a romance² not anterior to the twelfth century, and of which the materials were probably derived from Wales, where the animal remained³ within record, though probably with the same rarity that it is still found on the Amper, the Moldau, and some other parts of Europe.⁴

¹ In the modern confusion of obsolete terms this name is sometimes confounded with that of the other, which is—"Dobhar-an"—but a similar confusion is also found in Latin, at the period when the memory of the animal had become indistinct.

² Fragment of the Romance of Sir Tristram, MS., in the Douce Collection, No. 2.

³ Pennant's Tour in Wales, vol. ii. pp. 134, 299. Lond. 4to, 1783.

⁴ The Amper is a Bavarian stream tributary to the Isar, and the Moldau a river of Bohemia, which falls into the Elbe. The beaver breeds on both these waters; in the former it sometimes descends to its junction, and in the latter it is principally found in the great forest of Prince Schwartzenberg, though occasionally, but very rarely, its tracts are seen on the sands of the low islands near Prague. A specimen of the Moldau beaver is preserved in the zoological class of the Sternberg Museum in that city, and some notices of its habits in the Bohemian forest will be found in the Appendix No. IV

The existence of the wild boar is generally and familiarly remembered in the Highlands.—Its names—“*Fìadh-Chullach*”—generically, the wild hog; “*Fìadh-Thorc*”—the sanglier, or wild boar; “*Fìadh-Mhuc*”—the wild sow—are still well known, and traces of its times and locality are retained in tradition, ancient poetry,¹ and the names of many places denominated from its haunts, as—“*Slochd-Tuirc*,” the boar’s den,—“*Drùim-an-Tuirc*,” the boar’s ridge,—“*Beannan-Tuirc*,” the boar’s mountain, &c., &c. The same districts, and the same class of compositions, retain instances of the name, and make mention of the existence of the elk. The remains of the great fossil animal of Britain and Ireland are well known—but the Gaelic “*Lòn*” was probably a different race, and most likely the same as that now verging towards a general extinction in those remote countries where it has lingered in Europe. With regard to its numbers and period in Scotland, it may be observed, in evidence of its rarity or extinction, that the occurrences of its name, either in tradition or local appellation, are fewer than those of the boar, though allusions to its presence are contained in Gaelic poems and tales, probably of the thirteenth and fourteenth,² and perhaps even as late as the fifteenth century. In one of these, Glen-Shith, a well known valley of the East Highlands, is celebrated for the haunt of the now extinct animal.

——“Gu Glèann-Sith thàrladh na fir; glèann ’an tric guth féidh ’us *Loin*; glèann nan glass chàrn, ’us nan scòr; glèann nan sruth ri uisg’ ’us gaoith.”——

——“They came to Glen-Shi, the glen where *often* is heard the voice of the stag and the *elk*,—glen of grey and stormy cars, and craigs of the rainy streams.”³——

¹ Cath-Loduinn, D. i. ii. iii. Dàna Oisein, 13. Bàs Diarmaid Sean Dàna.

² The Dean of the Isles, Gaelic MS. Collec. High. Soc. Scot. p. 50. Miann a’ Bhàird, sar Obair nam Bàrd, 15.

³ Fragment of an ancient Gaelic poem, communicated by

Of the greater red deer, or wappeti, there is in Gaelic no extant name or tradition separate from the "Damh-feidh an fhàsaich,"¹—which ordinarily signifies the common stag, but might have comprehended the whole genus of an animal which differed only in size; distinct specimens of the horns have, however, been found in various parts of the Highlands, and we have also seen numerous and remarkable examples dug out of the moss of Dalvey near Forres. They were exactly similar to those of the present species in North America, and the largest, though much wasted, indicated an equality in the size of the entire horn, its circumference near the coronet being as large as an ordinary man's wrist.

The animals of which these evidences remain were the inhabitants of that great wing of the primeval Scottish forests, which stretched from the hills through the "Laich," or plain of Moray, and not only along the existing shores of the Frith, but to an unknown extent of savannahs now submerged beneath that estuary.²

Donald MacKenzie, head forester of Braemar. *Vide* also Stuart's Gaelic Grammar, 8vo, Edin. 1812, 195.

¹ Those wide tracts of solitary uninhabited moor or forest, frequented only by the deer and other *Feræ Naturæ*, are called in Gaelic "Am Fàsach"—the wilderness.

² The moss of Dalvey, a continuation to that of Brodie, is part of a long extent of watery morass which extends between those estates and the sea, above the level of which it is little raised. Its peat is thickly intermixed with arborial remains, and, upon the sea-ward side, a firm gravel bank has given foundation to part of the great tract of sand-hills which, since the sixteenth century, have accumulated between Nairn and Burghead. Among these, where the shifting drift lays bare the original soil, there are often found evidences of the human inhabitants contemporary with the animal tenants whose remains are found in those of the forest;—bronze brooches, attaches, a large bracelet, and flint arrow-heads, in every stage of formation, from the first rude flake to the finely finished barbs. These are generally discovered singly; but in one instance,—in a line with the house of Cubin, upon a bed of gravel laid bare after a high wind, there was found a heap of finished and

The skull of the Scots bison, found in the same tract, declares that it was a contemporary of the great extinct

unfinished heads, together with a quantity of chips and *debris*, which indicated that the spot upon which they were discovered was the original place where they had been wrought. These, doubtless the very weapons used against the animals whose tokens are found among the ruins of the once great neighbouring forest, together with the metal reliques, give evidence to the periods of their existence in the ages of stone and bronze. The sylvan remains in the morass of Dalvey and Brodie are only a part of the deposits of the great forest which extend to Burghead, better preserved, and in larger quantities, from their site having been a hollow in the land, converted into a deep peat-moss. Upon the opposite, or sea-ward declination of the sand-range, particularly in the bay of Burghead, at the section formed by the wearing of the sea-bank, the stratum of peat emerges from under the sand-hills, and, dipping with the inclination of the great vale of the Frith, is found in large beds more than a hundred feet below the present high-water line. From thence these layers descend into the sea, to an unknown distance, but frequently, after a storm, masses of forty and fifty feet in length are washed on shore; and once, during a heavy gale, the sailors of an Inverness smack observed such a fragment rise to the surface of the water, apparently just detached from the bottom. In the section of the stratum which appears in the sea-scarp of the sand-hills, the remains of birch, and oak, and fir, are thickly intermixed, exhibiting a degree of preservation which has retained the bark as well as the fibrous material of the wood. In these instances, the peat is of a dry quality, and, unless elevated by a rising in the coast, lying far above any possible action of the sea, was probably created by the extinction of the trees in the accumulation of sand by which they have been buried. The general destruction of the forest was perhaps effected by the great overwhelming tide which, in the thirteenth century,* submerged a large tract of country in the east coast of Scotland, though similar eruptions in anterior times may have contributed to the encroachments of the sea. That the final extermination of the forest was owing to such a temporary cause is rendered probable by the appearance of a double action in the operations of the sea upon the coast, exhibiting the traces of submersion and retirement; for while, at the present day, the stratum of peat is found descending far into the frith, beds of sea-sand, and large quantities of cockle and other marine shells in a recent state, are discovered at the distance of a mile inland from the existing strand. This is very observable on the lowest land of the coast

* Haller's Annals, sub anno 1266.

deer in this sylvan range, and similar discoveries in various districts evince its presence in the interior forests. In

near the house of Milton-Brodie ; and as upon other sandy and shingly shores the sea is still receding and banking out itself by the accumulations continually washed up by the flood-tides, ages of high-water ridges are thus left dry above their present action, and a similar retirement from the sandy flats is equally conspicuous in its progress. Upon the carse of Dallness, between Campbelltown and Nairn, an old pensioner named MacLeod, who was born and died in Fishertown, remembered to have seen, when a boy, the fishwives digging bait on the wet sands left by the ebb tide, where now sheep are grazed upon a well-vegetated salt-marsh ; and a little higher, in the firm turf of the older pasture, at a recent period, a man casting divots uncovered a paved way extending towards the sea, and terminating in a rude pier covered by the sand, but still retaining an iron ring to which boats had been moored. In 1826, when we received this information from MacLeod, he was eighty-four years of age, from whence it is probable that the period of the change described by him was within the year 1752. This still continued retirement of the sea has probably been in progress since the great deluge noticed by Lord Hailes. The tract of forest probably then submerged in the coast mosses, and below the existing limits of the frith, was a skirt of the great primeval cloud which covered the hills and plains of Scotland before they were cleared by its inhabitants. Remains of this great *Silvia Caledonia* are still left in the low-country woods of Tarnaway, Calder, Culmonai, Farness, and Dulsie, in the high-land extents of Rothermurchas and Abernethy, and, until recently, in Glen-Fishie and Glen-Mòr, from the last of which the late Duke of Gordon furnished timber for a ship of the line and several smaller vessels. Where the trees have disappeared the mosses teem with their remains, and tradition bears testimony to their existence. In almost every bog, great trunks of oaks and pines are continually dug up or laid bare by the streams, frequently in a state of preservation, which admits of their being yet wrought as timber ; and some of the oldest inhabitants alive, within our knowledge, have remembered how, "when they were bairns," the wives and lassies from the Laich of Forres were used to visit the braes of Moray at autumn, to gather nuts in the woods round the foot of the "K-Nock"—now a wide extent of naked moor,—and how, in the recollections of still farther times, they had heard their grandfathers describe the travellers, who, passing from Strath-Spey to Nairn, when they entered the woods at Castle Grant, had "*never seen the sun until they came out below Calder.*" In all parts of the high and low country, great tracts of woods were destroyed by conflagrations, not only kindled by muir-burns and

draining the Loch of Restinet, a fine head, with all the teeth in perfect preservation, was found among the stumps of trees at its bottom. These remains were accompanied by another, which gave evidence of their co-existence with the early inhabitants of the country—for there was discovered in the same place, an ancient canoe¹ of great size hollowed

the fires of hunters, but to clear the country. In many tracts of moss, the stools of the trees still bear the charred appearance and conical cores left by the flames. Those vast conflagrations, still so terrible in Africa and America, afford frequent vivid similes in the old Gaelic poems. In some districts the remembrance of their occurrence is yet retained by the old people; and one of the last examples is recent, in Lord Lovat's deer-forest of Glen-Strath-Fàrar, where twelve miles of pine, birch, and oak woods, were burned in the tenantry of the late Eskedail to *improve* the sheep pasture. The devastations of Oliver Cromwell in the vast oak and fir woods of Loch-Aber are well known; and the old people still retain traditions of the native clearances in the same century, when the great tracts south of Loch-Treig, and upon the Blackwater, were set on fire to exterminate the wolves. By similar, but more improvident destruction, at a later period, the Highlands became divested of the great forests, of which large tracts still remained in the seventeenth century. The introduction of the sheep completed the extermination, by preventing any reproduction. The pine having no shoots from the stool, when its forest is wholly consumed by fire, it is rare that, in dry fire-blasted ground, there is any resurrection from the seed. The wonderful vitality in the roots of the oak and birch again give birth to a new growth; but, since the introduction of the sheep, this also is prevented: those close-browsing animals seek out, and immediately eat down the young shoots, never permitting them to rise above the heather, so that generally, upon hills closely pastured, when a wood is felled, its fall is final, and even the traces of its existence are soon obliterated. In the braes of Loch-Aber we have seen a hill-side which, thirty years before, was covered by a fine wood of birch, and at the time of our visit no traces of a single stump or shoot remained.

¹ Boats of this kind have been found in various parts of Scotland. In cutting the road from the ferry of Shui into the woods of Tarnaway, a very well formed specimen was discovered in the soft bank of the forest, opposite to the rocks of Mornachai. It was flat-bottomed, exceedingly well proportioned, and beautifully squared both within and without, slightly tapering towards the extremities, the form of which could not be decided, as their

out of a very large oak. Of the animal thus associated with the original people, some traditionary remembrance has descended with their successors.—The earliest Gaelic poetry bears allusion to its presence, its name——“*Tarbh-mòr an fhàsaich*”——is still retained with a degree of awe by the old people, and its locality is yet perpetuated in some few legends, and the names of a few remote places called after its haunts. Many a little lake bears this remembrance, and near the head of Loch Lomond is a vast fragment of rock called——“*Clach nan tarbh*,”——The bulls’ stone ; and the exaggeration of its legend, illustrates the traditionary terror associated with the animal. The mass, which is as large as a cottage, lies at the foot of a range of precipices, from whence it has fallen in some convulsion of the world.——“In the days of Fion”——says the tale——“two wild bulls were fighting beneath the craigs, and so shook the earth with the violence of their bounds, that the craigs trembled above them, and the loosened rock rolling down upon the field buried them beneath it”——“where”——adds the legend——“their bones may be found at the present day.”

The remembrance of the last of the species may still be traced in the numerous tales of the “Water Bull,” said to haunt so many small sequestered lakes in the Highlands. It is easy to resolve this fable into the associations of the last animal of the district, exaggerated by its mysterious seclusion and ferocious nature. The wild bull, like the stag, is fond of deep solitude, water, and marshy places, and in summer retires to remote lakes and

terminations were destroyed. The sides were about three inches thick, and the whole work had been very neatly performed with axes or adzes. The diameter of the tree out of which it was hewn must have been about four feet ; and its existence where it was found, is an evidence of the ancient date of the forest, in the skirt of which it was discovered.

rivers, loving to stand in the water, and wallow in the mire. When the wild cattle were reduced to here and there a single individual, his haunt would be often—in some seasons always—about the margins of the small marshy lakes in the depths of the woods, where, formidable to the hunter, and a terror to women and children, he would soon become the minotaur of the neighbourhood, and hence the superstitions associated with all those little lakes in the Highlands called *Bull-Lochs*.

It is likely that some of these legendary recollections had origin as late as the sixteenth century, an era for much of the existing romance of the Highlands, and a period when Boethius and Lesly described the white bison with a particularity of details which renders it probable that they derived them from the traditions of their own age. The notices of the former historian are thus translated by Bellenden:—"In the Caledonian wood were sometime white bulls with crisp and curling manes, like fierce lions, and though they seemed meek and tame in the remanent figure of their bodies, they were more wild than any other beasts, and had such hatred against the society and company of men, that they never came in the woods nor lesuris where they found any foot or hand thereof, and many days after they eat not of the herbs that were touched or handled by man. These bulls were so wild that they were never taken but by sleight and crafty labour, and so impatient, that after they were taken they died from insupportable dolour. As soon as any man invaded these bulls, they rushed with such terrible press upon him that they struck him to the earth, taking no fear of hounds, sharp lances, or other most penetrative weapons."¹—Lesly gives a similar account of the animals,

¹ Descrip. of Albion, p. xxxix. Ed. 1822.

and adds, that in his time they were preserved in the parks of Stirling, Cumbernauld, and Kincardine ¹

From the latter remains, and a similar remnant of the race in England, a continuation of the breed has been brought down to the present day, in the ancient park of the Duke of Hamilton at Cadzow, of the Earl of Tankerville at Chillingham, and of Lord Ferrers at Chartly, and, until the end of the last century, in that of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig. These beautiful animals have still retained a sufficient remains of their ancient character to determine their relation to the bison species: they have now lost the mane and much of their ferocity; but the high shoulders and short horns, and the lion-like neck which they originally possessed, prove their affinity to the former race, and their distinction from the urus of Europe, which was the northern tribe of the wild beeves of India and Africa.

Concerning the relics of the breed preserved at Drumlanrig, we cannot give any certain details, since the whole herd was sold by the late Duke to an English nobleman, and driven over the border about seventy years ago. The tradition of Drumlanrig relates that they were originally brought from the Highlands; but in the absence of any

¹ "In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidem bos, nunc vero rarior, qui colore candidissimo, jubam densam, ac demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus, ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel habitu perflaverint, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinnerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed etiam ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscuè homines cornibus, ac ungulis peteret, ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus planè contemneret ejus carnes cartilaginosæ, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus, tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingi, Cummernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ."—Lesly, Scot. Descrip. p. 19. Romæ, 4to, 1578.

record, we have no doubt that, like those of the Duke of Hamilton, they were an indigenous breed, preserved from the remains of the border or Clydesdale woods, unless, indeed, they were introduced from the famous parks of Cadzow or Cumbernauld, where they were confessedly coëval with the aboriginal forests of their districts. In the time of the Blind Minstrel, large tracts of Lanark, Stirling, and Perthshire, were so covered with natural woods, that he represents Sir William Wallace and his adherents as frequently concealed within their covert, and crossing large extents of country under their shelter.

In the woody park of Cadzow, a domain of unknown antiquity, and the original seat of the noble family of Hamilton, oaks of an immense age still bear evidence of a native wild, inclosed out of the woods, ancient in the time of the minstrel, and doubtless a remnant of the great primeval forest once extending throughout central Scotland. The family of Hamilton have possessed Cadzow since the reign of Robert the Bruce, and according to its tradition, the white cattle had existed in that domain beyond the memory of man, and there is therefore every reason to believe that, like the patriarchal oaks with which they have descended, they are a remnant of the aboriginal forest. We know not upon what authority Sir Walter Scott asserted that they were extirpated for their ferocity about the year 1769.¹ But not only is there no notice of such a fact to be traced in Lanarkshire, but we have the authority of the Duke of Hamilton for declaring that, according to universal tradition, the breed has continued unbroken and unmixed since the period of its indigenous origin.

In appearance and features all the known relics of the whole race have retained the same characteristics. Those of Cadzow are now about sixty in number, of a pure

¹ *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 8vo. Lond. 1809. Notes, p. 40.

white colour, their eyes dark blue, their noses black, the ears tipped and lined with the same colour, the horns white, tipped with black, and the feet generally speckled, according as the hair above the hoof is black or white. The bulls have now in a great degree lost their manes, and the cows are horned or "humble" indifferently. The general size of the animal is a degree larger than the West Highland cattle, fat bulls of seven or eight years old weighing about fifty-five to sixty stones; cows full grown from twenty-eight to thirty-five stones.¹

Although by long limit to the semi-domestic state of an inclosed park, familiarized to the sight of man, the animals have lost their original ferocity, the bulls are fierce when pursued, and at all times shy.

The cattle of Drumlanrig appear to have been exactly the same race as those of Hamilton. By the account which we have received from one of the oldest and most intelligent tenants upon the estate, "they were compact beautiful animals, and in size equal to the old Annandale breed, about thirty stones weight; many, if not all, had black ears, and a cow related to the race, and alive at Holm within memory, had black ears and hoofs, though her eyes, probably in consequence of the cross, were of a reddish colour."²

The Chillingham cattle were no doubt remains of the same race aboriginal in England when common to the British islands, and, indeed, to Western and Northern, if not all, Europe. Of their origin no record nor tradition remains. The park of Chillingham, of very ancient date, was probably inclosed soon after the Conquest, and has been in possession of the Greys, ancestors of the present noble proprietor, since the reign of Henry III. It is the

¹ Tron weight, 22 lbs. to the stone.

² Information by Mr George Dalziel, from the recollection of his father, a very old man, Holm of Drumlanrig. Sept. 1846.

opinion of Lord Tankerville that, "in a distant period, some of the existing cattle of the country were inclosed in it; and beyond any knowledge they have been preserved in a wild state, and separated from all intercourse with other cattle." In their habits they still retain the characteristics of wild animals, feeding by night, and like deer flying to the woods when they take the wind of man.

The number now maintained at Chillingham is above seventy: both cows and bulls are handsomely formed, and in fine condition. All the herd are very wild, and the bulls fierce when disturbed, still retaining so much of the warlike spirit attributed by Boethius to their Caledonian relatives, that, when wounded, they immediately charge the aggressor with such fury that he has no escape but by a tree or a better shot. In colour and features we have discovered no diversity from the Scottish breed, except by the inside of the ears, which, instead of black, is red. The rest of the body is invariably of a pure white, the ears only, and the eyes, nose, hoofs, and tips of the horns, being black. Like the Hamilton breed, when the hair about the hoof is mixed, the hoof also is "scaured" with white.

Of the origin of the Charty cattle we are ignorant—and there is little to say concerning them, except that they are in a very miserable condition; but naturally, both in appearance and habits, they resemble those of Chillingham.

In noticing the existing white bulls of Scotland and England, it is surprising that Sir Walter Scott should have doubted their identity with the ancient Caledonian breed, because they had lost some degree of their ferocity and bulk. "They do not"—he remarks—"by any means come near the terrific descriptions given by the ancient authors, which has made some naturalists think that these

animals should probably be referred to a different species.” —“The bones, which are often discovered in Scottish mosses, certainly belong to a species of animal much larger than those of Chillingham.”¹ This decrease is the consequence which necessarily ensues to all savage animals long confined within a circumscribed range, not only from their semi-domestic habits, but especially from the continuance of breeding “in and in ;” a cause which alone will reduce and change all beasts in an extraordinary manner. Those who have observed the descent of any kinds restrained from their original freedom, and propagated from the *same family*, know how rapidly and how greatly they decline in spirit, size, and force, and hence so far from citing the diminutions of the existing white cattle, as evidence against their supposed origin, we ought to acknowledge that the characteristics, which they still retain, are satisfactory testimonies of their identity.

The remains of the ancient race, thus lingering in Scotland and England, though mixed considerably, are still retained as a common breed in Poland, from whence they are exported in large numbers into Bohemia. The purest which we have seen, are of a fine and spotless white, with black ears, eyes, noses, and hoofs, the horns tipped with the same colour, and the hoofs like those of the English and Scottish race, black, grey, or variegated with white, according to the hair about the joint. Though devoid of mane, some have still a tendency to a longer, thicker, and curling coat upon the neck ; and all are remarkable for their bison character, the vast high shoulder, and fore quarter, the inferior flank and hind legs, the straight wedged-shaped head, short horns, square front, and wild deer’s eye. There is a more common, and more

¹ Castle Dangerous, Abbotsford Edit., p. 319.

mixed breed, of a pale bluish-grey colour, more or less removed from white, and more or less degenerated from the organic characteristics of the white breed, according as they have been more or less removed by cross of blood.

Although, from the mystery of their distant existence, the earlier extinct animals are objects of the most curiosity, the later continuance of the wolf has left an interesting portion of traditionary remains; and its history may be traced from the time when the country was so overrun by its droves, that January, the principal month of their ravages, was called "*wolf-moneth*," the wolves' month. From that period to the seventeenth century, they were, at times, a devastating race, whose numbers provoked a legislative proscription. The reward set upon their heads in England, by Edward I., caused their rapid extinction in that country; and similar "*pole-gilds*," in all others, gave origin to the old English name for an outlaw—"Wolf's-head." In Scotland, however, the great forests, and wide mountain wilds, served as preserves for their species, and the efforts of the government being in an inverse ratio to their increase, they multiplied accordingly. Edicts for their suppression were nevertheless passed from time to time. In the reign of James I. it was enacted, that, in the "*gangand*" time of the year, each baron should summon his tenants to seek out the wolves and wolf-cubs through his barony, and hunt in person four times in the year, and as often more as any wolf was seen within his bounds. Each tenant, who failed in attendance, to be fined "*ane wedder*" for each neglect; but except in the public huntings of the barony, no man to "*seek the wolf with shot*." The reward to the slayers two shillings for every head brought to the baron.¹ Un-

¹ 7th Jam. I. c. 104.

der James II. another act was passed, ordaining that, in those districts where wolves were known to be, the sheriff or the bailies should gather the country-folk three times in the cub season, between St Mark's day and Lammas, upon pain of a wedder for each non-appearance. The reward to the killer of each wolf sixpence, from the baron or the sheriff to whom the head was presented, and one penny from each householder of the parish where the wolf was killed.¹

In some active instances, the exertion of these statutes might have cleared local districts, and a remarkable example of success was given by a woman—Lady Margaret Lyon, Baroness to Hugh third Lord Lovat. This lady, having been brought up in the low country, at a distance from the wolves, was probably the more affected by their neighbourhood, and caused them to be so vigorously pursued in the Aird that they were exterminated out of their principal hold in that range. According to the Wardlaw MS., “she was a stout bold woman, a great huntress; she would have travelled in our hills a-foot, and perhaps out-wearied good footmen. She purged mount Caplach of the wolves. There is a seat there called Ellig-ni Banitearn.² She lived in Phoppachy, near the sea, in a stanck-house,³ the vestige whereof remains to this very

¹ 14th Jam. II. 88.

² Probably “*Ceileadh na Bain-tighearna* :”—Ga. The lady's screen or concealment. “*Ceileadh*,” pronounced nearly “*Kelleg*.” The seat, as usual at a pass, was probably behind trees, stones, or some other shelter from discovery. The minister of Wardlaw having been ignorant of Gaelic, all the words of that language in his book are gross corruptions.

³ By a “*stanck-house*” is meant a *moated-house*; for “*stanck*,” literally a pool, is applied to a ditch or fosse, because it was frequently filled with water. Thus in the account of the hunting-lodge built by the Earl of Atholl for James V., it is said that it was defended by “a draw-brig, and a greit *stanck* of water of sixteen foot deep and thirty foot of breadth.”—Pitcottie's Hist. Scot., 146. The vestiges of Lady Lovat's *stanck-house* existed in the

day.”¹—Mount Caplach is the highest range of the Aird, running parallel to the Beaully Frith, behind Moniach and Lentron. Though the place of the lady’s seat is now forgotten, its existence is still remembered, and said to have been at a pass where she sat when the woods were driven for the wolves, not only to see them killed, but to shoot at them with her own arrows. The period of her repression of the wolves is indicated by the succession of her husband to the Lordship of Lovat, which was in 1450, and it is therefore probable, that the “purging” of “Mount Caplach” was begun soon after that date.

Such partial expulsions, however, had little effect upon the general “head” of wolves, which, fostered by the great Highland forests, increased at intervals to an alarming extent. In the time of James V. their numbers and ravages were formidable. At that period great part of Ross, Inverness, almost the whole of Cromarty, and large tracts of Perth and Argyleshire, were covered with forests of pine, birch, and oak, the remains of which continued to our own time in Braemar, Invercauld, Rothiemurchus, Arisaig, the banks of Loch-Ness, Glen Strath-Färrar, and Glen-Garrie; and it is known from history and tradition that the braes of Moray, Nairn, and Glen-Urcha, the glens of Loch-Aber and Loch-Erroch, the moors of Rannach, and the hills of Ardgour,² were covered

garden of the present farm of Phoppachy to a recent period, when the last stones were removed by an old man named MacCallum, who is still alive. Of the walls, there remained little more than the foundations, the limited area of which indicated that the original building had been a moated tower, the size of an ordinary “peel,” and the site of the moat was still visible in a mire or choked ditch which surrounded the ruined foundation.

¹ MS. History of the Frasers, in the Library of Lord Lovat, p. 44. Also the curious account of the North Highlands, called the “Wardlaw MS.,” in the possession of Mr Thomson, Inverness, p. 67.

² MacFarlane’s Geographical Collections, MS., Bibl. Facult. Jurid. II. 192.

in the same manner. All these clouds of forests were more or less frequented by the wolves. Boethius mentions their numbers and devastation in his time,¹ and in various districts where they last remained, the traditions of their haunts are still familiarly remembered. Loch-Sloigh and Strath-Earn are still celebrated for their resort, and there were recently alive in Loch-Aber old people who related, from their predecessors, that, when all the country from the Lochie to Loch-Erroch was covered by a continuous pine forest, the eastern tracts upon the Black-water and the wide wilderness, stretching towards Rannach, were so dense, and infested by the rabid droves, that they were almost impassable. In the time of Queen Mary they were so numerous, through a large part of the Highlands, that, in the winter, it was necessary to provide houses or "spittals," as they were called, to afford lodgings for travellers who might be overtaken by night, where there was no place of shelter;² hence the origin of the "Spittal of Glen-Shee," and similar appellations in other places.

From this period, in those districts where the wolves last abounded, many traditions of their history and haunts have descended to our time. The greatest number, preserved in one circle, were in the neighbourhood of Strath-Earn; and we give the following, told to us by an old forester at Kinloch-Earn, as an example of their familiar recollection in the belief of that combination which, however exaggerated, is still attributed to the animal in those countries where it exists:—

"Among the herds of Edin-Ampul there was a white bull, the king of the pasture, and perhaps, from his colour, in some degree related to the old hero of Galbunn."³

¹ Scot. Hist. fol. 7.

² Holins. Scot. Chron.

³ It is not improbable that the white bulls of the Highlands were a mixed breed from the wild bisons. They were greatly

As in the hill shealings, there was in Glen-Ampul, by the side of the burn, a turf '*bothan*,' or hut for the shelter

valued by the old pastoral chiefs, and the rivalry for their possession sometimes caused bitter feuds. Mrs Grant has related the disgrace of a proprietor who failed to rescue a beautiful animal of the distinguished colour, which had been driven off his lands by a hostile clan; and the bull of Galbunn was himself the cause of a deadly quarrel. His property has, however, been claimed by Ireland, though some believe his locality to have been the "*Gealbinn*" of Atholl, celebrated for the wax used in the fabrication of bows and arrows; but in the poems of Ossian he is decidedly surrendered to the province of Ulster.

—————"San àm o shean
Thàinig a nall neart a' chuain,
Mìle lóng air tuinn o 'n ear
Gu *Ullin* ghuirm-ghlais nan stuadh.
Dh'—éirich sinns 'readh *Innis-fail*
An coinneamh nam fear o thuath.
Bha Cairbre an garbh churaidh ann,
'Us Cridh'-mòr a b'àille de 'n t-sluagh.
Dh'-uraich iad mu 'n tarbh bu bhàn,
A chit' 'am beinn *Ghuilbuinnsa* shuas."

' In the days of old
The host of the ocean came,
A thousand ships from the waves of the east
To green *Ulster* of the sea.
The race of Ireland rose
To meet the warriors of the north.
Cairbre the fierce was there,
And Cridhmòr beloved of the people.
They strove for the *white bull* of Beann Gealbunn."
Fionnghal, D. I. 577.

In some editions* of MacPherson's translation the last line is erroneously printed—"Long had they strove for the *spotted bull*;" but this was probably an *erratum* for the *spotless* bull. Such, in another episode, is the description, apparently of the same animal, after he had fallen into the possession of Cairbre, and whose loss occasioned the vindictive enmity of Deudgheal against Cuthullin when awarded by him to her husband,

"Dh-'fhalbh 'us róinn an fheadail dhòibh;
Bha 'n tarbh mar shneachd air sliabh,

of man and beast from the storm or heat. One very hot day the bull was standing pleasantly at the door, calmly grinding an agreeable cud, and placidly gazing upon the sunny strath, and occasionally correcting the impertinence of the gadflies by a whisk of his long silky tail—when it chanced that ‘Aonghas Mac-Dhonnacha-dhuibh,’—then a very young lad, but afterwards the celebrated old deer-stalker—‘*Aonghas-a’-Chuilbheir*’—Angus of the Gun—was coming down from the hill, and, in crossing the glen, perceived at a distance a large wolf advancing towards him. It happened that—in spite of the reiterated penalties against killing of deer with ‘hags, half-hags, harquebusses, culverins,’ and such like—Angus was walking with a very good culverin over his shoulder. Far, however, from appearing to derive any confidence from his weapon, he manifested signs of uncertainty, looked ‘east and west,’ and—as if he would willingly have gone to the ‘craw’s nest,’ had there been one in sight; that not being the case, he slipped into the burn, and, taking off his bonnet and scrogging his head, scrambled along the bed of the stream towards the bothy, where, knowing very well that the wind was in his favour, he hoped to remain unsuspected. The wolf, who

Thug mi do Chairbre an tarbh,
Dh’ éirich àrdan mu rùn nan triath.”

I went and divided the herd;
One snow white bull was left.
I gave the bull to Cairbre.
The wrath of the love of heroes rose.

Fionn. II. 407.

Although in the recitations of latter bards these episodes of the white bull are broken into two distinct periods, the coincidence in either passage that the animal belonged to a chief named *Cairbre*, whose residence was in *Ullin*, leads us to believe that both anecdotes are parts of the same tradition, misapplied in their disjunction to far different periods.

seemed not to have perceived him, jogged slowly down the glen without quickening his pace. Angus had marked the distance and bearings of the bothy with the precision of a deer-stalker, and at last showed his head just opposite the knoll on which it stood, and immediately made a rush out of the burn and across the green bank to the door, where he ran against the horns of the bull, who blew an angry puff in his face, and lifted his bluff mouth and glared at him, as if he had a good mind to toss him into the pool. Angus, however, knew the bull, and that he was 'an honest beast,' and stopped to give him time to recollect himself; and, though he wished the door had been on the other side of the bothy, he gathered a tuft of clover, and, advancing to the threshold, offered that little compliment for permission to pass. The bull, however, had not yet done with his cud, and, though he snuffed and fumbled the grass with his mighty nose, he would none of it, and, resuming his mastication, his eye again returned to its drowsy gaze, and he continued his rumination with placid unconcern. The lad took this as a recognition of their acquaintance, and made a motion to pass the door; but to this the bull objected, and, presenting his 'west' horn, grumbled a decided denial. Angus tried a slight increase of confidence, but this produced a strong declaration of displeasure in the door-keeper, who suddenly suspending his mastication, looked at him until his nostrils began to dilate, and his vast black eye to show the fearful gleam of its pink orbit. The young hunter dropped the clover with a conceding air, and, slipping round the opposite side of the bothy, found to his great satisfaction, set up to dry against the roof, some legs and arms of moss pine, by whose knogs he immediately climbed to the rig, and lay down on the slope with his eye at the roof-tree, watching the progress of the wolf, who by this time was

advancing in a direct line towards the hut. Instead, however, of laying his culverin across the 'rig,' he left it unnoticed at his side, and, as the wolf advanced, only cast a wistful look at the match, passed it through his fingers, and, turning the lock in the sun, spread out the little tail of twisted lint upon a piece of flat mica slate, which had been laid to cover a drip-hole in the roof, and was now as hot as a girdle in the sun. By this time the wolf had evidently got 'the wind' of the hut—the breeze had changed—and he came on with a quick shambling trot, searching it with his outstretched nose, his ears as sharp as a lynx, and his black single set up as stiff as a mastiff. Angus watched his approach with more expectation of what was going to happen between him and the bull than any personality of his own, for he had already measured with his eye the leap at the roof, and the state of his culverin left no chance of the penny fee for the wolf's head, for it will be guessed by this time how he had pitched into a 'peat-pot' and spoiled his match.—The wolf had now crossed the burn within thirty paces of the bothy, and slackened his pace to a crouching cat-crawl, his tail drooping, his nose busily searching the air, as he stole close and stealthily up to the wall of the hut, until he passed out of view under its angle.

"What happened at the door Angus could not see, but immediately there was a yarling, grinning sound, a scuffling stour, a whincing yelp, a roar like thunder, and out shot the wolf over the burn, and the bull at his tail with his whip in the air, and his curling mane standing up like a raised lion. He did not, however, condescend to cross the stream, but stopped on the brink, tearing the turf with his broad foot, and tossing up the soft bank with his horns. The wolf never looked behind him till he came over the next brae, and up the slope beyond,

when he sat down, like Sir Palomedes, upon a mole-hill, and gazed back towards the bothy. The deer-stalkers of the sixteenth century had neither 'acromatic' nor any other 'prospects' than the telescopic eyes which Heaven had given them, keen as lynxes by nature, and sharpened to an almost incredible perception by constant exertion, and the instinctive association between the mind and the organ acquired by long familiarity and practice. Angus could therefore distinguish that the wolf shook his ears, licked his side, and occasionally held up one paw, like the fox of the grapes in the woodcut of a penny Æsop. In a short time, however, he rose, and turned towards the long black wing of the fir wood which descended into Glac nan-Con-dubh. Angus could see that he limped considerably, but he proceeded with a dogged pace towards the cover, until he disappeared among the young pines, thickly scattered round the skirts of the wood by the seeds of the old trees. The young hunter, however, remained very quiet on the roof of the bothy—he did not like the neighbourhood of that black, deep, woody gorge, and he determined to wait for a while and see what might come out of it. Meanwhile, he essayed his match, rubbed into it some new powder, and hammered upon it with his flint and the back of his 'corc,' but the black pig-tail of the match only 'pluffed' and 'fizzed' like a schoolboy's devil, and he gave it up, and continued to watch the wood like a hussár on discovery in the top of a tree. He lay patiently on the roof for more than half an hour, when at length there appeared, stealing out by the old white birch and the great stone in the ballach of the pass—what Angus was sure was a large black wolf of surprising size. At this sight the lad sharpened his eyes. The wolf came slowly down the hill, and, as the slope showed the perspective of his back, looked as big as a deer. He

descended straight towards the bothy, and as he crossed the even moss, Angus thought that he appeared of extraordinary length in proportion to his legs, till, coming out on the smooth meadow by the stream, he saw to his amazement that it was two wolves who trotted together like Siamese twins; and while he wondered at their sympathetic motion, he was still more astonished, as they approached, to discover that the foremost—which, by his limp, was apparently the ejected beast—carried in his mouth a light stick, which his companion held by the opposite extremity. The second wolf was of enormous size, but grey and stiff, and evidently old, and as he drew near Angus became certain that he was blind. By the conduct of the two he was soon convinced that the first was leading his fellow by the stick, and with this extraordinary appearance of concert they proceeded straight to the hut. Angus strained his neck over the couples, but could only see them drop the stick and rush at the door. For a few moments there was a trampling, yelling, desperate ‘stour,’ the hoarse, blowing struggle of a close throat-grapple, a clatter of blows like a quarter-staff upon the door-posts, a sharp yelp, and immediately a fearful rush, and tumult and thunder within, and a heavy crash against the wall, which made the hut shake to the foundation, and all was still.

“Angus lay and listened with his eyes glaring, and his bonnet lifted up by his hair; but there was nothing more, except the low, hollow, grumbling of the bull, and a dull, heavy, boring sound, like a blunt pole driven into the earth,—and all the while the half-suppressed, deep-mouthed, growling mumble which is heard from a morose beast vapouring about his herd, with a chain in his nose, and now and again routing at the fail-dike, tossing the clods over his head, and swinging his sulky tail like a wounded snake.”

All this MacDiarmaid delivered, with other similes and in other language, for it was told in Gaelic ; but such were the impressions which he conveyed to us.

"And what became of the wolves?"—said I.

The old forester took a great pinch of snuff out of his quill spoon—"God knōōws!"—said he, with a strong Gaelic emphasis, which expressed a degree of awe—"Angus was awa' be the back o' the hoose, ye ken,—he held by the rig till he was sūre they'd no win ute, and syne he was awa' through the heather like a buck, keeping aye the back-side o' the bothie atween himsel' and the bull."¹

The familiar recollections of the wolves, of which this tradition is an example, are in some instances not only illustrative of the history of the animal, but the manners of the old Highlanders of their time. Thus, the following incident, related in Loch-Aber, is an instance of the patriarchal predominance of clanship in opposition to feudal tenure.

At Inver-Rua' on the Spean, and consequently within

¹ The exaggerated belief of the combination among wolves, expressed in the above tradition, is still held in all countries where they yet exist; and the following shepherd's story is an illustration of its prevalence among the peasantry of France:—"A gentleman travelling through one of the southern provinces, perceived a wolf which appeared to be watching a flock of sheep at no great distance. The stranger immediately communicated his discovery to the shepherd, and advised him to set his dogs upon the wolf.—'I shall take care how I do that,'—replied the man;—'the wolf which you see is only standing there to attract my attention: on the opposite side there is no doubt another, which, as soon as I should leave the flock to attack this, would take that opportunity to carry off a sheep.'—The traveller, giving no credit to this extraordinary story, offered that, if the shepherd would try the experiment, he would make good whatever might be the loss. The peasant agreed; and no sooner had his dogs been taken off by the wolf, than the ambushed confederate rushed out from the opposite thicket, and plunged into the flock."—*Amusement Philosophique sur le langage des bêtes.*

the lands of Keppach, there lived a Campbell of the "Sliochd Chailein Mhic-Dhonnacha," or Glen-Urcha race. Although thus a tenant of one of the principal branches of the Clan-Donald, and removed to the distance of forty miles from his *Ceann-Tighe*, he continued to pay his "*calps*" to his blood chief the knight of Loch-Awe. This tax was a heifer, which was paid annually; and it happened one year, that a short time before it fell due, the beast was killed on her pasture and half eaten by a wolf. Campbell left what remained to tempt his return, and, on the following night watching the carcass, he shot the wolf from behind a stone. Not being able, however, to afford another calp, he flayed the dead heifer, and sent the torn hide to "Mac Chailein Mhic-Dhonnacha"—with a message that it was all which he had to show for his calp. Upon which his chief observed, that he had "sent sufficient parchment to write his discharge."

This anecdote is said to have happened in the time of Sir Duncan Campbell, called "*Donacha dubh a' Currachd*"—"Black Duncan of the hood," so called from having been the last person of his rank who wore the old Highland hood in Argyleshire, and who lived in the reign of James VI. Several traditions relative to the wolves are evidences of the accuracy with which oral relations have been transmitted through many generations, and which is exemplified by the familiarity and fidelity with which they retain allusions to objects and customs disused for two hundred years. An example of this retention occurs in an account of the slaughter of a remarkable wolf, killed by one of the Lairds of Chisholm, in Gleann Chon-fhiadh.¹

This valley, which lies at the western extremity of

¹ Now corrupted into "Glen-Conveth," "Glen-Convent," and various other perversions of sound and orthography.

the “Aird-Mhic-Shimé,” is a narrow, winding, secluded dale, which in the sixteenth century was covered by thick woods, and, as signified by its name—“*The Wolves’ Glen*”—was then a noted retreat of those animals. On the north side of the vale, near the road which leads over the hill from “Lag-na-h-Airde” to Gleann Urchard, on the east side of the burn of *Alt-an-Ramhridh* in the croft of *Gortan-a’-Chòr*, there is a large earth-fast stone, called “*Clach-nan-sleagh*,” The stone of the spear. It is marked with two pairs of letters, A F and N R, the initials of some former marches, to which it served as a boundary. All which belongs to the legend, however, is a long score on the surface of the stone, and believed to be the dint left by a stroke of the spear which aided in killing the wolf. In the time of her haunt, the hill was covered by a thick birch wood, and in the midst of the covert she had made her den in a “*càrn*,” or pile of loose rocks, of which the scarred stone is said to be the last remaining, the rest having disappeared in the clearance of the ground, and the demands of the neighbouring dikes and cotters’ houses.

From this stronghold the wolf made her ravages, and descended upon the “Lag-na-h-Airde” and “Lòin-nam-Manach,” until she became the terror of the country. At length the season of her cubs increasing her ferocity, having killed some of the neighbouring people, she attracted the enterprise of the Laird of Chisholm and his brother, then two gallant young hunters, and they resolved to attempt her destruction. For this exploit they set off alone from Strath-Glass, and having tracked her to her den, discovered by her traces that she was abroad ; but detecting the little pattering feet of the cubs in the sand about the mouth of the den, the elder crept into the chasm with his drawn dirk, and began the work of vengeance on the litter. While he was thus occupied, the wolf returned, and, infuriated by the expiring yelps of

her cubs, rushed at the entrance, regardless of the younger Chisholm, who made a stroke at her with his spear; but such was her velocity that he missed her as she darted past, and broke the point of the weapon, where the mark is still left upon the stone. His brother, however, met the animal as she entered, and being armed with the left-handed "*lámhainn-chruaidh*," or steel gauntlet, much used by the Highlanders and Irish, as the wolf rushed open-mouthed upon him, he thrust the iron fist into her jaws, and stabbed her in the breast with his dirk; while his brother, striking at her flank with the broken dart, after a desperate struggle she was drawn out dead.

The spear, and the left-hand gauntlet mentioned in this tradition, are arms noticed by Spencer, Lesly, and other authorities, as characteristic of the Highlanders and Irish¹ in the days of Queen Mary. It is true that they retained the use of such ancient weapons as late as their muster called the "*Highland-Host*" in 1678.² But no such remains appeared at Cilliechranchie, and it is therefore probable that the story has descended from the time of Charles II.

At the period of the foregoing tradition, the Chisholm needed not to go to Gleann-Confíadh in search of wolves, for his own country was abundantly infested; and one of the latest instances of their existence was within a very short distance of the castle of Earglass.³

There was a wife in Cre-lebhan, about a mile west of Strùì, on the north side of Strath-Glass; and a little before Christmas, not having a girdle large enough to bake

¹ Spencer's View of Ireland. Derrick's Image of Ireland. Print in the Douce Collection, Bodl. Library, G VI. 47. Lesl. De Orig. Mor. Scotor. fol. 58. Rom. 1578. Nichol. d'Arf. Navig. Roi Jacques V. 4to, Paris, 1583, f. 3 b, &c.

² Wodrow MS., Bibl. Facult. Jurid. xcix. No. 29.

³ Vide Appendix, No. VIII.

her store of Yule and New-Year's bread—for in those days, all, even to the humblest crofter, kept open house—she went out “east” to Strùì, to borrow a girdle of a neighbour's wife who had a better than her own. For the information of those unacquainted with this article of domestic use, it should be known that it is a circular plate of iron of considerable thickness, having at one side an iron loop handle for the convenience of lifting. As the wife was returning with that which she had borrowed, she met with one of her gossips, and as wives may do, they stopped to “crack” upon a “càrn,” formed by large masses of rock which had fallen from the hill, and were partially overgrown with heath and whortleberries. Be it known, that beneath this càrn there dwelt for that day, if no longer, a large wolf, whose winter fast had been so pressing on the preceding night, that he could not resist the temptation of the two wives, of whom, independent of their voices, his good nose gave him a lively sensibility. Before they had ended their communications, he had come to the determination of breaking his fast upon one of them, and roused up from his subterranean lair to creep out from his den for that purpose. The bowels of the càrn, however, were so strait and intricate, that as he dragged his lean body through the holes beneath the feet of the two gossips, they became aware of the scraping of his claws, and the trailing of his gaunt limbs through the rocks and withered leaves, and as their eyes turned to the ground, they met the round glazy balls of the wolf glaring up out of a chasm amidst the blaeberreries.—Had they been women of the present day they would have shrieked and fled, like some of their sex from a mouse, and others from a cock-chaffer; but the wife of Cre-lebhan knew with what she had to deal, and that when it pleased Heaven to permit her to come face to face with the “*madadh-alluidh*,” there was no help but the strong hand.

With instant promptitude, therefore, before the wolf was free, she dealt him a blow on the skull with the full swing of her iron discus, and with such good aim and vigour, that it brained him on the stone which served as the block for his emerging head.

This tradition was probably one of the latest in the district, and seems to have belonged to a period when the wolves were near their end. Their last great outbreak in the time of Queen Mary led to more vigorous measures, which in the time of Charles II. reduced their raceto so small a number, that in some districts their extinction is believed to have followed soon after that period. Thus in Loch-Aber, the last of that country is said to have been killed by Sir Ewen Cameron in 1680, which Pennant misunderstood to have been the “last” of the species in Scotland.¹ Every district, however, has its —“*last wolf*”—and there were probably several which were later than that killed by Sir Ewen Cameron. The “last” of Strath-Glass was killed at Gusachan, according to tradition, “at no very distant period.” The “last” in Glen-Urchar, on the east side of the valley between Loch-Leitir and Sheugly, at a place called ever since—“Slochd-a’mhadaidh”—The wolf’s den; and the last of the Findhorn—and also, as there seems every reason to believe, the “last” of his species in Scotland—at a place between Fi-Giuthas and Pall-a’-chrocain, and, according to popular chronology, no longer ago than the year 1743. The district in which he was killed was well calculated to have given harbour to the last of a savage race; all the country round his haunt was an extent of wild and desolate moor-land hills, beyond which, in the west, there was retreat to the vast wilderness of the Monaidh-liath, an immense tract of desert mountains utterly uninhabited, and

¹ Tour in Scotland, i. 206.

unfrequented except by summer herds and herdsmen ; but, when the cattle had retired, abundantly replenished with deer and other game, to give ample provision to the " wild dogs."—The last of their race was killed by MacQueen of Pall-a'-chrocain, who died in the year 1797, and was the most celebrated " carnach " of the Findhorn for an unknown period. Of a gigantic stature, six feet seven inches in height, he was equally remarkable for his strength, courage, and celebrity as a deer-stalker. It will not be doubted that he had the best " long-dogs " or deer greyhounds in the country ; and for their service and his own, one winter's day, about the year before mentioned, he received a message from the Laird of MacIntosh,¹ that a large " black beast," supposed to be a wolf,

¹ In the modern confusion of all Highland usages, it has recently become a common error to name the chieftain of the second house of the Clan-Chattan as—" *The MacIntosh*."—This new title has been adopted, we suppose, in imitation of the hereditary patronymic of—" *An Siosalach* "—*The Chisholm*.—But there is no instance of an application of the definite article to any Gaelic name accompanied by the filiation—" *Mac* ;" and, as a *family title*, the usage, when combined with the abstract construction of a surname terminating in "*ach*"—as "*An Dòmhnallach*"—" *An-Leòdach*," &c.—is confined to the name of Chisholm. The reason for this singularity is, that this family was not originally a Gaelic race, and their name was introduced into the Highlands at a time when many of the low-country appellations, like one class of the French and Anglo-Norman designations, were accompanied by the definite article, as—" *The Bruce*,"—" *The Douglas*,"—" *The Wallace*," &c.—The Cisolach, or Chisholms, were originally a branch of the Norman "*Sysilts*," or "*Cecils*,"* which were early settled in Roxburghshire. The sound of "*Ch*" in the pronunciation of their name is merely the aspiration of the "*S*" in "*Sysilt*," and the soft Norman "*C*" in "*Cecil*," according to the usual Gaelic pronunciation of that sound, as in the name of "*Stuart*," which is pronounced by the Highlanders—" *Sìtuart*." The ter-

* By some passage of Scottish history, now difficult to be traced from the eleventh century, all the principal territorial families lying along and penetrating to a considerable distance beyond the Beaully Frith—the Bissets, the Frasers, the Chisholms, and three of the five Barons of the Aird, were of Norman or other foreign origin. Of these, none, however, are now remaining except the Frasers and the Chisholms.

had appeared in the glens, and the day before killed two children who, with their mother, were crossing the hills from Calder, in consequence of which, a "Tainchel," or gathering to drive the country, was called to meet at a tryst above Fi-Giuthas, where MacQueen was invited to attend with his dogs.—Pall-a'-chrocain informed himself of the place where the children had been killed—the last tracks of the wolf, and the conjectures of his haunt, and promised his assistance.

In the morning the Tainchel had long assembled, and MacIntosh waited with impatience, but MacQueen did not arrive; his dogs and himself were, however, auxiliaries too important to be left behind, and they continued to wait until the best of a hunter's morning was gone, when at last he appeared, and MacIntosh received him with an irritable expression of disappointment.

"*Ciod e a' chabhag?*"—"What was the hurry?"—said Pall-a'-chrocain.

mination "ach" is merely a relative final particle, as the Anglo "er" and "ish" in—"Warren-er"—"Engl-ish," &c.—and the French "ard" in—"Clan-ard"—"Bay-ard," &c. So in Gaelic the generic names derived from "Dòmhnall," "Leòd," "Cecil," &c., become "Domhnallach," "Leodach," "Cesolach," &c.—But the latter having never acquired the affiliative prefix of "Mac," retained as its patronymic its original foreign style of the article "*An Siosalach.*" This is conformable to the usage of the Gaelic in generic names formed by the terminative particle without the preceding relative, as—"An Domhnallach," "An Leodach," "An Tòiseach," &c.—expressive of, *The man—i. e. chief—of the race of Donald, or Leòd, or Tòiseach.* This, however, is only an allusive form in speaking of a superior, and, except in the instance of "*The Chisholm,*" never was used in a patronymical style, since it is equally common for describing any individual of a clan name. But while the article is admissible in the above construction, it is utterly unknown in any designations commenced by the word "Mac,"—and to say—"Am Mac-Dhòmhnall," "Am Mac-Leòd," "Am Mac-antòisich,"—"The Mac-Donald," "The Mac-Leòd," or "The Mac-Intosh,"—is as burlesque and theatrical an absurdity as to speak of "*The Hamilton,*" or "*The Atholl,*" "*The Norfolk,*" or "*The Shrewsbury.*"

MacIntosh gave an indignant retort, and all present made some impatient reply.

MacQueen lifted his plaid—and drew the black bloody head of the wolf from under his arm—“*Sin e dhiùbh !*”—“There it is for you !”—said he, and tossed it on the grass in the midst of the surprised circle.

MacIntosh expressed great joy and admiration, “and gave him the land called Sean-achan for meat to his dogs.”

After the extinction of the wolf, the last of the herding animals left wild in the Highlands—with the exception of the deer—was the small northern horse ; and in some remote and wide ranges the existence of its breed was prolonged as late as the latter part of the last century. In the beginning of the preceding it was so numerous, in the central Highlands, that, when Taylor the Water Poet visited the forest of Braemar in 1618, it was scattered throughout the country in common with other *Feræ Naturæ*.—During “the space of twelve days,”—says the traveller with some degree of sensibility,—“I saw neither house, nor cornfield, or habitation for any creature, but deer, *wild* horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.”¹ In the time of the late Clunie MacPherson, some of the native steeds still continued in the forest of Beann-Aller, and except for his own saddle and carriage, his stable was considerably supplied from the wild breed. They were taken sometimes by the “Crampag” or Lasso,² but generally by turning out tame horses to

¹ Pennylesse Pilgrimage, p. 135. Lond. fol. 1630.

² The Lasso has been common to various nations, if not the greater part of the world, from the Borealian tribes of Europe and Asia to the Indians of the two Americas. Among the ancient Scandinavians it was called “*Las*,” and by the Laplanders and northern Tartars it is used at the present day with the same dexterity as exhibited among the Carolinians and the Mexicans. The

graze with them, until they became so familiar that they accompanied their domestic companions when they were driven home, and were at last herded into the square with the rest. Though small, they were generally finely made, and not only by report, but by those of their descendants which we have seen, in common with all the old Highland breed, they bore a striking resemblance of form to the ancient Greek horse, as it is represented on antique sculptures. Their colour was generally bay, with black marks, but there was a considerable number which were of pure white.

PAGE 86, NOTE 37. *The Dead Rain.*

Among the middle-age superstitions concerning the dead, it was thought happy for rain to fall upon a corpse in its way to the grave, and that the grave should be thus bedewed with the tears of heaven upon the day of burial. Hence the old rhyme,—

“Happy is the bride which the sun shines on,
Blessed is the corpse which the rain falls upon!”

In the good old time, when rosemary was planted by the church-porch, and the graves were decked with wreaths and flowers, it was natural to associate a symbol of benediction to the cause which gave bloom and verdure to the last bed of those beloved. Such, we suppose, was the origin of the feeling which past into a belief.

word “*las*” is the origin of the Spanish “*Lass-o* ;” for, in the Icelandic and some other Scandinavian dialects, it signifies a “*cord*,” and hence, as well as to the noosed sling, it is applied to the rope by which fowlers descend rocks for taking birds.—*Halderesen, Lex. Iceland. voc. “Las.”*

PAGE 87. *The Rock Spell.*

It will be perceived, that the idea of this elfin punishment was derived from the condition of toads and lizards said to have been discovered in the heart of marble and other stones ; and we may take this occasion to repeat the following account of such a phenomenon which was thus announced in the "Globe" of August 17, 1846 :—

"Upon the 30th ult., while workmen were engaged raising the black-band ironstone, at the open cast on Bells-holm, for the Lugar Iron Company, and after breaking up a block about four or five feet square, they discovered near the centre of it a toad. It was small in size, not much larger than a 'skep bee,' and very black. As soon as it got quit of its ironstone prison it commenced hopping off until it got into a pool of water, and then it showed the same dexterity in swimming as those which are not accustomed to so long an imprisonment. The ironstone, where it was discovered, is from three to four feet thick, and thirty feet below the surface."

Upon investigating the asserted fact at the iron-works, we received the following account from the manager, Mr Thomas Carswell :—

"On the 31st of July two men, John Black, of Little Bigg, Auchinleck, and James MacKee, of Cumnock, both quarrymen in the employment of Mr MacTurk, ironstone-contractor to the Lugar Iron Company, were raising ironstone in an open cast, working in Bellon-mill Holm, on the banks of Lugar Water. These men having loosened a block of ironstone of the carboniferous kind, five feet or thereabouts in length, and nearly two feet in thickness, were in the act of breaking it up, when one of the fractures crossing a little hole in the apparently solid

stone, from this hole a live toad crept out, and was taken up by MacKee, who showed it to his neighbour, and also to about a dozen men working in the quarry. After having satisfied themselves that it was a toad, though small in size—being somewhat less than a hazel-nut—they let it go, when it leaped off and made its way to a pool of water on the face of the working. On reaching the water, which might be about four feet deep, it struck out quite lively, and in a few strokes was out of sight. One of the men says, that he saw it on the edge of the water, and alive, the next morning. The stratum, in which it was found, lies at the depth of thirty feet from the surface, ten feet of which is soil and gravel, five feet shale, nine feet freestone rock ; then the ironstone, on the top of which is a layer of *muscle-shells*, about four inches thick, imbedded in coaly matter, and though the shells are much compressed they are very perfect.”

PAGE 89, NOTE 38. *The Evil Eye.*

That malign influence of the sight, called by this name, was supposed by our ancestors to be possessed both by elves and mortals. But in the last, sometimes conferred by the former, sometimes by the devil, and sometimes to be possessed involuntarily. The look of elves, like their breath, was very deadly. If in anger they breathed upon a mortal, it seemed to freeze the limbs, and pierce them with an icy coldness, which deprived them of motion, and produced “decay” and death. The fatal look of incensed elves produced a sensation of horror, and a mortal depression and decline, from which there was no recovery. The superstition concerning the human malignant vision partook of the same power, and was a belief of all the world and in all ages. It was abundantly pre-

valent among the Highlanders, and is not yet entirely extinct. In the time of Martin "all the Hebrideans, and several thousands upon the neighbouring continent, were of opinion that some particular persons had an evil eye, which, they say, occasions frequent mischances, and sometimes death."¹ In general, it was believed that the faculty was exercised by volition, but it was also thought that there were instances in which the malign influence existed abstractly in the eye, and was involuntary in the possessor. In these cases the mischief was effected by the accidental sight of the charmed eye, and without any evil intention in the beholder. "I could name," says Martin, "some who are believed to have this unhappy faculty, though, at the same time, void of any ill design."² It was thought that the evil eye was distinguishable in its formation, having the pupil acute, like that of the cat, and incapable of dilation or diminution in an increase or privation of light. An eye of such construction was not imaginary, but was a natural deformity of which we have seen an example, though the expansion or contraction was not of course affected. The generally supposed effect of the evil eye was a wasting sickness or unaccountable decay; but it was also thought to produce accidents and ill-fortune of every kind, particularly to children and cattle.

PAGE 89, NOTE 39. *Spell,*

Speech, a "narrative," a "tale."

"The geaunt heard that *spelle*,
Forthi he was full wa."—*Rom. Sir Trist.*³

¹ Western Isles, p. 123.

² *Ib.*

³ 12mo, Edin. 1833, p. 280.

" Now hold your mouth for charite,
Both knight and lady fre,
And harkeneth to my *spell*."

Chauc. Sir Top. 13819.

PAGE 95, NOTE 40.

Before the use of the heraldic crest, which was not general until the middle of the fourteenth century, various objects were borne on the helm as "favours" or distinction. For the former, a braid of hair, a glove, or sleeve, or any object conferred by a lady, was a precious souvenir, and worn in battle, both as a memorial of her regard, and to honour her name in the deeds achieved by the wearer. The sleeve was often a very convenient object of presentation, when it was merely laced to the body of the dress, and it was worn by the knight as a lambroquin or covering for his casque. In a great tournament held at Winchester, Sir Launcelot du Lac wore on his helm a token of the Fair Maid of Astolat, "a scarlet sleeve embroidered with great pearls;"¹ and in a tournament at Westminster, for Queen Guinever, a "sleeve of cloth of gold."² A "braid" of hair was a very small donation from a lady's head in the days of chivalry; for the History of the Round Table mentions a damsel who wove a sword girdle of her hair,³ mixed with gold threads, and set with jewels; and as late as the seventeenth century, the widows of noble knights wove their hair into a delicate and beautiful tissue, sometimes intermixed with gold or silver threads, and devoted as a votive offering to cover the armorial centre of the funeral shield hung over their husbands' tomb. Of

¹ Hist. Prince Arth. Part III. ch. cxiv.

² Ib. cxxiv.

³ Ib. lxxxviii.

shields thus honoured, four fine specimens are preserved in Prague, one in the Sternberg Museum, and the rest in the chapel of the Martinetz and Lobkowitz family in the cathedral. The first belonged to the tomb of a count of Rosenberg, who died in 1611 ; and of the others, one to that of George Borzita de Martinetz, Chancellor of Bohemia, who died in 1598 ; another to that of Christopher Popoli, Baron von Lobkowitz, Privy Councillor and Supreme Prefect of Bohemia, who died in 1609, and the third to that of Hans Christopher Lobkowitz, who died in 1612. Although this last has hung for more than two hundred years upon the wall of the chapel, the votive tissue still retains its brilliant golden colour, of that peculiar metallic lustre, which we scarcely ever saw except in the hair of Charles Edward of Scotland ; and as the husband of the possessor was only twenty-seven at his death, it is probable that she also was young and beautiful when she made her mournful sacrifice. We have taken occasion to notice these memorials more particularly, not only because two of the number are beautiful examples of heraldic art, but because, owing to the sacrilegious hands of travellers, who have indulged the disgraceful and ignorant propensity for robbing and defacing whatever is curious or admirable, the remains of the hair tissue are beginning to fall into decay *since tourists have more frequently visited the cathedral* ; and it is disgraceful to the present age to declare, that these monumental offerings have sustained more injury in the last five years, than in the *two hundred* by which they had been preceded.

PAGE 96, NOTE 41. *Lich*,

Gaelic, "*Leac*," a grave-stone, or the slab on an altar tomb.

“ Bithidh dàil ri fear Creiche
Ach cha bhi dàil ri fear *Lice*.”—*Gael. Prov.*

“ There is hope for a man in the battle,
But none for the man beneath the grave-stone.”

This word is an example to etymologists of the caution necessary to avoid being betrayed into derivations, founded on a mere similarity of sound, from the absence of which a large portion of very learned etymologies are only literary puns. The Saxon lexicographer would naturally derive the Gaelic name for the grave-stone from the Saxon “ *lich*,” a corpse, and conceive that he was fully confirmed by the various Anglo words connected with that meaning, as—“ *Lich-gate*”—the corpse-gate, or that by which funerals enter a church-yard; “ *Lich-fowl*”—corpse-fowls, as carrion crows, &c.; “ *Lich-wake*”—or “ *lyke-wake*”—the funeral feast, or waking of the corpse, &c. The question, however, lies in another language, and in Gaelic the word has an equally significant but totally different association. The Celtic “ *Leac*” is entirely derived from the figure of the grave-stone, being radically expressive of a flat surface or object, whether natural or artificial, as—a flag, a slab, a plate, an even declivity, or the sheer shelving rocks in the sides of mountains. Hence “ *Leac-anaich*”—to flatten; “ *Leac-anta*”—laid with flat stones full of slabs or flags, &c. The application to the tomb-stone, therefore, was from its form, not the body which it covered; and thus it was given as well to a wooden as a lapidary covering, for in some parts of the Highlands, where tabular stones were rare, the graves were sometimes covered by a wide flat log, called “ *Lich-chrann*”—the tree slab.

PAGE 98. *The Forest Hut of Tarnaway.*

"*I thank my good Lord Erskine,*" said the Water Poet, in opening his description of the high cheer and great sport which he enjoyed in the noble hunting given by the puissant Earl of Mar, on the braes of that country, in the year 1618.—We may reiterate the same acknowledgment to the "good" Earl of Moray for the many happy days which, through his kindness, we enjoyed in his beautiful forest of Tarnaway; and if in our bothy we had not so many "spits" and "pots," and did not keep such a kitchen of "cooks, pottingers, and cunning baxters," as feasted the Pennyless Pilgrim in Mar, or Sir David Lindsay in Athol,—our barley-scones and mountain-dew, eggs on meagre days, and deer's ham on ferias, were sweeter to us on the "birken braes" of Slui, or in the blaeberry cuachs of Loch-na-Morair, than all the "capons and conies"—"ducks, drakes, and bristle-cocks"—washed down with the sack and canary, claret and malvoisey, swallowed by the cockney bard, or the guests of the Earl of Athol.

Few know what Tarnaway was in those days—almost untrodden except by the deer, the roe, the foxes, and the pine-martins. Its green dells filled with lilies of the valley, its banks covered with wild hyacinths, primroses, and pyrolas, and its deep thickets clothed with every species of woodland luxuriance, in blossoms, grass, moss, and timber of every kind, growing with the magnificence and solitude of an aboriginal wilderness—a world of unknown beauty and silent loneliness, broken only by the seugh of the pines, the hum of the water, the hoarse bell of the buck, the long wild cry of the fox, the shriek of the heron, or the strange mysterious tap of the northern

woodpecker.—For ten years we knew every dell, and bank, and thicket, and, excepting the foresters and keepers, during the early part of that time we can only remember to have met two or three old wives who came to “crack sticks” or shear grass, and one old man to cut hazels for making baskets. If a new forester ventured into the deep bosom of the wood alone, it was a chance that, like one of King Arthur’s errant-knights, he took a tree “to his host for that night,” unless he might hear the roar of the Findhorn, and, on reaching the banks, could follow its course out of the woods before the fail of light.—One old wife, who had wandered for a day and a night, we discovered at the foot of a tree, where at last she had sat down in despair, like poor old Jenny Mac-Intosh, who, venturing into the forest of Rothemurchas to gather pine cones, never came out again.—Three years afterwards she was found sitting at the foot of a great pine, on the skirt of the Brae-riach, her wasted hands resting on her knees, and her head bent down upon her withered fingers. The tatters of her dress still clung to the dry bones like the lichen upon the old trees—except some shreds of her plaid, which were in the raven’s nest on Craig-dhubh, and a lock of her grey hair that was under the young eagles in the eyry of Loch-an-Eilean.

If such danger had no real existence in Tarnaway, it was an appalling labyrinth to the simple muirland cotters, accustomed to no more foliage than a rowan-tree and a kail-stock, and who had no thought to guide themselves with the sun by day and the stars by night. It had been otherwise in the old time, for Tarnaway was only the remnant of the vast expanse of wood which had stretched over the plains and braes of Moray, from Rothemurchas to the sea, and from the shaws of Elgin to the ancient oaks of Calder and Kilravoch. Inclosed, like Cadzow and Chillingham, out of the remains of the ancient British

forests, within its range every species of native tree bore testimony of its aboriginal vigour ; and those which were introduced gave a flattering evidence of the success with which Scotland will reproduce and adopt all ordinary forest trees, and even many of a far southern climate. Natural oaks and ash have shown a diameter of six feet, and shoots from the stools of the former have grown seven feet in the first year. There was an alder opposite to Slui which was eleven feet in circumference, and in other banks of the river grew birches from nine to twelve. The beech, though not indigenous, thrives like the park trees of England ; and the larch, spruce, and chesnut, though equally strangers, have the rapid redolent luxuriance of a native growth. In 1826 some of the forest roads and large tracks of the wild wood were avenued, and filled with the most beautiful beeches, equal, according to their growth, with the best of their contemporaries in Oxfordshire or Buckinghamshire. One approach to the castle was an alley of larches a mile in length, and of unrivalled magnificence, and many a secluded knoll in the depths of the forest was tufted by august spruces feathering into the grass, and exhibiting the richest foliage and most vigorous growth. It is probable that at this time Tarnaway was unequalled in Great Britain for the beauty, extent, and variety of its wood scenery. Its artificial productions, however, were less interesting than the remains of the mighty aboriginal pines, the oaks which had no doubt seen the Raid of Harlaw, and the gigantic hollies, which in some parts covered the “pots” and braes, and were not exceeded, perhaps not equalled, in Great Britain. Of the former there were a few, of which the largest were fourteen feet in girth, and of the latter many of the trunks were six feet in circumference, and supported a mass of foliage from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and so close that the heaviest snow and driving

rain never laid the dust at their feet. Many a storm have we sat out dry and warm under their green roofs, and often scared the hump-backed bucks and ruffled woodcocks, which ran cowering before the drift, or dropped out of the blast to shelter where we had gone before them.

The forest was then filled with almost every species of British *Feræ Naturæ*; a few stags still lingered in the most remote recesses; and in various parts abounded roe-deer, hares, rabbits, badgers, foxes, otters, pine and hill-martins, fumarts, and ermines; pheasants were numerous in the lower covers, and in all the rest woodcocks remained for most part of the year, and bred in considerable numbers. On the banks of the river is one of the largest and most beautiful heronries in Great Britain; a breed of falcons, celebrated for centuries, builds in the neighbouring rocks, and in the high wood the northern woodpecker, and the little horned-owl, so rare in the south; and we think that the great white horned, or eagle-owl of Norway, like the capercailzie, may have been known at a former time, when the forest extended to the sea: at a recent period, it has been found upon the coast, and, within our own knowledge, taken on the sand-hills, near the marsh of Dalvey, which was anciently the northern skirt of the forest of Moray; but, as in all later instances, it was doubtless a visitor from Norway, for, when discovered, it was exhausted with fatigue.

The northern woodpecker comes to breed in the spring, and remains until the decline of summer. Many of the old dead firs are pierced with its holes, of which it has generally two or three for escape, so that it is very difficult to surprise it on its nest. This beautiful bird is not, we believe, to be seen farther south than the pine-woods of the Spey. It is about the size of a thrush; its wings and body pied with black and white; the head a

deep velvet sable, with a snow-white line above, and a scarlet mark behind the eyes ; the breast of a light colour, turning into crimson towards the tail.

The woodcock breeds to a considerable extent in most parts of the forest, and also in other woods of Morayshire, the Aird of Inverness, and on the Dee, the Don, the Spey, and other parts of the Highlands, but, within our knowledge, nowhere so numerous as in Tarnaway. Without any search, and merely in the accidental occasions of roe-hunting, we have found, in one season, nineteen nests with eggs. It would, however, be more proper to say "*beds*," rather than "*nests*;" for, like those of the plover, they are merely slight hollows formed by the nestling of the bird's breast in dry soft spots, or on the fallen leaves. They generally lay three eggs, sometimes four, and occasionally, but rarely, five, and never, that we have known, beyond that number. The eggs are surprisingly large in proportion to the bird, and of a brown colour, variegated, like the young, with beautiful clouded tints. Like all the larger ground-birds, they run as soon as they are hatched, which is early in the spring: and in May 1831, I found a brood of five, so large that I could only catch the smallest, and that with difficulty. As the nests are laid on dry ground, and often at a distance from moisture, in the latter case, as soon as the young are hatched, the old bird will sometimes carry them in her claws to the nearest spring or green stripe. In the same manner, when in danger, she will rescue those which she can lift. Of this we have had frequent opportunities for observation in Tarnaway. Various times, when the hounds, in beating the ground, have come upon a brood, we have seen the old bird rise with a young one in her claws, and carry it fifty or a hundred yards away; and if followed to the place where she pitched, she has repeated the transportation until too much harassed. In any sudden alarm

she will act in the same way. One morning I had been sitting for some time on the grey stone of the "Braith-clach-liath," ruminating, with my eye fixed unconsciously on the ground, at the dry leafy foot of a cluster of those tall slender birches which, at that time, formed one of the most beautiful features of the terrace: as my thoughts became less intense, and the mind had exhausted its action upon the subject by which it had been abstracted, the eye grew more sensible, and I was aware of another large black eye which was fixed upon mine from the bed of brown leaves before me. I could distinguish no form, no colour distinct from them: in fact, the leaves seemed to look at me. I approached nearer and nearer, but could discover nothing but the large, round, dark eye fixed intently upon mine. I was at a loss what to think: if the eye closed, I felt that there would be nothing left to prove that what I then saw was one of the clearest and most intelligent eyes which I had ever beheld, when suddenly the little, round, light-brown head of a young woodcock peeped out from what now became visible as the back of its mother, whose eye it was which had caused me so much astonishment. The little head disappeared again, and immediately afterwards the diminutive bird came out from the feathers of the old one's breast, bearing half its shell upon its back, and uttering that plaintive cry for which language has no sign. I retreated softly to my stone, but trod upon a long dead branch which lay concealed under the moss, and the extremity stirring the leaves and dry sticks near the woodcock, she rose, and, trailing her wings along the ground, pattered round the stump of the birches, but stopped as she heard the wail of the little bird, which was running about like a tiny ball of brown chenille. In the nest there were two more eggs unhatched, but out of one I saw a little sharp bill and half of another small head peeping through the shell.

and to relieve the anxiety of the madre, therefore, I immediately turned from her retreat, and dived down the terrace into the wood.—Near the place where I found her, there was a soft green “stripe,” such as woodcocks love. I had no doubt that the family would be there next day ; and as I passed near, I turned aside to see what they were doing. Upon a dry bank, half-way down the brae, I almost stumbled over a bird which rose at my feet ; and as it darted through the trees, I saw that it had something in its claws, and, at the same time, I heard the plaintive cry of little woodcocks just under my feet. I looked down ;—there were two : and I thought a hawk had carried off the third, and perhaps killed the mother. I saw the bird light as hawks very often do, especially in a close wood, when they have just caught their prey, and are impatient to satisfy their appetite. I sprang down the bank, determined, if I could not save the little victim, to spoil the hawk’s breakfast. I flushed the bird so suddenly, that, after a low flight of only a few yards, it dropped what it was carrying, and instantly lighted not half-a-dozen paces distant. I ran to pick up the mangled prey, when, to my surprise, I found a vigorous little woodcock running about as nimble and active as its madre could wish. I looked for the hawk, but, in his stead, saw the old woodcock, in great consternation, trailing her wings as if wounded, and busy to attract my notice. As soon as I followed, she led me away, hirpling and halting like an “ old wife ;” taking little flights, which became longer as she drew me farther ; till at last, thinking she had sufficiently succeeded, she took a turn down the brae, rose over the trees, and, wheeling back, dropped on the spot where she had left her charge. I gave her a little time to find him, which was not difficult, as he continued to call to her as loud as his tiny bill could pipe. In a few moments I ran forward, and she rose with him

in her feet, her long legs dangling and swinging with her little burden like a parachute. She lighted at no great distance, and as I again came upon her she got up, but, in her hurry, dropped the young bird. I instantly stopped, for she came to the ground almost at the same time with the little one, and she ran back and sat upon him, and again rose with him in her claws.—I left her to pursue her flight in peace, and went on to my pass; but I have no doubt she went back for the other two, for, several times afterwards, I saw them all together in the soft green "glac."

When the young birds are hunted and about to be caught, as soon as they see that escape is hopeless, they bow their heads and lay their long slender bills to the ground, and turning their backs to the pursuers, stand with their little tails spread like a fan, as if to hide themselves behind it. The Scottish woodcocks leave their hatching place in the middle or decline of summer, and return again in spring; and it appears probable, if not certain, that while our winter visitors arrive from a more northern region, our emigrants take flight for a more southerly climate. The former are caught in great numbers upon the light-houses of the north Scottish coast, and we have been told by the keeper of that upon Cape Wrath, that in the dark stormy nights they sometimes settle by hundreds about the lamps. In July and August, when the young birds were strong, we have had excellent shooting along the drives and openings in Tarnaway, and even in the dusk, by listening for their three croaks and double chirp, as they skimmed past against the sky, we have shot three or four couple of an evening, and at this time they are in fine condition. In winter, during frost and snow, when the northern flocks have arrived, excellent sport is to be had by seeking out the unfrozen springs, and waiting for the cocks which fly like bats at twilight.

At this time, wrapped in a white plaid, and standing about thirty yards from the spring, the waiter will not attract their notice, but have a clear sight of their dark shapes as they flicker like large brown moths against the snow, and thus we have sometimes killed three and four couple as fast as we could load and fire.

.Our ancestors, however, never thought about woodcocks, unless—like the Queen's blackbirds—they were set before them in a dish—and left all such ignoble game to the wide-booted churls, for whom it was then lawful to hold craft in gins, snares, and bird-lime, and who at Christmas, New-Year, and other jolly seasons, frequented the markets and manors graithed like Merlin in a sheep-skin coat, with a gag of wild-geese in their hands.—In those days the pride of Tarnaway were its deer, roe, and falcons. From the time that its woods had remained the isolated remnant of the great forest of Moray, it had been the low-country sanctuary of a noble "head" of deer, which went and came between the Monaidh-liath and the "Laich," as the deer of Glen-Fidich now resort between that forest and Gordon Castle, during which migrations, there was a chain of pine forest upon the Findhorn to harbour them on their way at Dulsie, Farness, and Cùl-monaidh.—The largest and eldest of these migrating deer were of those old and mighty heroes of the hill, who in all forests "dwell alone" in the deep and secret corrairs, in the most remote Fàsach, or in the "strength of the woods," where none may divide their sovereignty nor endanger their security by greater numbers and less vigilance. These of Tarnaway shunned the flies of mid-summer in the vast and lofty solitude of the "Seileach,"—ate sea-ware behind Cubin in harvest, and at autumn drew into the forest to pass the time of storm and hunger under its covert, and near the grass of the green springs, and the corns of the neighbouring farms. Be-

sides these, however, there were always some who constantly inhabited the forest and its neighbourhood at all seasons, having in this circuit forty or fifty miles of haunts sufficient for that periodical change of place and pasture which deer so love, and which indeed is necessary to their prosperity.

The deer of Tarnaway, like their cousins of the Monaidh-liath, were a mighty race, and their heads, like those of all fine green-wood stags, much stronger and more largely "summed" than those of the mere mountain herds. Until the last half century they were numerous in the forest; and it is still well remembered among the people, that when the old castle was standing, from seventy to a hundred might be seen from its towers upon the "chase," then a broomy park extending over the crofts of Ceanna-na-coille, and a large part of the farm of Cooper-hill. When Pennant visited Tarnaway in 1772, the woods near the Findhorn abounded with red deer and roe;¹ and about seventy years ago, in the grey of a summer morning, Colonel Hugh Rose of Holm, descending the brae of Dunduff to fish the river, met a herd of more than forty stags coming up from the water above the boat-shaw of Logie. As late as 1811, there was a lad—"a sort of boy"—who at a bealach in the west dike of the wood, fired "into" a plump of twelve stags as they were coming into the forest, and—missed them all.—But in our time there were never more than half that number; for, some years before, three couple of hounds were turned loose in the woods three times a week to run at their will, in order to drive out the deer, for the "preservation of the young wood." The stags, therefore, were reduced to seven, which, when first we knew them, generally inhabited the south-west corner of the forest, near the Findhorn and

¹ Tour in Scotland, vol. iii. p. 162. Warring. 4to, 1790.

the march-dike,—not only because it was the most remote from the kennel, but because it was convenient to Geordie Wilson's "nips" on the other side of the bank. Like all wood deer they were as cunning as old foxes, and though the woods were constantly "harried" by hounds, they did not—like the Scotch cow in England—avoid the marches; but when the dogs were in cry—if it was in the low wood, they lay still out of the runs,—and if in the high, merely walked over the march-dike, and stood two or three hundred yards off in the moor, till the day declined, or all was again quiet in the forest, and then came in again to their covert.

Notwithstanding the three couple of hounds before mentioned, the roe continued numerous in the forest until the general cutting of the woods: for they soon grew so accustomed to the dogs, that they only drew aside out of the runs, and watched them as they passed; and the dogs, baffled with so many scents, and left to run riot without direction, grew careless and confused, and, never true to one track, were thrown out upon all, and generally ended by losing themselves on the moors, where, getting no venison, they hunted for cotters' houses in quest of porridge. The roe, however, were always coming into the forest; for, owing to its great covert and milder climate, it was the stronghold and shelter to which they drew in from all the higher woods and hills to the distance of twenty miles. For some years before and after 1824, they swarmed in the thickets. I have killed from fifty to sixty in a season, to my own guns, almost always sparing the does; and stalking alone, and without a dog, have counted fifty-six in the upper wood, or western division of the forest, beyond the castle road. The families were often so strong, that from five to seven would come out together in the face of the stalker; and at the thick black-thorns, or deep "pots," it was sufficient

to take some large pebbles and pitch them into the cover, and immediately out would bolt two or three bucks, and tilt up the bank or into the next glade, and stop and look back at you over their shoulder. If it was at the "pots," by having a double barrel of buck-shot in your hand, and a rifle at your back, three might easily be had ; two with the shot as they came up the bank, and another with the rifle, for which there was time to unsling as he stopped on the top of the brae to see what was the matter. If it was on the flat, and the trees were close, after the roe broke, you had only to stoop down and peep between the boles, and most likely, about a hundred yards off, you should see a white target, or if not, at least a pair of hind legs, standing like a couple of stilts in the glade ; when, if you raised the rifle about eighteen inches above the hocks, and "held straight," and pulled, you should hear the ball go—"tchack"—into something which the practised ear knew was neither earth, wood, nor stone ; and when you went up, you should find the roe lying with his nose in the moss, and his large black eyes already turning to that grass-green hue which accompanies their death.

After the general extension of the timber-felling in Tarnaway, the roe diminished rapidly and continually, in proportion to the increased cutting of the wood, till at last, when the whole forest was full of saw-pits, piles of planks, and heaps of red "hag," they abandoned it altogether, and scattered out into all the coverts from whence they used to draw as far as Calder, Dulsie, and the Spey. This emigration of their numerous "head" was an example of the detestation of deer to foreign and continual disturbance. They hate strange sights and sounds, which they cannot understand : dogs they know how to circumvent, and the hunter attacks them only at times, and leaves them rest when he is gone ; but the continual interruption of their haunts, and distraction of their repose,

in the sharpening and hissing of saws, the rumbling of waggons, the shouts of the carters, and incumbrance of the ground with heaps of boughs and tree-tops, rendered the forest insupportable. In 1836, there was scarce a spot within its circuit, where the sound of the saw was not heard, and a scantling of deals was not seen ; while large tracts of ground were incumbered with an abatis of pine-tops, through which it was difficult for man or beast to force his way. The roe could not bear the white phantoms of the planks, or the shrill skrietch of the saw ; and where the "hag" did not render their runs impassable, they abandoned them wherever they passed within sight or sound of the saw-pits ; till, as the cutting increased, expelled from place to place, they wholly deserted the forest. This we actually ascertained ; for, after having searched throughout for some days without finding a "feut" or a fresh crottie, we made a "ring-walk" round its whole circuit, with a very sure track-dog in a leash, and found no scent, and only *one old* "foin," where a buck had gone out of the wood.—Hounds had been turned loose in the forest, and we had hunted it by twilight and broad day for several years, and yet the roe had never left their haunts until, as an old beater said, "fraichted by the wild sights of deals, and the whistling, and chirping, and skrietching of saws, skirling through the wood like the souls of twenty thousand tom-tits in purgatory."

When the roe were expelled from Tarnaway, it will not be supposed that the "Rascal"¹ or vermin were left behind. The excellent keepers and trappers latterly maintained at the Castle, have now probably reduced

¹ In ancient hunting, the beasts of sport were divided into three classes: Venerie, Chase, and Rascal. The first were, the *hare*, the hart, the wolf, and the wild-boar. The second, the fallow-deer, the fox, the martin, and the roe. The last, the *gre*, or badger, the wild-cat, the *otter*, and any beasts not belonging to the first two classes.—Art of Venerie. Book of St Albans.

them to extinction. In 1829 the two great floods of the Findhorn assisted them to destroy the badgers, by drowning in their holes most of those in the lower banks. In 1832 the "béul mòr mac Sheòsaidh" killed the last pine-martin of which we saw any traces in the woods, and soon after the broad flat hands of the otter ceased to appear in the sand of the scuddach, or the little silvery neuk of Craig-a-bhàta. In mentioning this brave, beautiful, and intelligent beast among the "rascals," it is entirely against our own feelings, in compliance with the received laws of wood-craft, and because we cannot, by our veto, change the custom of seven hundred years. But the courage, talents, and activity of the animal,—the beauty, and sometimes splendour of the scenery in his haunts,—the exquisite music of his hounds,—and, especially in night hunts, the romantic character of his chase, entitle him to a royal rank of "Venerie," far before the cowardly, savage, and stupid wolf, or Sir Tristrem de Lions and Dame Juliana Berners' dragged-scatted, furrow-skulking "king of beasts"—the hare. We think that those who have hunted him in the Tweed, the Findhorn, the Spey, the Urcha, and the Western Isles, will not refuse him a superior rank. Many and joyous have been the hours in which we have pursued him in all those haunts. There were a great number of his race upon the Findhorn, for it is a river peculiarly adapted to their habits, full of the finest fishing-pools, swarming with salmon,¹ and protected by broken rocks and old trees, the roots of which frequently grow into the water, forming, in the overhanging banks, intricate labyrinths, excellently adapted for their water strengths; hence there was not a

¹ Owing to the severe manner in which the river is now fished by the company to which it is farmed, the salmon are not now particularly numerous.

pool unknown to them, from the mouth of the river at Findhorn to its source at the Clach-sgolt in the Monaidh-liath, an extent of forty miles. Their chief haunts, however, were from St John's Logie to the Bridge of Dulsie, an extent of about eleven miles. Many a night I have watched them, from an old oak which grew upon the rock above the pool of Cluag, and stretched its branches several yards over the water. They fished up the stream, and returned sometimes at night, sometimes early in the morning. When the river was low, however, and the fish scarce, they occasionally came down after the sun was shining bright on the pools; and then from the old tree I had a full sight of their "craft" in the water below, which, though eighteen feet deep, showed to the bright beams every pebble on its clear still bottom.

One morning, after having been out in the forest all night to wait for roe in the two twilights, I came down to cross at the pool. There was a broken and dangerous ford at its throat, passable only when the water was low. I observed the track of otters across the little sandy bank, which swelled out on the east side of the ford, and that they were going up the stream, and none descending.

In ascending a river, if the banks will admit, the otter invariably leaves the water at the rapids, and takes the shore to the next pool; so that, if there is an otter on the stream, his *up-track* is sure to be found at those places. In returning, however, he will often float down the rapids with the current. The prints which I found in the sand had been made during the night. There was a *chance* that the otters had not returned, and I climbed into the oak over the pool to see what might come down. Enveloped in the screen of leaves which the brightness of the surrounding sun made more obscure within, I had a view up the rapid above, and into the pool beyond.

I had sat in the oak for about half an hour, with my eyes fixed on the stream and my back against the elastic branch by which I was supported, and rocked into a sort of dreamy repose—when I was roused by a flash in the upper pool, a ripple on its surface, and then a running swirl, and something that leaped, and plunged, and disappeared.—I watched without motion for some moments, but nothing came up, and I began to doubt that it was only one of those large, lazy salmon which neither the wing of peacock, or bird of paradise, or any other delusion in gold or silver, can tempt to the surface, but which, after refusing all which art can offer, comes weltering up from the bottom, and throws himself splash over your line! Just as I was thinking how often he had treated me with this impertinence, in that same place—I saw two dark objects bobbing like ducks down the rapid between the two pools,—but immediately as they came near, distinguished the round, staring, goggle-eyed heads of two otters, floating one after the other, their legs spread out like flying squirrels, and steering with their tails, the tips of which showed above the water like the rudder of an Elbe Scuite. Down they came as flat as floating skins upon the water, but their round short heads and black eyes constantly in motion, examining with eager vigilance every neuk and rock which they passed. I looked down into the pool below me—it was clear as amber—and behind a large boulder of granite, in about eight feet of water, I saw three salmon—a large one lying just at the back of the stone, and two smaller holding against the stream in the same line. They lay sluggish and sleepy in the sunshine, without any motion, except the gentle skulling of their tails.—The otters were steering down the pool, bobbing and flirting the water with their snouts, and now and then ducking their heads till they came over the stone: in an instant, like a flash

of light, the fish were gone, and where the otters had just floated there was nothing but two undulating rings upon the glossy surface.—In the next instant there was a rush and swirl in the deep, under the rock on the west side, and a long shooting line going down to the rapid like the ridge which appears above the back fin of a fish in motion. Near the tail of the pool there was another rush and turn, and two long lines of bubbles showed that the otters were returning. Immediately afterwards the large salmon came out of the water with a spring of more than two yards, and just as he re-entered the otter struck him behind the gills, and they disappeared together, leaving a star of bright scales upon the surface. I now lost sight of them in the agitation which they had made, but I marked the bubbles here and there as the chase was pursued in the deep water. Several times they came to the surface, the otters always keeping below the fish, for the two smaller had disappeared, and both the hunters were now in close pursuit of the large one. They followed with the rapidity of lightning, and from the frequency with which they turned the fish, appeared to have the superiority in speed, and no disadvantage but the difficulty of clipping the round slippery bulk of the salmon. The skill with which they pursued their game was like that of a well-trained greyhound in a course—whenever they came to the throat of the pool, they pressed the fish hard to make him double into the clear water, and one was always vigilant to make him rise or turn, the increased efforts of which exhausted his strength. With equal sagacity they worked him at the tail of the pool to prevent him descending the rapid.—Twice, in returning, as the fish doubled round the boulder behind which he had originally lain, the nearest otter made a counter-turn in the opposite direction, and caught the salmon as they met, silvering the water with a flash of flying scales. With this race the fish began to

tire, and the otters continued to press him, till at last all three appeared turning, and struggling, and knitting together in the deep water—came up to the surface in a heap, rolled over and over, the otters coiled in a ring, and the fish splashing between them, and striking the water with its tail, till suddenly all disappeared, and left a thick circle of bubbles.—In a few moments they rose again, skimmed on the surface, turned over, and spun round like a wheel; but by this time one of the otters had fixed the fish behind the shoulder-fin, and both were working towards the farther bank.

Opposite to the “salmon stone,” where the fish had originally lain, and where his predecessors had lain ever since the boulder was left in the bottom of the river, there was one of those little round green tumuli called “*Carn Dòbhrain*,”¹ the otters’ heap, formed where they and their “forbears” have sat to eat their prey,—and by the remains which they have left,²—perhaps for three hundred

¹ It was swept away in the great speat of August 30th, 1829.

² For the great portion of his prey which the otter leaves on these heaps, he is called in Gaelic “*Caraid nam bochd*”—“the poor man’s friend;” and wherever there are inhabitants near his haunt, they visit the “*Carn dòbhrain*” in the grey of the morning to see what he has left. When a large salmon has been killed, this is often a supply for a whole family, for unless much pressed by hunger, the otter rarely eats more of his fish than a small piece out of the back, and abandons the remainder, either because he is satisfied, or to go in quest of another *shoulder*. That which they take is cut out as smooth as with a knife, so that the rest of the fish is clean and entire; and being usually sought by the people soon after the otter’s feeding-time, is generally found fresh out of the water. In the remote glens of the west country we have more than once breakfasted on such salmon, which being “brandered” in cuts to exhibit no want of “*the otter’s bit*,” never betrayed the fisher; and it was only our praises of its freshness and excellence which elicited the confession, that it had been killed a little before by “*The Caraid nam bochd*.” By rivers the “*Carn dòbhrain*” is always on some little bank or rock which commands a view up and down the stream to prevent surprise, but it is found not only on the salmon rivers and lakes with which they communicate, but

years. It was—as they generally are—a little smooth green heap, verdant from the rich manure of scales and

beyond the trout-burns, miles distant from any stream, by the hill muir-lochs at a considerable elevation. There were two on the side of Loch-Dollas, in Moray, a black peat-pot of a lake in the height of the moors between the Findhorn and the Spey, and without any stream of outlet. It abounds, however, with uncommon fine trout. Many otters frequent this loch, and upon one of its fish-carns has been seen a "*king of the otters*," or one of those accidental varieties distinguished by being marked with white. In the old time, when the Highlanders possessed their arms, it was customary to line the targe with seal, calf, or some other short firm skin. A targe lined with that of the otter king was supposed to be victorious in battle. Martin mentions that the royal otter was also distinguished by superior size; but this was a superstition, for the colour is an accident, and so must be the size of the beast. He also adds, that "it is very rarely seen"—which is true, for it is a *lusus naturæ*; "and very hard to be killed"—which resulted from the rarity of an opportunity for killing him.—"Seamen," adds the writer, "ascribe great virtues to the skin, for they say that it is fortunate in battle, and that victory is always on its side."—Western Isles, 159.—The king—or rather, from his entire colour—the *emperor* of otters at Dollas, was of a perfect snow-white. He has been seen to come up out of the water and sit upon the green carn to eat his fish—and in confirmation of Martin's difficulty of killing him—when you had no gun, or he was a quarter of a mile off, but none ever got near enough to shoot at him. I have found his silver hairs upon the little "Toman," and waited for him from before daylight, in a peat-pot within a hundred yards of his seat, but of course he never came.—At other times, when unprepared, or at the other corner of the lake, I have seen him through my glass in the broad sunshine, sitting on the green heap like a flake of snow, shutting his black eyes while he munched his fish, and wiping his long whiskers afterwards, like ——'s white cat, when he has dined well upon chicken. *Apropos* to the shutting of his eyes when eating, Martin observes—"This is a considerable disadvantage, for then *several* ravenous fowls lay hold on the opportunity and rob it of its fish."—Western Isles, 159.—Otters shut their eyes when they eat, like dogs, cats, and all carnivorous animals, from the contraction of the muscles of the face when giving—like Burns' old wife to the leaden nut—"a powerful squeeze."—The water eagle may—and we have no doubt would—attack an otter at his fish, whether his eyes were open or shut; but we have seen various otters chewing their "*bits*" like an old hound at a buck's throat—but never the bird which was so hardy as to approach him at that time.—And whatever "*hold*" any, except the osprey,

fish-bones—a round velvet cushion, which, had it been convenient, would have made a much pleasanter seat for Sir Palomides or Sir Tristrem than the mole-hills on which they sat to draw breath from their battle.—Thither the otters retired, not only to draw breath, but something else equally agreeable to them.—As they dragged the fish up the bank he appeared quite dead, and they had just reached their heap when there came a whistle from the Logie brae, and a whoop which startled them from their busy work.—For a moment they watched and listened, then slid to the water's edge like eels—hearkened again, turned their long curved whiskers over the edge of the pool, and slipped into the water without leaving a ripple on the surface. The whoop and the whistle died away, but they never returned or gave the slightest eddy, rise, or bubble, that might tell how or where they left the pool.

I could easily have shot them both during their hunt, and more surely when trailing the fish up the bank, for they were not thirty paces distant, and my double gun was loaded with B B ;¹ but the intense interest of their chase left no other thought, and I was curious to see the end of their proceedings, when they were interrupted by the base varlet who disturbed the harmony of nature upon the top of the brae.—Seeing there was nothing more to be done, I descended from my tree, and carried home the salmon, which weighed twelve pounds and a half.

Upon some parts of the west coast the sea otters are very numerous, and I have shot them in a manner which

might wish to take “on the opportunity,” we are sure they never laid hold of the fish.

¹ The otter requires a heavy shot, and when hit in the water is rarely secured at the time. They may afterwards be found dead and thrown up by the river; but out of five floating shots, I have not brought home more than two skins.

I never saw or heard of being practised by any other person. When the tide began to flow, and the fish came in round the rocks and bays, I chose some very solitary place which I knew to be frequented by otters, stationing myself in a cleft or a hollow of the rock. I know—not in this case like Shakespeare—"a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." Many of such I know too—but for this occasion—stern and sea-beat places where the stunted oak and mountain ash, and the swart heather and sere blaeberreries grow down to the edge of the high-tide mark—grey miniature cliffs, and dwarf precipices, covered with lichen, form an almost perpendicular rampart to the nooks, and creeks, and fingers, of the sea. Along these are shelves, and steps, and little caves, and projecting galleries, where a practised foot may safely walk, but with only a few inches of passage, and a wall of rock above and the sea below—how deep—He knows Who made it. The shelves go down in the clear green tide, till they disappear in its depths, or are hidden by some wider ledge over which I have let down from the point of my foot fifteen fathoms of line—eighty perhaps would not have found the bottom. From these cliffs and shelves I have watched the sea otters, and enticed them within a few feet of me. How much more might Dr Johnson have communicated to posterity, if, upon one of these occasions, he had chanced to visit my rock instead of that of the little boy with whose rod, as he has recorded, Mr Boswell caught—"a cuddie!"—Like that little boy I, too, had a rod, and by my side a basket of muscles and cockles, but no fishing-basket; in its place a hunting-bag, and in it no fishes, but sometimes an otter.—I fished, it is true, and baited with cuddie bait; and as the line played round the chinks of the rocks in the clear green water—thousands—millions—of cuddies, and cuddie-fry, would stream to the bait, and cluster round it in a burr, struggling, pulling, and

tugging with all their might. I took care to make it far too large for their little mouths to swallow, and it became the nucleus of cuddies and sythes of all sizes, from that of a herring to a stickle-back; the whole forming a star, whose centre was the bait, to which all heads were turned like needles to a magnet. The space between the larger fish filled up with swarms of fry eagerly disputing for the *debris* which fell from their superiors as they pulled the beards of the cockles, while all round the sea was filled with new-comers. My rod was fixed in a chink of the rock, and held midway between my knees, the double gun ready in my hand. I had not often long to wait, when, suddenly from some of the submarine vaults, one—two—or three otters would rush out—make a shoot up through the shoal to the surface of the water, scarcely ever failing to “clip” their fish, with which they would make a sweep—shake their noses, and open their eyes—but often not before the hail of double B had splattered round the head of one of them, and spread him out like a heap of flat fur upon the tide. Often, however, they were too quick, and though my gun followed the beast to the surface, and the heavy lead seemed to shower *under* his head the instant he appeared—his long shadow shot away like a fish from the bubbling froth—down—down into the green abyss, or under some of the clefts or ledges beneath my feet. Sometimes, when only one succeeded in carrying up his fish, the others would immediately pursue, and *always* overtake him—I do not know why, unless the fish, small as it was, impeded his motion; and then they all came to the surface together, rolled over and over on the top of the water like a heap of black kittens, spun round and round in a circle, and with such velocity that it looked like one long animal, or a monstrous hairy “devil’s-ring” spinning in the sea—after which they would close again, dive, leap a foot into the air,

and disappear. Upon these occasions fierce battles sometimes happen. One day, on the Sound of Mull, below Drumfin, I was *really* fishing, and had no gun. Shoals of cuddies, gouldies, sythes, and bodaich-ruaidh, were swimming out from all the little chinks and clefts, and from behind every ledge and shelf, when, suddenly like a flash of light, an otter shot up from below almost vertically—right through the middle of the shoal of fish up to the surface, bringing in his mouth a cuddie, with which he floated for a moment like a cork upon the water, and disappeared as he came. The fish had all vanished like magic, and there was nothing to be seen but the clear green water as still and empty as if there never had been a fish within it. At length, however, they began to reappear, but very shy; the larger only making a run out to snap at the beards of the bait in passing, and turning in again to the shelves under my feet. There were soon, however, hundreds of heads peeping out in all directions. The small fry were much the least timid, and began to collect into shoals, but, agitated and suspicious, darting and shooting away at the least motion of their superiors, but still floating about the bait like singed moths around the candle. At last one or two of the larger fish, bolder than the rest, glided out, crossed, and re-crossed, always in motion, like skirmishers to avoid an aim; and at length began to close in to the bait with the fry.

Almost immediately afterwards I observed an otter slide over a little point, and slip into the water under a ledge which shelved below it. In an instant after, a long red¹ line shot up from below through the boiling shoal of fish, and two otters came out on the surface of the water, one with a

¹ The time was late in autumn, and at that season the sea otters are as red as a buck in August.

good fish in his mouth. As soon as the other, which had none, saw his success, he wheeled upon him, made a dash at the fish between his teeth, and the two spun round and round, rolled over and over, dived, rose close to the edge of the rock under my feet, and splashed the water over me, in the fury with which they struggled for the fish, with an eagerness unconscious of my presence. At this moment a third otter came up and joined in the battle; this separated the two first, and all three spun round in beautiful circles and curves, with such rapidity that they seemed to form one amber ring or line on the surface of the calm green sea; in the next instant they all vanished, and I saw the long red shooting line of their descent as they darted down to the deep crevices of the shelves below.

From the preceding traits it must not be supposed that the otter lies in wait under the shelves of the rocks beneath the water; but as the birds of prey strike their game from *above*, and therefore always strive to out-soar it, so the otter, like fish, attacks from *below*, and thus dives for that purpose: hence his broad flat head and the surface view of his eyes. It is only in very solitary and entirely undisturbed places that they fish as above described by day; but where quite sure of their seclusion, when the tide is flowing, they will hunt along the lonely rocks, dive under the shelves and reefs where they know the fish abound, and from these ledges and galleries surprise them from below; when, from the similarity of their habits, their vision and attention being also directed upward to their own prey, they are the less sensible to approach from beneath. The recollections of sea-otter shooting recalls that of their neighbours the seals, which, on some coasts of the mainland and the isles, affords much and interesting sport; but the subject being entirely unconnected with forest hunting, and

being too long for an episode, requires another and a distinct place.¹

The remembrance of the otters of the Findhorn has carried us far away from its banks ; but the "sea-kings," and all their island reign, were not more pleasant to us than their gallant brothers of the river, and the bucks and does, and forest cheer of Tarnaway. That stream, however, which was so calm, and bright, and sunny, when the otters floated down its current in a still summer's morning, was a fierce and terrible enemy in its anger ; and for a great part of the year, the dread of its uncertainty and danger was a formidable cause for the preservation of that profound solitude of the forest which so long made it the sanctuary of deer, roe, and every kind of wild game. The rapidity with which the river comes down, the impassable height to which it rises in an incredibly short time, its uncertainty and fury, would render it an object of care to bold forders and boatmen ; but with the peasants of the "laich," unaccustomed, like the Highlanders, to wrestle with a mountain torrent, and excepting in rare instances unable to swim or manage a coble, it inspires a dread, almost amounting to awe, and none except ourselves ventured to keep a boat above the fishing-station of Slui. Pent within a channel of rocks from fifty to a hundred and eighty feet in height, the rise of the water is rapidly exaggerated by the incapability of diffusion ; and the length of its course sometimes concealing beyond the horizon the storms by which it is swelled at its source, its floods then descend with unexpected violence. Frequently when, excepting a low wreath upon Beann-Drineachain, the sun is shining in a cloudless sky, and the water scarce ripples over the glittering ford, a deep hollow sound—a dull approaching roar may be heard

¹ Appendix, No. IX.

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¹ Appendix, No. IX.

in the gorges of the river ; and almost before the wading fisherman can gain the shore, a bank of water, loaded with trees, and rocks, and wreck, will come down three—four—five feet abreast—sweeping all before it in a thunder of foam and ruin. In ordinary cases, after two days of rain, the stream will rise twenty or thirty feet—it *has* risen nearly ten fathoms in its rocky gulf ; and once upon this occasion¹ it mounted fifteen feet in a quarter of an hour. When the dawn broke, it appeared sweeping through the trees, which the evening before hung fifty feet above its brink—a black roaring tempest loaded with ruins and debris, from which were seen to rise at times the white skeletons of trees peeled of their bark, beams and couples of houses—a cart—a door—a cradle, hurrying and tilting through the foam and spray, like the scattered “floatsome” of a wreck.

It may be judged how far it was convenient in winter to hunt a forest separated by such a boundary, of which the nearest certain passage was by a bridge two miles to the west, with frequently the view of hunting, three miles to the east. Often we have gone out in a clear sapphire morning, when there was scarce a ripple on the pools, and the water on the ford was not over our “glunachan,”² and when we returned at evening, and approached through the dark veil of pines which descended to the river, have heard a roar as if the world was rolling together down the black trough before us, and as we came out on the bank, found a furious tempest of water, tumbling, and plunging, and leaping, over stock and rock twenty feet upon the clatach, where we had left it whimpering among the pebbles in the morning ; while, in the far, deep, birch-bowered channel, where the stream was then so still and

¹ In the great flood of August 1829.

² The deer-skin knee-caps used by Highlanders in hunting.

placid, that you could only guess its course by the bright glistening eye which here and there blinked between the trees and stones,—now it came yelling, and skirling, and clamouring down the rocks and falls, as if all the air was full of gibbering, babbling, laughing demons who were muttering, and yammering, and prophesying, and hooting, at what you were going to do if you attempted to cross. Cross, however, we did—many times, and, like the old Clan-Ranald, “Dh’aindeoin comhaireachd.” But that it may be known what kind of crossing it was, we will mention two examples:—

I had lost my boat in the last speat; it was the third which had been taken away in that year, and, until I obtained another, I was obliged to ford the river. I went one day as usual; there was a dark bank of cloud lying in the west upon Beann-Drineachain, but all the sky above was blue and clear, and the water moderate, as I crossed into the forest. I merely wanted a buck, and, therefore, only made a short circuit to the edge of Dun-Fhearn, and rolled a stone down the steep into the deep wooded den. As it plunged into the burn below, I heard the bound of feet coming up; but they were only two small does, and I did not “speak” to them, but amused myself with watching their uneasiness and surprise as they perked into the bosky gorge, down which the stone had crashed like a nine-pounder; and, as their white targets jinked over the brae, I went on to try the western terraces. There is a smooth dry brae opposite to Logie Cumming, called “Braigh Choilich-Choille,”¹ great part of the slope of which is covered with a growth of brackens from five to six feet high, mixed with large masses of foxgloves, of such luxuriance, that the stems

¹ The woodcocks’ brae, from the frequency with which they breed there.

sometimes rise five from a single root, and more than seven feet in height, of which there is often an extent of five feet of blossoms, loaded with a succession of magnificent bells. As we crossed below this beautiful covert, I observed Dreadnought suddenly turn up the wind towards it. I immediately made for the crest beyond where the bank rises smooth and open, and from whence I had a free sweep of the summit and of both sides. I had just reached the top when the dog entered the thicket of the ferns, and I saw their tall heads stir about twenty yards before him, followed by a roar from his deep tongue, and a fine buck bolted up the brae. I gave a short whistle to stop him, and immediately he stood to listen, but behind a great spruce fir, which then, with many others, formed a noble group upon the summit of the terrace. The sound of the dog dislodged him in an instant, and he shot out through the open glade, when I followed him with the rifle, and sent him over on his horns like a wheel down the steep, and splash, like a round shot, into the little rill at its foot. We brittled him on the knob of an old pine, and rewarded the dog, and drank the Doch-falla; when, having occasion to send the piper to the other side of the wood, and being so near home, I shouldered the roe, and took the way for the ford of Craig-Darach, a strong wide broken stream with a very bad bottom, but the nearest then passable. As I descended the Bruach-gharbh, Dreadnought stopped and looked up into a pine, then approaching the tree, searched it all round with his nose. I scanned the branches, but could see nothing except an old hawk's nest, which had been disused long ago; and if it had not, I did not understand how it should be interesting to a hound. The dog, however, continued to investigate the stump and stem of the fir, gaze into the branches, turning his head from side to side, and setting up his ears like a cocked-hat. I laid down the

buck, and unslung my double gun, and threw a stick at the nest, when out shot a large pine-martin, and, like a squirrel, sprung along the branches from tree to tree, till I brought him to the ground. Dreadnought examined him with a sort of wrinkle in his whiskers, and turned away, and sat down in dignified abstraction ; while I remounted the buck, and braced the martin to his feet with the little " ial-chas," or foot straps used for trussing the legs of the roe. We then resumed our path for the ford. As I descended through the Boat-Shaw, I heard a heavy sound from the water, but when I came out from the birches upon the green bank on its brink, I saw that the river had come down, and was just lipping with the top of the stone, the sight of whose head was the mark for the last possibility of crossing. As I looked upon its contracting ring, I perceived that the stream was still growing ; there was no time to be lost, for the alternative now was to go round by the bridge of Daltulich, a circuit of four miles ; and I knew that, before I reached the next good ford, the water would be a continuous rapid, probably six feet deep : I decided, therefore, upon trying the chance where I was. Dreadnought, who had gone about thirty yards up the stream to take the deep water in the pool of Craig-Darach, had observed my hesitation with one leg out and one in the water, and was standing on the point of the rock waiting the result. As soon as I made another step he plunged into the river, and in a few moments was rolling on the bank of silver sand, thrown up by the back-water upon the opposite side of the river. As I advanced through the stream, he looked at me occasionally, and I at him, and the beautiful smooth sand and green bank upon his side—for by that time I began to wish I was there too. I was then in pretty deep water for a ford, but still some distance from the deepest part ; my kilt was floating

round me in the boiling water, and the strong eddy, formed by the stream running against my legs, gulped and gushed with increasing weight. I moved slowly and carefully, for the whole ford was filled with large round slippery stones from the size of a sixty-pound shot to a two-hundred-weight shell. I stopped to rest, and looked back to the ford mark : it was wholly gone, and I saw only the broad smooth wave of water which slipped over its head. Ten paces more, and I should be through the deepest part. I stepped steadily and rigidly, but I wanted the use of my balancing limbs, and the freedom of my breath ; for the barrels of the double gun and rifle, which were slung at my back, were passed under my arms to keep them out of the water ; and I was also obliged to hold the legs of the buck, which, loaded with the "wood-cat," were crossed upon my breast. At every step the round and sliding stones endangered my footing, rendered still more unsteady by the upward pressure of the water. In this struggle the current gave a great gulp, and a wave plashed up over my guns. I staggered downwards with the stream, and could not recover a sure footing for several yards. At last I secured my hold against a large fixed stone, and paused to rest. After a little I made another effort to proceed. The water was now running above my belt, and at the first step which I made from the stone, I found that it deepened abruptly before me. I felt that six inches more, that strong stream would lift me off my legs ; and with great difficulty I gained about two yards up the current to ascertain if the depth was continuous, but the bottom still shelved before me, and, as I persisted in attempting it, I was turned round by the stream, the waves were leaping through the deep channel before me, and having no arms to balance my steps, I began to think of the bonnie banks on *either* side the river. In this jeopardy poor Dreadnought had not

been unconcerned ; at the first moment of my struggle he had gone down the great stony beach which lay before me, and, sitting down by the water, watched me with great anxiety, and at last began to whine, and whimper, and tremble with agitation. But when he saw me stagger down the stream, he rose, went in up to his knees, howled, pawed the water, and lapped the waves with impatience. Meanwhile I was obliged to come to a rest, with my left foot planted strongly against a stone, for the mere resistance to the pressure of water, which, rushing with a white foam from my side, was sufficient exertion without the weight of the buck and the two guns, which amounted to more than seventy pounds. After a few moments' pause I made a last effort to reach the east bank, but it was now impossible, and I turned to make an attempt to regain the Tarnaway side. I was at least thirty yards lower down than when I entered the stream, and the water was rushing and foaming all round me ; another stagger nearly carried me off my feet, and, in the exertion to keep them, a thick transpiration rose upon my forehead, my ears began to sing, and my head to swim, while disordered in their balance, the buck and the guns almost strangled me. I looked down the channel ; the water was running in a white broken rapid into the black pool below, and swept with a wide foaming back-water under the steep rock which turned its force. The soft green bank before me was sleeping beneath the shade of the weeping birches, where bluebells and primroses grew thick in the short smooth turf, and, though they had long shed their blossoms, the bright patches of their clusters were yet visible among the tall foxgloves, which still retained the purple bells upon their tops. The bank looked softer, and greener, and more inviting than ever it had done before ; but my eyes grew dim, and my limbs faint with that last struggle. I felt for my dirk knife, for a

desperate rolling swim for life seemed now inevitable, and, steadying myself in the stream, I cut loose the straps of the buck and the slings of the guns, and retaining them only with my hands, held them ready to let go as soon as I should be taken off my legs. When they were free, I dipped my hand in the water, and laved it over my brow and face. The singing of my ears ceased, and my sight came clear, and I discovered that I had lost my bonnet in the struggle, and distinguished the white cockade dancing like a little "cailleach" of foam in the vortex of the pool below. Being now *morally* relieved from the weight of the roe and guns,—though resolved to preserve them to the last,—I resumed my attempt for the west bank; but when I reached a similar distance to that which I had gained for the other, I found an equally deep channel before me, and that the diminished water by which I had been encouraged was only the shoaling of a long bank which extended with the stream. I now saw that before I joined my bonnet, which still danced and circled in the pool below, there was only one effort left—to struggle up the stream, and reach the point from which I had taken the water. But this was a desperate attempt; for at every step I had to find a safe footing at the upper side of some stone, and then with all my strength to force myself against the current. But often the stones gave way, and, loosening from their bed, went rolling and rumbling down the rapid, and I was driven back several feet, to recommence the same struggle. The river also was still increasing, and the flat sand, which was dry when I left it, was now a sheet of water. While I was thus wrestling with the stream, I saw Dreadnought enter, not at his usual place in the pool, but at the tail, just above the run of the stream in which I was struggling. He came whimpering over, and crossed about a yard or two above me; but instead of making for

the bank, he turned in the water, and swam towards me. The stream, however, was too strong for him, and carried him down. I called, and waved to the forest, and he turned and steered for its bank, but did not reach the shelving sand till he was well tumbled in the top of the rapid, out of which he only emerged in time to catch a little back-water, which helped him on to the shore. The attempt of the dog to reach me had passed while I rested ; and when he gained the bank, I resumed my effort to make the shallower water.

Dreadnought's eye was turned towards me as he came dripping up the bank, and seeing me move forward, without stopping to trundle himself, he ran before me to the water's edge, at the right entrance of the ford, whining, and howling, and baying, as if he knew as well as I that it was the place to make for. In a few steps the stones became less slippery, and the bottom more even, and I began to think that I might gain it, when, at the rocky point above, I saw a white mass of foam, loaded with brushwood, sticks, and rubbish, borne along by a ridge of yellow curdling water, at least two feet higher than the stream.—I gathered all my strength, and made a struggle for the bank opposite to where I was. The water was already above my belt, and rushing between my arms as I bore up the guns.—I felt myself lifted off my legs ; —again I held the ground.—The green bank was only a few yards distant, but the deep water was close below, and the yellow foaming flood above.—As I staggered on, I heard it coming down, crumpling up, and crackling the dead boughs which it bore along. I stumbled upon a round stone, and nearly fell backward, but it was against the stream which forced me forward. I felt the spray splash over my head : I was nearly blind and deaf. I made a desperate effort with the last strength which I had left, and threw myself gasping on the bank. Dreadnought

sprang forward, jumped over and over me, whined, and kissed my face and hands, and tried to turn me over with his snout, and scratched and pawed me to make me speak ; but I could not yet, and gasped, and choked, and felt as if my heart would burst. I lay, dripping and panting, with my arms stretched out on the grass, unable to move, except with the convulsive efforts of my breath. At last I sat up, but I could scarcely see : a thin gauzy cloud was over my eyes, a heavy pressure rung in my ears, my feet still hung in the water, which was now sweeping a wide white torrent from bank to bank, and running with a fierce current through both the pools below. The back-water, where my bonnet had danced, no longer remained ; all was carried clear out in one long rush down to the Cluag.—“ *Benedictum sit nomen Domini !*” I thought, as I crossed myself. I stretched out my hand, and plucked the nearest flowers, and smelled their sweet greenwood scent with inexpressible delight. I never thought that flowers looked so beautiful, or had half so much perfume, though they were only the pale wild blossoms of the fading year. I placed them in my breast, and have them still, and never look upon them without repeating—

“ *DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE DOMINE !*”

Such were the hazards on the fords of Findhorn ; but even by boat the struggle was sometimes no less arduous, though it enabled us to cross the water at a height otherwise impassable, of which the following passage is an example :—

One evening I was returning with the piper, and the old hound which had accompanied me at the ford. As we descended towards the pool of Cluag, where I had left the coble quietly moored in the morning, Dreadnought frequently turned and looked at me with hanging ears and a heavy cheerless eye ; and when we came to the

path which led down to the river he stopped, and dropped behind, and followed at my heel, though usually he trotted on before, and instead of waiting for the boat, took the water, which he preferred to the coble. When we came out from the trees upon the steep bank above the river, I understood his altered manner. From rock to rock the stream was running a white, furious, rushing torrent, and the little boat tugging and jibbing on her chain, and swinging and bobbing upon the top of the froth, like the leaves which danced upon the eddy. Dreadnought had heard the sound of the river, and knew what there was at work before us. The boat was moored near the throat of the pool, in the back-water of a little bay, now entirely filled with froth and foam up to the gunwale of the coble, which was defended by a sharp point of rock, from whose breakwater the stream was thrown off in a wild shooting torrent. Within the bay the re-action of the tide formed a quick back-water, which raised the stream without nearly two feet higher than the level within, and at times sucked the boat on to the point, where she was struck in the stem by the gushing stream, and sent spinning round at the full swing of her "tether."—Donald looked at me.—There was no alternative but the bridge of Daltullich, more than four miles about, with two bucks to carry, and ourselves well run since four o'clock in the morning. I stood for some moments considering the chances, and the manifest probability of going down the stream. Immediately after emerging from the little mooring bay, there was a terrific rush of water discharged through the narrow throat of the pool, and raised to the centre in a white fierce tumbling ridge, for which the shortness of the pool afforded no allowance for working, while the little back-water, which, in ordinary cases, caught us on the opposite side, and took us into the bank, was lost in a flood, which run right through the basin like a mill-

lead.—“Can you swim, Donald?”—said I, mechanically.—“Swim, Sir!”—said he, who knew how often I had seen him tumbled by the waves both in salt water and fresh.—“O yes—I know you can.”—“But I was thinking of that stream.”—“Ongudearbhl!”—replied Donald: “But it was myself that never tried it yon way!”—“And what do you think of her?”¹—“Faith, Thighearna, you know best—but if you try it, I shall not stay behind.”—We had often ridden the water together by day and night, in flood and fair; and, narrow as the pool was, I thought we could get through it. We threw in a broken branch to prove the speed of the current, but it leaped through the plunging water like a greyhound, and was away in a moment down to the fierce white battling vortex of the Scuddach, where there was no salvation for thing alive; a few moments it disappeared in the wild turmoil, and then came up beyond—white and barked, and shivered like a splintered bone. Donald, however, saw that I was going to try the venture, and he was already up the bank unlocking the chain without a word. The bucks were deposited in the stern of the boat, the guns laid softly across them, covered with a plaid, and Dreadnought followed slowly and sternly, and laid himself down with an air as if, like Don Alphonso of Castile, “the body trembled at the dangers into which the soul was going to carry it.” I took the

¹ Although, according to the general progress of denationalisation, it has pleased some of the noble learned to personify the Findhorn as a *masculine* deity, it should be known that, like all other rivers among the simple natives, “*she*” is a feminine person—a water-nymph like the Scamander, not a bearded and laureled god like the Tiber or the Nile. The colloquial gender of rivers, among the Scots peasantry, is derived from the Gaelic, in which, like all other languages except the English, most nouns are masculine or feminine. Among the latter are all rivers, native trees, and heavenly bodies, and musical instruments; and, consequently, their articles and pronouns are in the corresponding gender;—and thus, as in French,—“J’admire cette rivière, *elle* est tres belle;”—so in Gaelic,—“Is iongantas dhomh an abhainn, *tha* i glè bhibidheach.”

oars—there were no directions to be given—Donald knew how to cross the pool, and every other where we were used to ferry. The boat's head was brought round to the stream, for it was necessary to run her into it with the impulse of the back-water to shoot her forward, or she would have been drawn back, stern foremost, into the eddy, where the jaw of the water, over the point of the rock, would have swamped us in an instant. Donald knelt at the bows, and held fast by a light painter till I cried—"Ready!"—when the little shallop sprung from the rope, tilted away like a sea-bird, and glided towards the roaring torrent. I looked over my shoulder; Donald was gripping to the bows, his teeth set fast, but a gleam of light in his eye, as we plunged headlong into the bursting stream. A blow like the stroke of a mighty wooden hammer lifted the boat into the surf; there was a crack as if her bows were stove in, and she shot shivering through the pool, filled with water to our knees, and sending the spray over us like a sheet. The rocks and trees seemed to fly away; the roaring water spouted and boiled, as it lifted up the boat, which spun round like a leaf, with her starboard gunwale lipping with the waves; but a few seconds swept us through the pool, and we were flying into the mad tumbling thunder of the rapid below. I kept the larboard bow to the stream, and pulled with all my might; but I thought she did not move, the eddy of the great mid-stream seemed to fix her in the ridge of the torrent, and take her along with it; the oars bent like willows to the strain, a boiling gush from below lifted her bows, and threw her gunwale under the froth. I thought we were gone, but I redoubled the last desperate strokes, and we shot out of the foaming ridge towards the opposite bank, rolling, and leaping, and plunging, into the throat of the rapid. Donald sat like a tiger ready for the spring, and as we neared the shore, bounded on the grass with the

chain. This checked the speed of the boat; I unshipped the oars, and sprung out just as the coble came crash alongside the bank, then swirling round, her head flew out to the stream, dragging Donald along the grass after her. I jumped into the water, and caught hold of the bow; for two minutes the struggle was doubtful, and she continued to drag us along: at last Donald reached the stump of a tree, and, running round it, made a turn of the chain and brought her up.—We sat down, and wiped our faces, and looked at each other in silence. The incredibly short space of time which had elapsed since we stood on the "*other side*," with the mysterious future before us, and now to be sitting on "*this*," and call it the *past*, was like a dream.—The tumult, the flying shoot, the concussion at parting and arriving, seemed like an explosion,—as if we had been blown up and thrown over.—“I don’t think that boat will ever go back again, Thighearna,”—said Donald.—“Why not?”—“Did you not feel her twist, and hear her split, when we came into the burst of the stream?”—replied Donald.—“I don’t know,”—said I; “I felt and heard a great many things, but there was no time to think what they were.”—“O it was not *thinking* that I was”—answered Donald; “but the water came squirting up in my face through her ribs, and I held on by both bows, expecting at every stroke to see them open and let me through.”—We got up and examined the boat’s bottom; there was a yawning rent from the stem to the centre, and part of the torn planks lapped one over the other by the twist, the bows being only held together by the iron band which bound the gunwale.

Such continually and unexpectedly were the ferries of the Findhorn, and many such escapes we had, in daylight and in darkness.—Twice I have been swamped, often nearly upset, and more than once carried off my legs in the ferds; and—I say it with humility, and always under

the mercy of heaven—that I owed rescue, either to actual swimming, or to the confidence inspired by that power when struggling with the strong and terrible enemy.

This continual exposure to battle and disappointment, however, became at length too vexatious an abridgment of sport and certainty; and as I would—and often—have made my bed under a fir tree rather than go round by the bridge of Daltullich, I resolved upon another alternative—to build in the forest a “*bothan an t-sealgair*,” or “hunter’s hut,” where we might lodge for the night when it was impossible to cross the water.

There is a high and beautiful craig at the crook of the river near the “Little¹ Eas,”—a precipice eighty feet in height, and then like a vast stone helmet crowned with a feathery plume of wood, which nodded over its brow. From its top you might drop a bullet into the pool below, but on the south side there is an accessible woody bank, down which, by planting your heels firmly in the soil and among the roots of the trees, there is a descent to a deep but smooth and sandy ford. Upon the summit of the rock there is, or there was—my blessing upon it!—a thick and beautiful bird-cherry which hung over the craig, and whose pendant branches taking root on the edge of the steep, shot up again like the banana, and formed a natural arbour and close trellis along the margin of the precipice.² Behind its little gallery, there is a mighty holly, under which the snow rarely lays in winter, or the rain drops in summer. Beneath the shelter of this tree, and within the bank at its foot, I dug a little cell, large enough to hold two beds, a bench, a hearth, a table, and a “kistie.” The sides were lined with deals well caulked with moss, and the roof was constructed in the same manner, but covered with a tarpauling, which lying

¹ Eas beag.

² The bird-cherry shoots vigorously in this kind of reproduction.

in the slope of the surrounding bank, carried off any water which might descend from thaw or rain, and when the autumn trees shook off their leaves, could not be distinguished from the adjoining bank. Its door was on the brink of the craig, veiled by the thick bird-cherries on the edge of the precipice ; and the entrance to the little path, which ascended from either side upon the brow of the rock, was concealed by a screen of birch and hazel, beneath which the banks were covered with primroses, wood-anemones, and forget-me-not. Bowers of honeysuckle and wild-roses twined among the lower trees ; and even in the tall pines above, the rose sometimes climbed to the very top, where all its blossoms clustering to the sun, hung in white tassels out of the dark-blue foliage. There the thrush and the blackbird sung at morning and evening, and the owl cried at night, and the buck belled upon the Torr—Blessed, wild, free, joyous dwelling, which we shall never see again !

Many were the happy days which we spent in its greenwood reign, and many the sweet nights of repose upon its bracken pillow, when the storm rent the pines above, and the roaring thunder of the river came down below.—It was not, however, long before strange things were told of “sights” and “sounds,” beyond the wind and the river—“eerie voices,” and “awsum shapes,” that walked in the forest when there were none asteer but the owl upon the tree and the buck upon the holm.—It chanced that a young man, who had a tryst to accompany his lassie to the kirk of Edenchelie, was drowned on his way in the ford of the “peel-anker,” and his body was found in the pool beneath the bothie, discovered by the glistening of his shoe-nails in the sunshine at the bottom of the water. Whether afterwards a blink of our taper had been seen on the craig, or a spark from the hearth flying over the trees,—but “weird things” came to be told in “the

laich." Some said that at midnight, upon the "wheelheid"¹ where the corpse was raised, "dead-candles" were seen burning upon the water,—and some that "the white man of Altyre" had appeared on the other side of the river, holding his head in his hand like the ghost of Fawdoun,—but apparently for a more useful purpose, as a lanthorn to show himself through the wood,—with a light in each eye as big as a mail-coach reflector.—"Auld Jennie Sax-pens" had seen "grey lang nebbit things wi' heids like deid haddies—sittin' croonin' and ta'kin' upon the crookit birk abeen the deid peel;" and "Robbie Cappie" declared that there was—"the Lord kent fhar, for he could neiver find it mair,—a Pechd's huse in the brae, and a little wee green manaig that sat in it,—and, by his account, so long—that his beard might have grown through a stone table, like that of the Emperor Barbarossa in the castle of Kiffhausen."²

One evening, at the close of an autumn day, we re-

¹ Eddy. Sc.

² Although the Emperor Barbarossa and his whole court of knights are supposed to inhabit the bowels of the mountain of Unterberg in the Tyrol,—where they are to remain till they return to restore the age of chivalry, something before the last day,—that does not prevent the Kaiser from frequenting various other mysterious and very different parts of Germany, where it seems that he passes his time in sedentary meditation. Thus at Kiffhausen, he has been seen by the peasants in a vault under the castle, seated at a stone table, with his head resting upon his hand, and his long red beard growing through the marble, like grass through a slab of ice. Kiffhausen is an old imperial fortress, supposed to have been built by the Emperor Henry IV. It stands upon the summit of an eminence in the woody range of hills which bound the western side of the valley of the Goldener Aue, a rich plain stretching along the Helme between Nordhausen and Sängershausen, in the descent from the Hartz into the great plain of Halle. With similar diversity of abode, if not of ubiquity, Fingal and his heroes, notwithstanding their trance in the cave of Craig a' Chobha, are sometimes to be met in an island called "Eilean-na-Haoigh," somewhere beyond the Hebrides,—as we suppose the Flath-Innis,

turned to the bothie after a long and hard chase. It was a dark, still, sullen night ; the river was rolling over all its fords, and the grey blank mourning sky only showed at times the waning moon above the black tree tops. We had finished our hunter's meal,—the last smoke had gone up out of my meerschaum as out of the baser clay of Hogarth, and my eyes began to close as I listened to the "crunluath" of "Cumha-Catarine," which Donald was rehearsing upon the piob-punic.¹ Suddenly I thought the roof of the bothie sprung and trembled, and a soft tremulous motion seemed to roll through the planks. I rose, and went out to the little path between the door and the precipice : all was dark and still, except the heavy sound of the river and the murmur of the gust, which at times went through the trees upon the summit of the hill. The wind, however, was beginning to rise, and at times came in long and heavy seughs through the forest. Between the sounds I thought I heard a deep sigh, a stifled breath, as if in the air close beside me. My ears and eyes stretched to the sound—but it returned no more, or was drowned in the sudden breeze, and the growing rush which rose from the stream, as the passing wind drew down the gorge. I thought it might have been only the breath of the night air, as it waved the drooping birches;—but there

or insular heaven of the ancient Celts, the exact situation of which was not better known to the Highlanders than it was to Pliny. However, it was lately in remembrance of some of the oldest people in Ross-shire, that a ship, which was driven out of her course by a storm, was carried to its coast, and some of the crew having occasion to go on shore, were received by several gigantic men in ancient attire, who saluted them in good Gaelic, entertained them with great hospitality and benevolence, and expressed some curiosity concerning the people of the modern world ; only requesting them, at their departure, to leave behind their shoes, which had become consecrated, by treading upon the hero-land.

¹ The miniature pipe, on which pipers practise in the house.

was more at hand. I looked to the sky, and into the deep black gulf of the river. The dark, angry, drifting wrack was shifting fast across the moon, and in the black indefinite abyss, the white flash of the rushing eddies was visible for a moment, shooting in the gloom below. Nothing living, however, was discernible near the hut, and, returning into its warm still shelter, I folded myself in my plaid, and was soon sound asleep upon my bracken bed.

About midnight, I was startled from my rest with such a sensation as that of Job, when "the hair of his flesh stood up!"—The wind was roaring in the trees, the dry leaves drifted over the roof in scattering eddies, and the deep thunder of the stream came up from below with those heavy and indefinite concussions which give the sensation of the whole craig trembling to a heavy blow. These reverberations always attend the sound of the stream in flood, and proceed from the large boulders and masses of rock rolled along its bottom, and striking against the feet of the steeps.—I listened to the roar and tumult of the wood and water, but I was sensible that I had been awakened by some other sound, and such a sound that, though unconscious what it was, my limbs were yet in a "grew," as I sat upright on the bed, as stiff as the dead buck which hung before me on the wall.—While I yet listened, there came a cry—a long-drawn, yelling, howling shriek—a disembodied sound like the voice of an owl, without beginning or end—as if it rose and passed into the air—a mere swelling of its own windy voice.—I listened with suspended breath; in a few moments the wild cry came again, close at my ear, at the very crevice of the thin scantling which parted my bed from the green bank. I felt for my dirk, and sat as stiff as its blade, with my hair standing up, and my eyes staring into the darkness.—There was a still deep pause, a lull of the wind, in which no sound remained but the distant moan of the wood and the thunder of the river.—"DONALD!"—

I said—and immediately, with a voice which discovered that he was sitting equally erect before me.—“*Sir!*” —he replied in the same deep stern tone.—“What was that?”—said I.—“*I don’t know, Sir!*—what do you think?”—At this moment I heard the light pattering of feet go up through the dry leaves upon the bank, and after a pause a wild, distant, and very elvish cry came down in the returning gust from the top of the tòr.—It need not be said, that I dreamed of all the goggle eyes and hooked noses, flying frogs, and two-legged gurnets, which appeared to Teniers for the temptation of St Anthony.—In the morning, however, I was awakened as usual by the whistle of the robin in the bird-cherry, and the sharp note of the blue-bonnet sharpening his little saw¹ on the top of the holly. I went out to the narrow terre-plain over the craig; the wind was gone, and the sun smiling on the still leaves and dewy grass; the flood torrent of the river dancing and laughing in its light, and the calm bright air breathing with the sweet perfume of the damp plants, and all the freshness and fragrance of the forest wilderness. I stepped up on the bank, and, by the upper edge of the bothie roof, just above my bed, I found the print of a fox in the little scar of sand, and, immediately after, where he had turned and stolen away up the brae. I discovered that he had descended on the opposite side and made stand, and scraped upon the planks above the suspended buck, and, prowling round the hut in search of an entrance, had only taken the wind of his enemies within when he came to my ear, which sent him to the hill with the yell of disappointment with which he had departed.—On the top of the bothie, however, I was surprised to see a heap of fine new-cut grass as large as a little hay-cock—deposited, like the old Scots gallant’s wig—“where nae wig suld be.”—I looked up and down,

¹ The note of this little bird, the “*Parus Major*,” exactly re-

but I could see nobody, not a trace of a foot upon the dew, by which it was evident that the truss must have lain there all night.—That there were cows on the skirts of the forest we knew very well—and “wherever there are cows,” says St Columbus, “there must be women”—and the forester would have agreed with him as to the corollary, which we have too much devotion for the sex of the cows’ mistresses to repeat.—How the grass came there, nevertheless, it was difficult to divine; and at last we were obliged to “give it up,” though old Sandy shook his head; and often, when we returned to the bothie at twilight, looked about as if he expected to see the “little wee green manaig” mowing under the foxgloves.

One dark, cloudy, “erie” day in the winter which succeeded, we followed a buck, which was like the Wandering Jew or the German Leg—who took us all over the forest, into every burn, and round every lochan—through the midst of the castle park; and down the west road between the farm-house and its square, and into an old wife’s kail-yard, where we lost him, and in his place found the mistress, who, if she was not panting like the crone who cheated Michael Scott’s greyhounds, had, as Jemmie Hutcheon said—“a sair maukin leuk.”—We asked about the buck, and a word of Gaelic opened her heart; and seeing the pearls which were standing on our brows in spite of the bullions of icicles which were hanging to our kilt, and the jewels which—if we did not, like the Abyssinians, carry them in our noses—were hanging at our mustachoes, she brought us out the usual kindly Highland grace drink—the bowl set to stand for cream. In the little gossip by which it was accompanied, if we heard nothing of the buck, we learned the riddle of the earthquake in the roof of the bothie. Although, like your dramatic poet, a narrator should always make his

personages speak when they have anything to say, I suppose that it should little profit most of our readers to repeat our old wife's Gaelic. We may, therefore, inform them in our own words, that, on the evening before I found the hay-cock, she had ventured into the forest to cut grass for the cow, "Puir beastie! she had a calf, ye ken"—lost her way of course—and wandered about till she heard the thunder of the river beneath her, and found herself on the brink of the craigs. It chanced she stopped upon the bank at the roof of my bothie, which, covered with leaves, could not be distinguished from the rest of the brae. While she was standing appalled at the growing darkness and the gulf before her, she suddenly heard the sound of Donald's piob-punic rising out of the ground at her feet.—Those who have heard this diminutive instrument, know what a blue-bottle's music it makes, and will not therefore be surprised that, hearing it coming up from the earth, Maggie had no doubt that it was the melody of the good neighbours. Assured that she was standing upon a fairy hillock, she slipped her cord, and letting the grass run upon the brae, fled up the hill and through the thickets, till she was stopped by the black yawning gorge of Dun-Fhearn. There she drew breath, and listened to the far deep hum of the burn below. Having found a stone, she rolled it down the steep to try the depth of the abyss.—It went bounding and crashing through the branches as if it descended into the bottomless pit, and brought up a buck, who, catching a glimpse of her white "mutch" and pale Arisaid, stamped and belled at her with a cry proportionate to his own terror.—Maggie ducked into the blaeberry bushes, and staring towards the hoarse weird sound, which she had never heard before, caught sight of the little black head and sharp perking horns, minting at her from the top of the brae, and looming like a brown shadow against

the pale clear sky.—“Presairve me!” she thought—“I’m clean gane e’new!”—The buck, however, disappeared in the winking of her eye, like the puck, demon, or rushlight friar, which she supposed him to be; but appalled by all around her, and bewildered which way to turn, she sat down in despair at the foot of the “quaking ash,” than which she could not have had a more suitable companion. There she remained all night, frozen with cold and terror; but when the daylight returned, she saw the little track partly worn by the roe-deer, partly by us, and less frequently by the foot of some ailing pilgrim to the chalybeate spring on the opposite bank of the “den.” From this there was a clear path to the road which crosses the forest; and at last, weeping with joy, she saw the sun shine once more upon its broad beaten way.

“An’ what for was ye fraichted?”—said old Sandy—“Did ye no ken a Hieland chanter onie?”—

“Aie! presairve me!—but fow sud be chantering like a fustleach in yon place?”—replied the old wife.—“De ye no ken it’s abeen the peel, fhar MacHattie laid, and the deid cannels brenning ower him?”—

“Ay”—said Sandy—“I mind the finding o’m.—I seed the sun blink on’s tackats—but nae cannels.”—

“Aweel”—said Maggie—“de’v ye ken fhat’s in ane o’ thae grey craigs?”—

“Ay de’v I”—said Sandy—“*fiue!*—De’v ye?”—

“Is it yersel’ kens fhat auld Cappie seed in’t?”—continued the old woman, something “raised” at the question upon her just cause for terror.

“Deil o’ me!”—answered Sandy.

“Weel, he leukit in: thar’s a bit winnock, ye ken—and thar he seed a wee chawmer, and a’ things in it sealit wi’ seals—seven o’ them, I daur say—and a wee bed, and a steel, and a bit buirdie, and a little wee mannies sittin’ at it, as green’s a green hollin.—An’ is’t yon

fustlin', piperin' bit bodies I'd no be feared for?—tatter-in' and plapperin', and blawin' upon straes under the grun', like hummel bees!"——

"I'll tell you what, wifie!"—said the piper.——

"Never mind"—said I, glancing at him.——"And fhat was yon wee hum'lach deein', Maggie?"

"Deein'!—Fhat sud he be deein'!"—exclaimed the old woman; "sittin' thar three hunder year and mair!"

Such have been the sources—traditions of the old "Picts' houses," and the little subterranean cells still found in various parts of Scotland, the dwellings of the ancient people, which have given origin to many of the popular tales and superstitions concerning dwarfs, brownies, and fairies.¹ But though our bothie was far from resembling the Peri Paribanon's cell, or the rock-palace where the old kaiser keeps his court in the bowels of the Unterberg—we loved it, not only for its bucks and stags, and all its greenwood cheer, but for the love of nature by which it was surrounded. Beyond its "vert and venison," there was a world of life and interest for those who had the eye to mark and the heart to read its book. On every side we had companions; from the passenger which came from Norway, to the little native guest—the robin which roosted in the holly-bush above us. "*The robin?*"—you smile and say. Yes, there was but one. He lived in the bush, as we lived in the bothie, and we were his neighbours too long not to be very well acquainted. His species, as well as all the small tribes, conformable to the minuteness of their range and habits, are very local,² and may be found all the year in, or near,

¹ Vide Appendix, No. X.

² The locality or domiciliation of birds extends through all species not migratory, and may be observed wherever there is a marked individual. We may cite as a peculiarly visible example, a white blackbird, which inhabited the hill beneath the fir-wood,

the same place, and those who feed them will rarely wait many minutes for their appearance. There were many

at the back of the little village of Port-Bannatyne, on the barony of Kames, in Bute. The light of his snowy plumage rendered his presence always conspicuous, and discovered that his ordinary haunt was in the thorn hedges round one field about the centre of the brae. He was rarely absent, unless harassed and too long followed by those who went to see him; but it was not without reluctance that he would be driven from the field, and we seldom went to the hill without finding him in a few minutes, and generally in the same inclosure. This locality of habit is common to all birds, though the magnitude of range varies with their powers of flight and resources of food. In the granivorous species it is the least, because seeds and grain are almost everywhere to be found round their habitations; but the larger birds, which feed on greater insects, reptiles, and small animals, are compelled to make more extensive excursions in their search. These ranges, however, are always one definite tract of country, over which they hunt, as the black-bird gleaned his field, and from which they generally return at night to the same, or nearly the same, lodging. In pigeons, rooks, ravens, small hawks, and all birds immediately within our observation, this may be daily witnessed. The first, whether the domestic variety or the wild wood or rock breed, being surrounded by their food, fly but a short distance from their cot, their thicket, or their cliff. Rooks and crows, which prey much on the largest grubs and insects, make far expeditions, sometimes for fifteen or twenty miles, in search of new-ploughed ground, the slimy banks of a river, or the sea-shore; but at night they return in steady columns of flight, crossing the country at a considerable height, and never halting till they arrive over their own trees. Ravens and eagles have the same habit. Their great power of wing, and the scarcer resources of their food, leads them to a wider range, but they frequent a definite district, and build in the same nest, not only for successive years, but many generations—perhaps, unless their race is dislodged by slaughter, for ever. Even then, if one is left, though of the last offspring, it often finds a mate, and returns to its native eyry. The ravens, which never break their pairs, generally return at night to some rock or tree near their breeding nest. If, from his greater flight, the eagle is not so regular, he rarely passes the night far from his native carn. In the winter, or when storms or loss of prey may force him too far from his haunt to return at night, he is not entirely desultory, but proceeds in stages, generally descending from his summer range and native fortress to lower grounds, where food is more abundant, but frequenting certain localities for a few days in a progress or circuit

robins which lived about the bothie, and all were continually in its vicinity, and very tame ; but none so gentle and grateful as our little neighbour in the holly. They would, however, enter the hut, sit on the bed or the table, and hop about the floor, and, when I went out, follow me to the brae. They liked very much to see me turn up the soil, which always provided them with a little feast ; accordingly, they were never absent at the planting of a shrub or a flower, and when I brought home, in my shooting-bag, a tuft of primroses, pyrolas, or lilies of the valley, they were always in attendance to see them put into the bank. For watching my occupation, they preferred something more elevated than the ground, but not so high as the branches of the trees, which were too

from which he invariably returns to his own domain. The widest ranging British bird, perhaps, is the heron. This results from the uncertainty and extensive deprivation of the resources of his food. As he feeds almost entirely upon fish and reptiles, when the waters are frozen, and the frogs, toads, and lizards, have retired to their winter sleep, the means of his subsistence become so straitened, that he is compelled to make vast exploratory flights in search of open springs, streams, or the sea-coast. The extent of these excursions does not permit his return at local intervals, but he invariably revisits his heronry in spring, and, like the rook and the stork, generally retains the same nest. This rule of life equally affects the sea-birds, which, unless driven off by continual disturbance, inhabit the same rock or sand-hills as long as they live.

The facts noticed in the foregoing observations escape the notice of those who are insensible from neglect, or diverted by occupation ; but they are so obvious to all observers, that, in the lesser instances, they are even familiar to children in their "bird-nesting" days. We still remember the mournful voice of a beloved little companion of our childhood, whom we one day met, looking with a disconsolate and wistful eye at a Furz-chat which was sitting on the top point of a whin-bush.—"What is the matter, Mathilde?"—I said.—She pointed to the bird,—"*Only that's my Furz-chat—but the young ones are flown.*"—I knew that she had a nest which she was very fond of, and went to see it every day. All laughed at her for the idea of identifying *her* bird among all the rest in the park—but she knew him and his habits better than they.

far from the earth to give them a clear sight of what I turned up ; for their accommodation, therefore, I made little crosses and crotchets, and, when I was planting, set them up beside me, moving them as I proceeded from place to place. Each was immediately occupied by an attentive observer ; and, whenever an insect or a worm was discovered, one of the nearest darted down and caught it, even from between my fingers, and disappeared for a few moments under the rock or behind the great holly, to enjoy his success undisturbed. At his disappearance his place was immediately occupied by another, but at the return of the first it was amiably resigned by his successor. The blue-bonnets were almost as numerous as the robins, but they never arrived at the same intimacy and confidence. They never entered the bothie in my presence, and even when I fed them they would not approach as long as I remained outside the door ; but as soon as I went in they descended four or five together, chattering and fluttering about the entrance, peeping in at the little window, and stretching their necks as far as they could, to see where I was, and if all was right. Then they would begin their breakfast on what I had left for them, talking a great deal about it, but occasionally ogling the door, in a manner, from which I concluded that there was but small esteem or gratitude in their conversation.—Far different was the friendship of our little neighbour in the holly. In the morning he used to come down and perch on the arm of the bird-cherry, which stretched over the precipice before the door, waiting for its opening and the preparation of the breakfast, which he always shared ; and when we were seated he would venture over the sill, and gather the crumbs about the table at our feet. Often when the first blood-red streaks of the autumn morning shone like lurid fire through the little window, we were awakened by his

sad and solitary whistle, as he sat on his usual branch, his jet black eye cast towards the door, impatient for our appearance. Many of his little cousins there were in the wood, with whom we were also well acquainted, and between us happened many an incident, which increased our interest and familiarity.

I remember a day—one of those deep still blue days so solemn in the forest; the ground was covered with a foot of snow, and all the trees were hanging like gigantic ostrich feathers; but all the world was blue,—the sky was a sleeping mass of those heavy indigo clouds which forebode a “feeding storm,”—not a tempest, but a fall of snow; for, in Scotland, snow is called “*storm*,” however light and still it falls: thus, in tracking the deer, we say he “has brushed the *storm* from the heather;” and a “*feeding storm*” is when the clouds are continually feeding the earth with its velvet pall.—The reflection of those deep-blue clouds cast a delicate tint of the same colour over the whitened world. I was standing with my back against a huge pine—one of the old remnant of the great forest of Moray, which had, no doubt, heard the bell toll for the first Stuart earl.—I counted the rings in a smaller tree which once stood in the same hollow;—I shunned its wreck as I would have avoided a corpse which I could not bury, and always, when I passed near it, averted my face; but one day running to cut off a buck, and just heading him, I dropped on my knee to receive him as he came out from a mass of junipers, and when reloading, I found that I had knelt by the stump of my old friend.—I counted two hundred and sixty-four rings in his wood!—how many earls had he seen?—Well, I was leaning against his elder brother, as I suppose, by the size.—I had been there for a long time, waiting to hear the dogs bring back a buck from—I don’t know now from where.—As I had been through all the swamps, and stripes,

and wet hollows on that side of the forest, and waded through two and three feet of snow-wreaths, my kilt and hose, and, as it seemed, my flesh was saturated to the bones with "snaw-bree," and I began to beat, first one foot, and then the other, to quicken the blood, which was warm enough in my trunk.—I had scarce commenced this exercise, when I heard a little "tic!" close to my ear, and the soft low voice of a bird—a sound, neither a whistle nor a chirp, but which I knew very well before I turned and saw the robin, who sat on a dry branch within a yard of my cheek. I guessed what had brought him: he was very cold, his ruffled back humped as round as a ball, and his tail drooping almost perpendicular with his legs, as if it was a little brown peg to lean on, like that on which the travelling Tyrolean merchant rests his pack. He looked at me with his large black eye; then, with a flirt of his tail and a bow with his head, indicated that, if I had no objection, he should like to descend to the place which I occupied; the object of which he expressed, by turning his head sidelong, and directing one eye into the black earth which my foot had beaten bare in the snow. I immediately drew back a couple of feet, and he instantly dropped into the spot of mould, peeped and picked under every leaf and clot of earth, and, when there was nothing more, hopped up on the guard of my rifle, on which I was leaning, and, turning his head, looked at me with his upper eye.—I again stepped forward, and recommenced my foot-exercise, during which he returned to his branch, examining my progress with some impatience. As soon as my foot was removed, he again dropped into the hollow, and busily collected all the little grubs and chrysalis which, though too small for me to see as I stood, I knew abounded beneath the sere leaves and thatch of moss and sticks. In this manner I repeated his supply several times, on one of which, when I was too long, or he too impatient,

he dropped from his perch, and hovered over the space in which my foot was at work, and, as I continued, lighted on the point of the other shoe, and remained there, peeping into the hollow, until I withdrew my foot, and then descended to finish his repast. When he was satisfied, he ruffled his feathers, looked up sidelong to me, and, after a shake of satisfaction, resumed his perch close to my head, and, after pruning and oiling his feathers, mounted another branch higher, and opened his little throat with that most sad, sweet, and intermitting warble which gives such a melancholy charm to a still winter's day.—The world has celebrated the vigilance of the Capitolean geese ; but all birds are vigilant, and their sense of sight and hearing wonderfully acute.—The song of my little friend was suddenly interrupted, and, as I gazed up to his perch, I saw him stoop and peep towards some black willows which grew in a hollow at a little distance. I lifted my rifle gently, and looked in the same direction, and saw a fine buck come tripping over the “lirk”¹ beyond, and steal into the willows. The robin continued to watch attentively, bowing on his perch, and uttering the short “tic ! tic ! tic !” which indicates curiosity or disquiet. The buck came out from the bushes, and shook his head, and scratched his ear, and gave me his broadside without any consciousness of my neighbourhood. It was not the first time that I had been thus warned of the approach of deer by my little companions in the forest.—The buck with which this bird repaid me for his repast, added to the architrave of heads in my dining-room—a curious variety, having three horns, of which the supernumerary was a long smooth tine which grew out of the left coronet, almost to the length of the natural beams.

¹ Scot., literally a fold or crease ; but applied to long low undulations or banks of ground.

The robin had disappeared at the report of the rifle, but that did not deter him from returning when I came again to the pass. It was one at which I often stood, and while the snow was on the ground, I never waited long before he appeared to receive the assistance of my foot ; and sometimes, when only crossing near the tree, I turned aside to give him his little feast. There were others in the forest which I entertained in the same manner, but none which I liked so well as this bird ; and I believe—and am sure—that he was more grateful than the rest.—Who has not found the difference of affections in the same circle and circumstances ? It was the same with the robins.—In their native state no birds retain so much of the original confidence and harmony of creation. The mere physical naturalist may say—“ Who is so *bold* ? ” It pleases me to think there is none so naturally affectionate—who feels so little how man has become his enemy. Those unaccustomed to observe the manners of the lower world might be incredulous to the sensibility and confidence which they acquire from the kindness of their human superior. In the garden at Brodie there were several which had become the companions of the gardener ; but, as usual in all communities, *one* more amiable and intelligent than the rest. When the old man was at work he never left him, but perched beside him, examining every spadeful of earth which he threw up, often hopping into the trench under the uplifted spade, which its master was obliged to suspend till he had gathered the grub or chrysalis for which he descended. If the old man paused to speak, the bird would perch upon one side of his spade, while his foot rested upon the other. But in the garden of a lady, illustrious for her talents and love of nature, we have seen more remarkable examples of intimacy and confidence. Familiarized by her gentleness, and attracted by the little dole with which she always

met them, they have become so much the companions of her walks, that they wait for her in the paths, perched on a bough, and singing till she approaches, when they drop at her feet, and pick the crumbs from her hand ; sit on the handle of her little flower-basket, or the edge of her parasol, watching all her motions ; and when they have received their frugal meal—for they are very abstemious, never taking more than four or five crumbs at a time—they return to the tree, and sing till she retires. In her garden they follow her from one parterre to another, sit beside her on the rose bushes, or her basket—sometimes in it to search for remaining crumbs ; and if some have come too late, or the little store has been exhausted, they wait beside her on the seat of her bower, sometimes perching on her foot. As in Tarnaway and Brodie, there is one tamer than the rest, he is always awaiting her—always assiduous—not merely for food, but as if her presence gave him joy. At the hour when she is accustomed to visit her garden, he attends her in a little heath-pavilion, which forms a porch to the garden-door ; there is a small opening below, and when he has sat long, and hears no step, he will sometimes peep, and slip through the aperture into the walk beyond, and as soon as she appears, hop before her, and, vanishing through the crevice, is found perched upon the right bench where she always sits ; though—as she has observed—looking as if ashamed of his impatience, and at having been caught peeping outside the door. In winter his little fellow-pensioners at the house gather about the grey tower, and watch the doors and windows ; and, when she is absent from the drawing-room, one will be seen sitting on the sill of her window in the old keep.

It is thus that we are continually in the society of nature, and presented with a view of the “manners and customs” of the world by which we are surrounded. But

it is to be regretted, that, in general, natural history is too much a mere museum synopsis—a dictionary of names and anatomy, in which that which is most interesting and instructive, the moral history of the animal, its habits, senses, and faculties, is, in a great degree, neglected. Of this there is an example in the accounts of the water-shrew-mouse.¹ Buffon only mentions, that it may be caught at sunrise and sunset near wells; that, in the daytime, it retires to stony-places by the sides of streams; and, breeding in spring, produces about nine young. D'Aubenton merely describes its appearance, some particulars in its anatomy, its size and weight, with an inaccurate allusion to its mode of swimming; but neither has noticed its astonishing activity in the water, its power of running on the surface and the bottom, the surprising velocity with which it dives and swims, and, like a tiny otter, fishes for minute fry, animalculæ, and aquatic insects; and yet he who was sufficiently acquainted with its haunts, to know the hours of its appearance, the number of its young, and the places of its abode, ought to have witnessed its daily and only means of procuring subsistence. On the little burns and lochans of Tarnaway, we had various opportunities for observing its habits in the water, and the first occasion in which they became known to us may convey to others what we then learned.—I had taken stand by the little burn which intersects the centre of the forest, waiting for a buck which the dogs had taken to the Lurks; and I knew, when his treasons were run out there, they would bring him back to the water. As I stood by the bank listening for the toll of the hounds, I observed a little black shrew descend the snowy glacier of the burn to the open stream, where the water was running unfrozen through the middle of the pool. I expected

¹ *Mus araneus aquaticus*. La musaraigne d'eau, souris d'eau.—Buf.

to see it check at the margin of the ice, and watched to observe its proceedings when it discovered the obstruction; but to my surprise it went plump over into the current and disappeared. I hastened down the brook to rescue it before it should be carried under the ice, which closed the burn a short distance below, when suddenly it reappeared higher up the stream, and sitting upon the edge of the ice seemed to wipe its face, as mice do when their mustachoes are wet. After a moment, however, it darted upon the water, and to my astonishment ran along the surface till it reached the middle, when it dived and shot up the current in the throat of the little pool, and worked with great velocity from side to side like an otter in pursuit of fish. In a few seconds it emerged again upon the surface, ran along the water to a stone, on which it climbed, and sitting upon its hind legs, busily devoured some little prey which it held in its hands like a squirrel. Again and again it repeated this fishing, plunging into the water, darting from side to side, shooting up the stream, and returning to a stone on the margin of the ice to eat what it had taken. I watched this chase with an interest which made me forget my own, until my attention was recalled by the cry of the approaching dogs, and, as I expected, the roe coming splash into the stream scared away my little study. Upon a subsequent occasion, however, I had a similar view on the burn of Alt-dórain,¹ which descends through the wood at the back of Cluny Castle, in Badenoch.—It was a winter's evening; the sun had just gone down beyond the Laggan hills; the ground was covered with snow, and the streams with ice, except on the rapids, where the sharp ripple still resisted the frost. As we passed along the bank, a shrew-mouse came out from its little door in the snow, crossed the ice

¹ Otter's burn.

to the water, and dropping into the stream, darted up the current to the throat of the pool, where it fished with great vigilance and velocity, then, suddenly rising to the surface, like a little black cork, ran along the water like the spider-gnat, climbed the margin of the ice, and, sitting on its hind legs, ate what it had caught, wiped its face with much assiduity, and again plunged, and repeated its fishing. When it had exhausted the best of one pool, it descended to another, generally rising on the surface, and running down with the current, tumbling through the little rapids, and rolling over the stones like a tiny black ball. Having entered the new basin, it ran down to about the middle, and, turning sharply, dived against the stream, and shot up the water, fishing it, with great activity, to the entrance of the throat. We watched it for more than half an hour, at only a few paces, sometimes only a few feet, distant, till the light beginning to fail, it disappeared up the burn. None who have not seen the actions of this little animal can conceive the astonishing velocity and facility of its evolutions, even in the sharpest rapids; the acuteness of its turns; the vigour of its darting shoots; its fish-like power in rising and diving; and the aerial buoyancy with which it runs upon the surface of the water, without appearing to dip its little feet over their palms. It will be observed, that both the above instances happened in frost and snow, whence they were most conspicuous examples, because, upon such occasions, all the motions of the mouse are betrayed by the contrast of its black colour to the whiteness by which it is surrounded, and because many of its evolutions, which, when the stream is open, would be lost among the dark stones of the margin, or under the screen of the banks, are brought into view upon the little glaciers by which the stream is partially covered; and we have no doubt that the cause why its habitual fishing has not been oftener

observed is, that in those seasons when persons are most abroad, the darkness of the ground and the water, and the concealment of the banks, fails to betray its momentary appearances, or hides them from observation.

The deer-hunter, who is abroad at all hours of the day and night, and who, in regard to the student, is in the inverse comparison of Robert the Bruce and his enemies,—for “he goes in the rain, when they sit by the fire,”—has, above all others, the best opportunities for observing the “manners” of nature. Every part of our greenwood range had its lesson, and every feature of the forest its theatre of instruction.—Above the banks of the river, below the “Bruach-Ghàrbh,” there is a beautiful brae—one of the natural terraces of the Findhorn—which has no name, but we called it the “Brae of the Grey Stone,” from a large fragment of freestone, covered with lichen, and capped with a bonnet of velvet moss, plumed with heather and blaeberries. By its side there grew a noble juniper, which rose like a young cedar, fifteen feet in height, with a stem twenty-six inches in circumference; near it was another, thick and round, and even as a box-tree, as if to show the varieties which nature could exhibit in the same species; tall gnarled pines spread their vast heads above, and moaned for ever, like the sound of the distant sea. I have listened to their melancholy murmur when even the down of the thistle dropped at my feet. I have climbed into the top branches, and turned my cheek to the west, without feeling a breath upon my face still the dreamy mourning sigh was ever “going” in their heads. Upon the slope which descended to the Findhorn were scattered little groups of tall slender weeping-birches which drooped like “pleureur” plumes, and waved and trembled to the slightest breath which stirred in the air.—Many a lesson have I read from that grey stor in the midst of that wilderness, when the world was :

rest, in the uncertain light of the morning, and the dim stillness of the declining day. At those hours of security I have seen the little inhabitants of the wood come forth and retire; watched their gambols, their labours, and their repose; beheld in each the Wonderful and Almighty Hand which formed their powers and intelligence, and provided for all their various paths of life. In their subordinate world, all is precision, order, and obedience; all perform the functions, the purpose, the routine of existence for which He fitted them, with a fidelity which fills the mind with awe. Man only, who cursed them, is rebellious and presumptuous. At a little distance from my stone tribune there was one of those vast forest ant-hills,—a Babylon of insects,—and farther on two others, one nearly as large as the first; and the third, though inferior in size, a Birs-Nimrood of emmets. Between these three there was a high-road, beaten and worn by those insects, through the heather, and as clean and even as the impression of a tree which has lain long upon the ground. Such is always the condition of the great emmet-roads; and even in strong heather and thick grass, the extermination of the herbage appears as if a red-hot rod of iron had been dropped upon the vegetation, and seared it to the ground. No appearances of labour ever indicate that these ways have been cut by the industry of the insects; and their excoriation seems so disproportioned to their weight and friction, that, by some, it has been supposed to result from the corroding action of the poison contained within their bodies. It is true that the ant possesses the secretion of an intensely powerful acid, which occasions the severe pain given by its bite; not that it is communicated by the mouth, but, on the contrary, at the moment of making the wound, the insect bends its back, and, presenting its tail, ejects the poison into the puncture. Small insects shortly expire from its

effects, and it discharges black dye turning the medium red. This may be proved by shaking a glove or a piece of silk over an ant's nest: an immediate commotion will appear among the community, many of whom will be seen standing on their hind legs, and projecting their tails between them. A scent like aromatic vinegar rises from the hill, and when the black object is withdrawn, it will be found sprinkled as with a tiny red rain which has discharged the colour. From these facts it has been imagined, that this virulent acid acts upon the vegetation, burning it up under the scorching mass of insects in which it is contained. For our own part, however, we reject this belief as a superstition, because the hills of the red emmets, whose poison is the most acrid, are often fresh and verdant, and free from any blighting influence. Upon the great roads between our *Formica Metropoles*, there is always a constant and populous thoroughfare, but no labour or employment that ever we could discover, since none of the emmets which visit between the citadels ever carry any thing, though continually passing and repassing. A great part of an ant's life, however, is spent in walking, or rather running about; for, except when mortally wounded, their pace is always—we cannot say a canter or a gallop—for, having six legs, they are never all off the ground together,—but at a very rapid speed. Whether employed or idle, they run about, over, under, every thing dead or alive, their burthens, their food, their friends, their enemies—that which they can carry, and that which they cannot. Often when they have passed an object, as if struck by a sudden thought, they will turn short, run back again—touch it, or only look at it—then run away, but perhaps back again two or three times before they finally proceed about their affairs. From the main street between the citadels, various lesser tracks branch off and lose themselves in the moss, as the little labourers, by whom they are frequented,

scatter out into the neighbourhood ; by these inferior paths they bring in their materials and food, but they are careful to keep the main road clear of every impediment ; and if it becomes encumbered by any obstruction not too great for their strength or perseverance, it is immediately removed. In these, and all their labours, there is manifested an invincible patience, continual activity, and universal combination. They rarely attempt anything beyond their strength, or yield to any difficulties within the possibility of conquest ; that which can be achieved they pursue with insurmountable determination, and that which is hopeless they promptly abandon. If *one* is engaged in a discouraging undertaking, immediately others resort to his assistance, from the inherent impulse of co-operation by which they form one great unity in a hundred thousand parts. Their sensitive faculties appear as acute as their combination is active. Should a solitary labourer be engaged in an arduous struggle, a companion, passing at the distance of some inches, appears sensible of his exertions, and anxious to discover the difficulty, he suddenly stops—to listen we suppose—seems eager and curious, advances, pauses, runs to the right and left, frequently checking his progress to see, hear, or feel from whence the indications proceed, and when he has succeeded, he hastens to the assistance of his companion. At his approach, the embarrassed labourer leaves his work, and examines the new comer,¹ but immediately

¹ Ants are very punctilious in their salutations. When two meet, they generally stop, and, like certain Indians, "touch noses," and "twiddle" upon each other with their long, active, and delicate feelers. In proceeding, the first who moves frequently walks straight forward over the back of his friend, who is not the least disconcerted, and most likely does the same to the next whom he meets. Those who find others taking home a load generally examine the burthen ; if too large or heavy for its bearers, as above mentioned, they join to assist them ; but if that is not necessary, they merely feel the object and pass on.

recognising assistance, resumes his toil with renewed energy. If other ants pass, they also stop to render their aid ; and when, by their combined efforts, the object is carried forward, most of those which they meet join to accelerate their progress. All this I have seen in the labour of an ant, occupied with the carcase of a huge dead blackamoor of a beetle, forty or fifty times larger than himself, and which he was dragging through the pathless heather towards the high road to his citadel. During this discouraging toil, his patience and circumspection was never exhausted ; he toiled round his prostrate giant for every means of exertion, and when one of his long legs caught in a stalk of grass or heather, the cause of the obstruction was examined, the entangled limb extricated, and the work of transportation recommenced ; the progress, however, was very little, and few human labourers would have persevered in its continuance. At length some stragglers passed near, and immediately, as above described, came to the assistance of the enterpriser. They now made some speed ; and as they advanced, all whom they met joined in their aid, and clustered round the black corpse, until as many were collected as could find place to apply their force. I watched them till they brought their burthen into the high road to their citadel, and in the evening I turned aside to see what had become of the party : they had arrived at the foot of the hill, and were toiling up its steep slope with the same energy and combination as when they began nine hours before. A day or two afterwards I found the beetle half way up the mound, and a considerable number of miscellaneous fragments piled against him ; but I was amazed to discover one of his hind legs, which had come off in the original struggle of the first ant, also brought up, and neatly deposited on the hill, a little below its owner.

In their daily labours, the ants travel to a great distance, not only on the ground, but, to the tops of the tallest pines around their nests, where they are found in clusters upon the young resinous shoots. But, however far or high they wander, they all gather home to their citadel before night. In the morning every head upon the trees is directed upwards, but towards sunset all the little foragers are seen descending, and their numbers rapidly decreasing, till, before the close of twilight, the last straggler has disappeared. I have read of sanguinary battles between neighbouring ant-hills: I never saw any—nor the indication of any hostility, general or individual. All those which I have seen in the neighbourhood of each other were certainly related, and maintained a continual and amicable fraternity. In all their labours, the inhabitants of both intermingled with an entire harmony and community, a wonderful example of patience, fortitude, courage, and unity; and with the vast power of this combination, working prodigies of industry in the glorious example of an entire nation consolidated for the public good—the co-operation of millions with the mind of one. This harmony of force and faculty is very conspicuous in their great foraging expeditions, during which their communication, intelligence, and union of enterprise, exhibit extraordinary combination and celerity. If there is in the neighbourhood an over-ripened pear or peach, a flow of sap from a saccharine tree, or even a well-closed armoire of sweets, it is soon discovered, the information quickly conveyed to the community, and an “army of occupation” sent out to possess the treasure. During the whole day innumerable numbers will be seen pouring towards the point of attraction, but in the greatest order and harmony, none deviating from the close line of march, or quarrelling for passage. The only peculiarity to our senses being, as in other cases, of their concourse—that when straitened or over-crowded they

walk over each other several tiers deep, but without the least irritation or apparent inconvenience.

The first explorers are very few, and perhaps the original discoverer a single individual, for in the beginning only some solitary wanderers are seen travelling on the line ; but in a few hours they rapidly increase, and in one or two days become a dense continuous column. We had once a little hunting-lodge in the Bois de Neuf-chatel, where, one morning when setting out to drive a Tainchel for wolves, we observed a black perpendicular line upon the wall, and found that it was a thin stream of negro-ants almost in single file, but as close as a thread, and drawn as even as a cord from the margin of the grass to the sill of the saloon window. The next morning the cordon was as thick as a penny ribbon, and we discovered that it passed through an old knot-hole in the frame of the window, descended on the other side, traversing the floor, entered under the door of the armoury, in which it ascended to a top shelf and a box of sugarcandy. By that time there was a powerful garrison. Upon following the exterior line, it was traced to a large ant-hill about a hundred yards distant in the wood. These instances of communicated intelligence and combined pillage are not peculiar to ants, but common to all gregarious insects, though in some cases, as those of flies, it is difficult to comprehend how the information is conveyed. Among emmets it may be imparted by remains of the sweets adhering to the first communicants ; but in the instances of flies, which rarely come in contact, the medium of intelligence is not perceptible unless by scent ; and yet an object of attraction is scarcely in existence before it is derived by insects whose presence has not been previously visible. This is exemplified in the blue-bottle, or, as he is vulgarly called, the "spout-fly." During the years in which I have walked in the forest, I do not remember

ever to have seen or heard one at large in the wood. I have killed and brittled a buck, and hung ~~it~~ up in a tree, without one being present to my knowledge; and yet, when I returned, perhaps an hour after, there was a furious republic of flies within his carcase, and they came buzzing out like the bees from Samson's lion.—How did they find him out?—By communication—scent?—for it was not by *accident* that so many had assembled where they were never seen before.—“*MAGNA opera Domini, exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.*”

If the insect world has been beneficently endued in faculties suited to their nature, no less wonderful are the constructions for their security, and the provisions for their relief from the sufferings and deprivations incident to a higher order of creation. This is conspicuous in their wonderful tenacity of existence, facility of cure, and faculty of organic reproduction. The former are common to all animals and reptiles. In the animal race it results in a great degree from the purity and vigour of their system, preserved by an obedience to perfect regimen, and never diminished by an abuse of their organs. In the insect world it is perhaps caused by the absence of large ~~arteries~~, inflammatory flesh, or the extension of a fine nervous system. Thus they survive and repair injuries without the remedies of art, or the cares of assistants. Man is preserved by social attendance, and the aids of surgery and medicine; but, devoid of these, if the lower creatures were equally dependent and delicate, they would continually suffer death and decrepitude, when now they survive and heal. We have seen a rabbit which had left both its fore feet in a trap, and went about upon its mutilated limbs almost from the day of the accident. In amputations, if not prevented by the skill of the operator, the bone protrudes like a peg. In this state the wounds of the rabbit healed round the stumps, and it ran on the two naked bones like

two little wooden legs, with small abatement of speed, and little aggravation to the wounds. It lived more than a year, and when shot was in perfect health. The flesh and skin of its legs closed like little fur sleeves round the bones, which, by daily burrowing and digging, were worn and polished like a pair of ivory handles.—The vitality and reproduction of the lower world is much more extraordinary. A grasshopper kicks away its leg, and it grows again like a nail or a hair. All the horny insects possess this astonishing independence of parts, and absence of local vitality; and hence, when a mortal injury is inflicted, life is often preserved until the general machine suffers, rather from the want of the accessory than from any organic derangement. We will not repeat the instance of the moth, which, impaled while its faculties were suspended in sleep, awakened at its usual time, and with its usual vigour; and though it made strong efforts to obtain freedom, appeared to suffer little beyond impatience. Neither need we add the example of the dragonfly, which, after having been deprived of its whole body, devoured various insects with a voracity which might have seemed justified by a mouth devoid of a stomach, and when the gentle naturalist supplied that deficiency by the fold of a geranium leaf, flew away as merrily as his companions. —We may, however, notice some instances of the same kind within our own forest observation.—One day as I sat by the grey stone on the “Bruach cloich-léithe,” beguiling the interval at the pass by watching the line of emmets which were busy upon the road between their citadels, I observed a surprisingly large, but in proportions wonderfully short ant, which traversed the path with great nimbleness; and upon looking closer, I found that he possessed only half his person, having lost the whole of his abdomen, so that what ran before me was nothing but the shoulders and legs, which, like the Irish coach, seemed

to have improved their ease and celerity by having left behind their basket. How long he had been in that light order it is impossible for me to know, but he appeared to have sustained no other consequence than the increased activity resulting from a diminution of weight, though his haste might have borne the suspicion of terror; for he scoured along the road at a speed which left all ants behind him, mounted the hill like a hare, and disappeared into one of the catacombs, as if he still fled from the catastrophe of his end, or was ashamed to be seen without it. For some moments after he was gone, I stood gazing upon the mound, never expecting to see him again, when, to my surprise, he issued nimbly from the opposite side, and busied himself about the debris like any of his companions. While he was occupied, I examined him very closely; there was no appearance of a wound, nor any exuding moisture at the dissevered stump. In the midst of my speculations he disappeared again, but, after a short time, emerged very near the same hole at which he had entered, and, descending the slope, returned along the high road to the citadel from whence he came, and then retired, apparently satisfied with his visit. At intervals, for several days afterwards, I saw him again in the road, the heather, and upon one of the pine trees behind the grey stone: his identity was recognisable by his unusual size. How long he lived without his stomach, I do not know; but, considering his great power of abstinence, his freedom from any vital exhaustion by hemorrhage, and the little connection between his abdomen and his shoulders, he might perhaps live and labour for weeks. His condition was by no means singular; when sitting at a pass near an ants' nest, I have seen others in the same case, and they always appeared as active, intelligent, and occupied in the usual affairs of their life, as any of their companions. It may be con-

ceived how the abdomen of insects can be spared for a considerable time; but there is another privation, the endurance of which is not so comprehensible, namely, the loss of their heads.

One morning, having been infested by several of those monstrous flies, falsely denominated hornets, having taken three of the culprits, we cut off their heads, and left them in the window. At the time of their decapitation, they appeared to be dead or dying, and lay upon their backs with only a few galvanic motions—for how long, we do not know, as immediately afterwards we went out to hunt. On the next morning, however, when we rose, the whole three were walking deliberately up the glass, with no other indication of their changed circumstances than a tardy and heavy pace, and that, having no eyes to see where they were going, they continued their walk until they ran against the lintel. Upon these occasions they often fell down, partly with the shock, and partly that their spunges had lost the vigour of their adhesion. In their endeavours to regain their legs, they sometimes attempted to raise themselves by their wings; but in this they were unsuccessful, and could only shudder and bizz like a drunken humble bee, intoxicated with thistle opium, or a palsied dragonfly, who has been paralyzed in a rain storm. For two days, however, they continued their perambulations with little or no indications of distress beyond weakness, when we thought it right to prevent them from dying of hunger for the want of the mouths, which lay quiet and useless upon the window-sill, grinning at the bodies which continued their peripatetics in the sun above them. From these instances it follows, that the vital principle resides chiefly in the breast, since the head and abdomen remain perfectly inanimate after separation, while the shoulders continue their functions without either: whether they would

equally sustain the loss of both, we do not know, as we never witnessed that accident.

PAGE 115, NOTE 1.

In the quaint phraseology of the old romances, it was a common metaphor to say, that a man took to his host any object under which he passed the night in the open air. Thus, when Sir Launcelot du Lac was riding in quest of the Sangrail, being benighted in a forest where there was no lodging,—“he rode until he came to a cross, and took that for his host for that night.”—Hist. Prince Arth., Part III. ch. lx.

PAGE 121, NOTE 1. *The Boy of Leipzig.*

In the campaign of Germany in 1813, the French army was recruited by a great number of young conscripts, of whom there were many whose age did not exceed boyhood. Of their conduct in their first actions, a brilliant example was given at the battle of Lutzen:—“La victoire longtems disputée n'en fut que plus glorieuse pour l'empereur. Ce fut principalement *les jeunes conscrits qui la gagnèrent, Ils se battirent comme des lions*: Le Maréchal Ney s'y attendait bien au reste, car avant la bataille il disait à sa Majesté, Sire donnez moi beaucoup de ces petits jeunes gens-la, Je les menerai où je voudrai; les vieilles moustaches en savent autant que nous, ils refléchissent, ils ont trop de sang froid, mais ces enfants intrépides, ne connaissent pas les difficultés, ils regardent toujours devant eux, jamais à droit ni à gauche! Effectivement au milieu de la bataille les Prussiens commandés par le roi en personne, attaquèrent avec tant de

fureur le corps du Maréchal Ney qu'ils le firent plier, mais les conscrits ne prièrent point la fuite, ils attendaient les coups, se ralliaient par peletons, et tournaient ainsi autour des ennemis en criant de toutes leur forces—'Vive l'Empereur!'—L'empereur vint à paraître, alors remis du choc terrible qu'ils avient essuyé, électrisés par la présence du héros, ils attaquèrent à leur tour avec une violence incomparable. Sa Majesté en fut surprise—'Il y a vingt ans'—disait elle—'que je commande des armées Françaises, et je n'ai pas encore vu autant de bravoure et de devouement.'—Il fallait voir ces jeunes soldats blessés quelques-uns privés d'un d'une cuisse n'ayant plus qu'un souffle de vie, tacher à l'approche de l'empereur, de se soulever de terre et crier de tout ce qu'il leur restait de voix—'Vive l'Empereur!'"—Memoires de Constant, Col. Port. d'œuv. Chois. &c. 12mo. Stut. 1832, Liv. xvii. 192.

PAGE 153, NOTE 1.

Et cùm audissem vocent Domini Dei deambulantis in paradiso ad aurum post meridiem. Gen. iii. 8.

PAGE 169, NOTE 1. *Craig nan Airm.*

At the west end of Eilean Agais there is a small precipitous rock, and at its foot a narrow and sequestered hollow, formerly deeply embowered in the thick wood which then enveloped the whole island. In 1745, when the Highlanders were disarmed, many of the surrounding inhabitants buried their weapons at the foot of the steep, from whence it was called "*Craig nan airm*," The rock of the arms. At that time, the spot chosen for their concealment had little chance of discovery, when the islet was

covered with a close thicket of underwood, intermixed with tall birches and noble oaks, accessible only by boat when the river was swollen; thither Simon Lord Lovat retired, when in expectation of an attack from the Earl of Atholl; and so dangerous was it considered to "beard the lion in his den," that when the messenger-at-arms was sent to deliver the citation for his appearance in Edinburgh, he dared not venture across the water, but fixed the summons in a "cleft wand," which he planted and left in the bank by the ford, at the north-west corner of the island. Upon the top of Craig nan àirm, the roe love to bed, and often in summer they may be seen lying ruminating for hours in the sun, though few, except experienced eyes, would remark their still dun backs, the thorny forks of their heads, and the occasional flirt of their ears against the flies.

PAGE 171, NOTE 1. *The Last Bard.*

This poem is a translation from the Gaelic of a "marbh rànn," or a death lament for the last of the Catholic bards, in the district of Gleann-Cuaich, an old hunter, named "Iain mòr na clàrsaich," who lived in the time of Charles I. and II. From personal danger, and disgust at the severities executed against the Catholic and Royalist clans, he retired into the most remote wilds of Glen-Garrie and Loch-Aber, with no companion but his "cuilbheir"¹ and "clàrsach,"²—subsisting wholly upon the chase, and extending his haunt from Craig Uaigneach to Glen Cuaich, where his principal habitation was in the island of the lake, now inhabited by his remarkable successor, MacFee. His end was as solitary as his life. In

¹ Gun.

² Harp.

extreme age he was found sitting as if asleep against a rock high in the hill,—his cruit by his side, and his long Spanish gun leaning against the craig. He was found by some hunters of the “High-Garrie,” and having been long dead, they buried him in the hill. “The marbh-rànn Iain mhòir,” which we have translated, is said to have been composed by Lachann-nam-Beann, another solitary hunter and proscribed royalist, who had been the occasional, and almost only, companion of the old bard.

PAGE 179, NOTE 1. *The Cup and Ring.*

From the suppers of the Greeks and Romans, to the chivalric bounties of the middle-age banquets, upon sumptuous occasions, the festivities of the great were marked by a lavish generosity, which, not contented in loading the feast with all those gastronomic varieties so justly denominated by the simple Goth—“superstitions of gluttony,” sometimes bestowed on the guests plate, gold, and jewels, and even the horses on which the entertainers rode to the festival, and which were turned loose for the benefit of the entertained. To render the wine more costly and the delicacies more sumptuous, one dissolved an ear-ring in the goblet, and another stuffed cucumbers with pearls,—one bestowed upon his guest the golden cup out of which he drank, and another the silver plate from which he eat, and he who perhaps had no argenterie to spare, dropped into the wine or the hyppocrasse a ring or a jewel for the fortunate guest who should see the bottom. In Christmas festivities, this custom descended as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century; and another, derived from the same origin, the ring of the bride-cake, has remained to our own time.

PAGE 186, NOTE 1. *Biped Demons.*

All readers may not be aware that this distinction is necessary among fiends ; for, according to the Arabians, there is a very fierce devil called " Nim Juze," which inhabits the desert, and has but one cheek, one arm, one breast, and one leg ; the right half female, the left male. It is said that they run upon their one foot with astonishing agility, and are exceedingly vindictive and dangerous. —Richardson's *Dissertation upon the Language, &c., of the Eastern Nations*, 174. 8vo, Oxf. 1778.

The name of the " Puckridge" may be equally new to Scottish readers, and we are unable to tell any thing of its etymology ; but among the peasantry, in some parts of England, it is the only appellation for the goat-sucker or fern-owl, to which bird they attach an extreme and superstitious dread. Whether alive or dead, it is believed very dangerous to touch its body, but a stroke of its wing is supposed to produce death within the year. This superstition arises from the conviction, that, at the extremity of its pinion, "there is a little hooked claw like that of the bat, for the facility of clinging in trees and rocks." The vulgar believe that a subtle poison is contained in this small talon, and that it inflicts a fatal wound which produces a "decay," or consumptive wasting, for which there is no remedy. Hence in Surrey, Sussex, and some other districts, there are many of the poor who shun the puckridge with such antipathy, that even the boys, when "birds-nesting," will not take or even touch it. It is true that, when discovered by day, seated on the ground, purblind and grovelling, torpid and dazzled, unable to rise on the wing, and scarcely to be awakened, there is something weird

and unnatural in its appearance, crouching on the little crippling legs on which it can scarcely walk, and blearing with its large black eyes, almost blinded by the light ; and when at length aroused, suddenly unclosing an enormous mouth, with which its whole head seems to open in half, an apparition rendered the more astonishing, as it was unexpected, from the minute and delicate bill which thus yawns at the spectator. When found, as it sometimes is, on the ground, in woods or clumps of trees, it is generally when a young and inexperienced bird has been surprised abroad by the daylight, and become drowsy and overpowered by the sunshine, before it reached its gloomy recess or impervious tree, in the want of which it will nestle on the earth like a woodcock, torpid and purblind, till the return of dusk. The disgust and dread associated with its species is the remains of the superstitious terror which once involved the night to which it belonged ; when, impressed with a belief of the power of evil during the hours of darkness, none went abroad without the expectation of meeting ghoules, demons, fairies, dwarfs, and witches : all birds who kept late hours were thus subject to the imputation of bad company. Divested of these prejudices, the "puckridge" is an elegant and interesting bird, and its alarming mouth only portentous to moths and gnats, which it could not catch but for this large fly-trap. Its cry and flight, which are very singular, doubtless contributed to its mysterious impressions. The former, which it only emits when it comes abroad at twilight, is a continuous purring, scarcely to be distinguished from the voice of a large frog ; from whence it is called by the French "*crapaud-volant*," though improperly ; for, unlike that of the frog, the croak of the *toad* is intermitting. The flight of the fern-owl is solemn, "weird," and mysterious ; generally, especially in woods, slow, and in direct floating lines, occasionally broken by

abrupt and agile jerks, with which it springs and darts to seize the passing moths, while its motion is silent and aerial as a flitting shadow, except that, at intervals, it gives a measured clap with its wings like two small boards flapped together, and maintains continually its incorporeal purring. From these mystic characteristics, it was associated with the owl, night-raven, and other ill-omened birds, who, when the lamp went out in the temple of Odin, were believed to have drank the oil, and extinguished the light, as a forerunner of approaching calamity.

PAGE 186, NOTE 2.

That the tempestuous sea was calmed by oil, was a very ancient superstition among the early nations.¹ A similar notion prevailed among the Hebrideans as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century ; but oil being scarce in their region, they resorted to the expedient of lubricating the ocean with the fat of sea birds, for which purpose they tied together a bundle of puddings made of that material, and “let them out at the end of a cable behind the rudder ; this, they said, hindered the waves from breaking, and calmed the sea.” The practice continued as late as 1703, when it was noticed by Martin, as used in storms by the steward of St Kilda.—*West. Isl.* 48.

PAGE 187, NOTE 1. *My own Dark Land.*

To those who have read the “Greek Exile” of Mrs

¹ Plut. Nat. Quæst. 914. Plin. Hist. Nat. ii. 106, p. 507, 8vo, Lond. 1826.

Hemans, it is unnecessary to confess from whence we derived the spirit of these lines.

PAGE 197, NOTE 1. *Waxen Loaf.*

Though now restricted to bread and sugar, "*loaf*" in our old dialects signified any mass.

"Yet gae ye to the market-place,
And there do buy a *loaf* of wace."

Willie's Ladie, ver. 14, *Min. Scot. Bord.*

The incantation of wasting and tormenting the human body by the consumption of a ^{*}waxen figure made in its symbol, was a superstition of great antiquity, and common perhaps to most, if not all, European countries. About the year 964,¹ it is said to have been practised by some of the celebrated witches of Forres upon the person of King Duffus;² and Jane Shore was accused of withering the arm of Richard III. by the same spell. According to Grilland, the effigy was baptized, in the name of Satan, by the appellation of the person whom it was intended to represent.³ King James describes how it was used:—"Pictures of wax or clay, by the wasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted or dried away by continuall sicknesse."⁴ To produce this consumption, "Quidam solent opponere imaginem *cerae* juxta ignem ardentam completes sacrificiis de quibus supra, et adhibere quasdam preces nefarias et turpia verbia, ut que modum imago illa igne consumitur et liquescit."⁵ Such were the proceedings of our Scots

¹ Fordun, *Scotticron.* fol. Edin. 1759, i. 207.

² Boece, *Scot. Hist.* fol. Par. 1574, L. xi. f. 221.

³ *Malleus Malefic.* ii. 229.

⁴ *Demonology*, B. ii. 5.

⁵ *Malleus Malefic.* ii. 232.

enchantresses, of which there is an example in those who practised upon Sir James Maxwell of Pollock; and having bound his waxen effigy upon a spit, turned it before a fire, saying, "Sir James Maxwell! Sir James Maxwell!"¹ by which they identified the wasting wax with his person. To increase the torments of the sufferer, pins were sometimes pushed into the effigy, and as they pricked and rankled in the image, the living body of which it was the metaphor writhed in the same pain as if the punctures had been inflicted upon its flesh. Incantations of this kind were of great antiquity, and it appears that, among the Greeks, any object symbolical of the person to be affected was destroyed in his name. Thus, the jealous Samoethe, to punish her faithless lover, burned a bough, with a charm, to produce his decay with the consuming wood:—

"And now I burn this bough in Delphid's name,
And as the flaming wood shall waste in fume,
So, with its smoke, may Delphid's flesh consume."²

PAGE 207, NOTE 1. *The Servile Grey.*

That peasant colour, called in the middle-ages "*hoddan grey*"—then the distinctive wear of "churls" and beggars, and now of the Highlanders—was derived by the latter from the Border "*maud*," or Cheviot shepherd's plaid, first introduced among the clans with the flocks of Cheviot sheep. The coming of the "white faces" and grey plaid is still well remembered in some of the glens. In Argyleshire they were brought in by Campbell of Combie, about the year 1771, upon the farm of Balan-

¹ Glanville's *Sadducismus*, p. 391.

² Theocrit. *Idyll.* 12, 13.

tyre, near Inverary ; and the wearer of the new garment was the shepherd of the imported flock, a certain John Todd, from the neighbourhood of Dumbarton. In Inverness-shire the same introduction took place in Morven, about the year 1777, and the shepherd who carried the first "*brat-gaill*" into that country was one Braidfoot from the Border. Similar flocks and their feeders spread the expulsion of the deer, the men, and the tartans, throughout the Highlands ; and, at the first appearance of the grey garment, from the strangers of which it was the livery, and the calamities by which it was accompanied, it was called "*Brat-Gaill*"—the foreigners' rag ; and "*Riochd-mallaichte*"—the "*accursed grey*." "Away with the churls ! and bring up the gentle blood !"—said King Edward, when the yeomen were repulsed by the Scottish "*Schiltrons*" at Falkirk ; and, for the first time, the knights were compelled to dismount and take off their spurs, and charge on foot ; and thus the old ballad personified the discomfited peasants by their characteristic colour :—

" Away ! away with the *hodden grey* !
 Bring up the *scarlet* red !
 These churls be meeter to feed the swine,
 And make the stall'd steer's bed."

In the middle-ages, the "*hodden grey*" was in all countries a despicable garb, the characteristic of all that was base and ignoble, the attribute of the churl and peasant, in opposition to the green and scarlet of the gentle blood. Accordingly, in the sumptuary acts of the Scottish parliament, it was prescribed as the working habit of the laborious orders,¹ and thus "the husbandmen and servants did weare coarse cloth made of *grey*, or *skie*

¹ 14th Jac. II. 71.

colour.”¹ This peasant livery—an example of the universality of customs—was common through great part of Europe, and is still retained by *all* the rustics in the Duchy of Brunswick, and to a considerable extent in Switzerland, Bohemia, and other parts of the Continent, where it remains the distinctive habit of the serfs. Such an ignoble character in the “hodden” garb rendered it contemptible among the hunters and warriors of the old clans, each of whom boasted the right to wear the forest or “battle colours” of his chief. There was, however, another cause for which it was peculiarly disagreeable to Highlanders. Among them grey was to their imagination what black is to their neighbours, a personification of sombre, superstitious, and ghostly ideas, and hence associated with phantoms and demons. Thus, an apparition is called “*an Riochd*”—the grey or wan; the spectre foreboding death, “*am bodach glas*”—“the grey carl;” a phantom in the shape of a goat, “*an Glastig*,” or “*Glasdidh*,”² the grey; and, as in the south, the great enemy is named familiarly “the *black* gentleman,” so in the Highlands he is called “*Mac-an-Riochda*,”—“the son of the *Grey*.” In the ideas of the old wives and children of the last century, all these personifications, except one, were as nearly as possible those of the modern dubh-ghàll deer-stalker in his hodden grey,—wanting only the “Jim Crow,” “ruffian,” or “crush hat,” enormities which had not then completed the masquerade of death and Satan.

It is easy to trace the origin of this association. The ancient Caledonian hell, like that of Scandinavia, was a frozen and glassy region, an island named “*Ifrinn*,” far

¹ Moryson's Itinerary, fol. Lond. 1617, Part iii. 155, 179.

² It has pleased a writer of the Cockney school of Highlanders to convert this word into “*Glaslig*,” which, we take leave to observe, is unknown in the Highlands, and did not exist before the year 1841.

away among the "~~wan~~ waters" of the northern ocean, and involved in everlasting ice, and snow, and fog. In this dim region the appearance of the evil spirits, like that of mortals in similar circumstances, was believed to be wan and shadowy, like men seen through a frosty mist. Thus a party of modern deer-stalkers, noble and well-armed though they may be, in despite of the gold Geneva watch-chains and costly Purdie rifles which appear from under their shepherd plaids, would represent to an old "*Sealgair nam beann*" the liveliest vision of the fiend and his familiars; and we have no doubt, that if "*Alasdair Mac-Dhonachaidh ruaidh*," or even "*Iain-dubh-Draighneachan*," had ever in the grey of the morning met with Lord * * * *, Sir H. G., or the stalking phantom of * * * * *, he would have "avoided" the hill for that time, and never have returned to it after between sun-setting and sun-rising.

It is now only seventy-six years since the introduction of the shepherd's plaid into the Highlands, yet, notwithstanding that brief period, and that its original usage was foreign and subversive, and, among Highlanders, a peculiar characteristic of the lowland garb, and an attendant upon the proscription of their own, so great has been the moral as well as political change among the Highlanders, and thus so radically has succeeded the policy of Lord Hardwicke's act, the obliteration of their spirit with the abolition of their dress, that even among the natives the shepherd's check is now believed to be an attribute of the clans, and worn as an affectation of the Highland character. It is not unusual at Highland balls to see persons of rank dressed in the foreign *peasant* habit, made of the finest materials, decorated with *gold* and *jewels*, and paraded as a compliment to the clans! The mania of the "churl" garb has now spread from the forest to the city, from the lodge to the saloon, from the

wife of the “carnach” to the lady of the peer,—is seen rolling in the travelling chariot on the chausses of France and Italy, and wandering like a phantom into the wilds of the Tyrol and the Alps, until, at length, the ridicule of the Continent, it has become the characteristic of our countrymen, who are everywhere described with shrugs and smiles—“Bonnet gris!—habit gris!—gilet!—pantalon!—tout gris! depuis la tête jusqu’aux pieds!—ah ça!”

PAGE 233, NOTE 1. *The Drink of Might.*

In the middle-ages, when the remains of Pagan antiquity had still left the belief that all nature was subservient to charms and spells, this name, or that of “La boire amoureuse,” was given to those love-philtres by which it was thought that the affections could be enthralled, or “assotted” upon any person in whose favour the drink was compounded. In what manner it was identified with the intended individual we do not know; but, like the baptism of the waxen effigy, most probably by the words of the incantation with which it was prepared. It was not necessary that it should be made or administered by the person who was to be the object of its effects; but it inspired with reciprocal affection all those by whom it was partaken, whether men or animals, and even if taken accidentally. It was thus that not only Sir Tristrem and La Beale Isonde became enamoured, by sharing the potion designed for King Mark, but the knight’s dog Hodain, having licked the cup after they had emptied the drink, became affected with the same passion. The composition of philtres is to be found in many authors, from the period of Pagan mythology, in which it was derived, down to the seventeenth century. Passing from the

receipts of Pliny to those of the Gothic ages, which are more to the present purpose, the principal ingredients of the charm were, the bones of a green frog, of which the flesh had been consumed by ants; the marrow of a wolf's left foot, mixed with ambergris; a pigeon's liver stewed in the blood of the person to be beloved; the head of a kite; the brain of a cat; the last joint-bone of a wolf's tail; and other such absurdities and abominations. The affection incited by these spells was believed to be, not a temporary delirium, but a devotion enduring with existence. Thus, when the mother of La Beale Isonde delivered to her "gentlewoman," Dame Brengwain, the drink of might intended for the bride and bridegroom on the day of their marriage, "I understand," said the queen, "that then either shall love other all the days of their life;" and when Sir Tristrem and the princess had inadvertently drank the draught, "they loved each other so well, that their love never departed from them for wealth or woe."¹ Equally indissoluble was the attachment of the dog who licked the cup,—

" And hounde ther was beside,
That was y-cliped Hodain,
The coupe he licked that tide,
Tho down it set Bringwain;
Thai loued al in lide,
And ther of were thai fain,
Togider thai gan abide
In joie and ek in pain,
For thought." ²

PAGE 234, NOTE 2. *The Adder's Stone.*

This imaginary object of ancient magic was of unknown antiquity. Its production was described by Pliny with

¹ Hist. Prince Arthur, Part ii. c. xxiv.

² Rom. Sir Trist. F. ii. li.

the details of an eye-witness :—" *Angues innumeri ætate convoluti salivis faucium corporumque spumis artificii complexu glomerantur, anguinum appellatur. Druidæ sibilis id dicunt in sublime jactari, sagoque oportere intercipe, ne tellurem attingat. Ad victorias litium ac regum aditus mire laudatur.*"¹ The ancient Pagan superstition was retained throughout the middle and even latter ages ; and Mallet, by whom it was probably believed, has thus translated the description of the Roman naturalist :—

" Brennus has thy holy hand
Safely brought the Druid's wand,
And the potent *adder-stone*,
Gendered 'fore the autumnal moon,
When, in undulating twine,
The foaming snakes prolific join.
When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wond'rous egg aloft in air.
Thence before to earth it fall
The Druid, in his holy pall,
Receives the prize,
And instant flies,
Followed by the envenomed brood,
Till he cross the silver flood."

Pennant erroneously supposes that the "*Ovum anguinum*" was the triangular Celtic bead absurdly called Druidical by antiquaries ; but for this application there is no more evidence than for believing that the beads found in a negro's grave, or a North American savannah, pertained to an Obi, or a "mystery-bag," rather than any individual savage by whom beads are worn. Equally unfounded is the assertion, that the Celtic bead contains any representation of a serpent. We have seen several in which antiquaries have dreamed of this resemblance ;

¹ Plin. Hist. Nat., B. xxix. 12.

but the convolving figure is nothing more than the twisting of the colours used in the glass, for the simple purpose of decoration, as in boys' glass marbles, and some other coarse vitrified wares made for the vulgar at the present day ; assuming a vermicular appearance from the stirring of the liquid metal, but with no more intentional reference to the representation of serpents, than the spiral threads in the stalk of an old wine-glass.

Fern-seed was a charm of more popular familiarity than the adder-stone. The latter was the doting of the learned ; the former the superstition of the ignorant. It was, however, believed to be endued with great power, and only visible and to be obtained upon the vigil of the nativity of St John the Baptist, at the moment when he was born. Its virtue was supposed to render the possessor invisible :—

“ We have the receipt of *fern-seed* ; we walk invisible.”

Hen. IV. P. i. A. ii. S. 3.

The gathering of the charm was, however, an attempt of danger from the fairies, who were very jealous of the communication of the spell to mortals. Richard Bivot mentions a man who was said to have made the experiment ; but, during his occupation, evil sprites flew about his head like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat and body. At last, however, he believed that he had obtained the charm in a sufficient quantity, and wrapping it in paper, inclosed it in a box, but when he came home he found nothing in his pocket.—*Pandemonium. P. 217. Lond. 1684.*

PAGE 234, NOTE 3. *Fire-Flowers.*

Among the tokens which, in mines, discover the presence of noxious vapours, there has been described a

phosphoric phenomenon, said to appear upon the rocky galleries in beautiful and glowing colours, resembling the blossoms of dahlias, turnsol, and other brilliant flowers, the illusion of whose imitation is increased by the presence of a faint but sweet perfume. It is true that the most fatal air sometimes emits a fragrance like that of the pea-blossom ;¹ but it is denied by chemists, that any visible form, resembling flowers, can result from the noxious gases, or any chemical combinations accidentally united in a mine ; and they are persuaded that, like the ancient superstition of the mine-dwarfs, the “ fire-flowers ” owe their belief to the imagination of the miners acting upon some uncertain luminous appearances.

PAGE 239, NOTE 1.

In the winter of 1822, at a large and distinguished soirée in London, a diminutive forbidding individual advanced to a cabinet on which there stood a small bronze statue of the Emperor Napoleon, and lifting it in his hand, examined it for some moments with a severe and cynical abstraction. While he gazed upon it, a recoiling expression spread through the surrounding groups, till, in a few moments, he stood alone in the centre of a vacant circle, and suddenly becoming sensible that he was the object of every eye, shrunk into the crowd, followed by whispers of disgust.

PAGE 264, NOTE 1. *The Oighrean,*

Pronounced *Oiran*,—and called also the “ *Oigh-reag*,” and

¹ Phil. Trans., vol. ii. p. 375.

corruptedly the "*Eidhreag*,"—is the Gaelic name for the "cloud-berry," or mountain-strawberry, the *Rubus chamaemorus* of Lightfoot.¹ This beautiful Alpine plant abounds on many of the Highland hills, in the high heath ranges, lower than the dwarf arbutus and several mosses, but not beneath an altitude of six or seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Hence, like other species of a high range, it cannot be naturalized in a garden. It has, however, been suggested by an ingenious and highly-experienced experimental botanist, that a hybrid might be introduced, by transferring the root, in progressive stages, from its own region to a lower, and when it had been naturalized as low as it would thrive, by crossing it with the strawberry, to which it has an affinity. In its native vigour it is a beautiful plant; the leaves of a russet-green, glazed—as a painter would express its tint—with burnt sienna, and even touches of lake; its foliage is very similar to that of the strawberry, but stronger and thicker; the flower rises on a single stalk, producing a cluster of large white blossoms; and the fruit is about the size, and much the appearance, of a small scarlet mulberry, with yellow lights and tinges of crimson, and vandyke-brown. Upon some hills it grows in great abundance, forming a wreath of snowy flowers, or a bed of crimson fruit, which appear like fairy plots in the stern dark wilderness, where they grow amidst the clouds. It thrives very freely in dry ground or moist, on the brink of the fountain, or on the hard dry steep; in pits where the sun scarce penetrates, and on the bald forehead where it has no shade: it prefers, however, a good hill-soil, moderate moisture, and shady hollows, of which those in the northern aspect seem to produce the most flourishing plants.

¹ *Flora Scotica*, vol. i. p. 266.

PAGE 265, NOTE 1. *The Fawn.*

In the severe terms of hunter-craft, this name should only be given to the young of the fallow-deer, those of the roe being denominated "*kids*," and of the hind "*calves*."

 PAGE 266, NOTE 1. *Dryas Octopetala*,¹

Called in Gaelic "*Darach-Shi*," the fairy oak ; and "*Lus an t-Sealgair*," the hunter's plant ; is a beautiful Alpine creeper, with a very small foliage resembling minute oak-leaves. It inhabits the same altitude as that of the oighrean, but thriving with the greatest luxuriance upon limestone rock. Its production is not general, though, where the soil is favourable, it grows in large and luxuriant beds.

 PAGE 273, NOTE 1. *Uaigh a' Phrionnsa*,

"The Prince's Cave." When Charles Edward left his retreat with the seven men of Glen-mòr-essan,² they removed in a northerly direction to the height of Strath-Glas. They halted first in a sheep-cot, where they remained for three days, and, having sent off a messenger to obtain intelligence at Poll-Eu, they followed in the

¹ Lightfoot, *Flora Scot.* vol. i. p. 274.

² This name is usually corrupted into the surname of Morison, i. e., Maurice-son, from which very erroneous conclusions have been drawn concerning its ancient possessors and their language, most strangers supposing that the glen derived its appellation from the English surname ; from whence it was asserted that it was possessed by an English family, and that the English tongue was prevalent among its people. The real name, however, is "*Gleann-mòr-essan*"—the "*Glen of the great falls*," from the large and beautiful cascades by which the river precipitates itself through its rocky channel at the entrance of the valley.

same direction to meet him on his return. For the first day they rested in a wood in Glen-Cannaich, the valley which runs east and west between Strath-Glas and Glen-Strath-Fàrar. At night they removed to a hamlet; and about two o'clock in the morning crossed over into Glen-Strath-Fàrar, and ascended the hill of Beinacrìne,¹ upon the north side of the valley. They remained for two days in the neighbourhood. The printed narratives mention only a shealy-bothie as the place of their shelter; but, according to the universal tradition of the country, authenticated, as it is said, by the testimony of Alexander Chisholm, one of the seven men of Glen-mòr-essan, Charles Edward spent one of those days, or its night, in a remarkable cave, or rather den, which is still shown among the rocks a short distance from the road about two miles east of Dainé. Having been rejoined by his messenger, with the news required, the Prince returned through Glen-Cannaich to Strath-Glas, and arrived at Fas-na-cóille about two o'clock in the morning.

The place chosen for the concealment of Charles Edward in Glen-Strath-Fàrar was a natural dungeon, which, at that time, was scarcely discoverable, except by an accident, or the guidance of one acquainted with its access. It is a small natural chamber, formed beneath shattered masses of rock, which have fallen together in some ancient bouversement, and are themselves sunk into, and concealed by, a deep and precipitous chasm, rent as by an earthquake, into the bosom of the eminence. In 1746, this cyclopean den was almost impenetrably concealed by a veil of copsewood and a cloud of deep forest, which extended for many miles around. From above there existed only one broken and narrow footing by which access could be obtained, and from below the

¹ Brown's Hist. of the High. vol. iii. p. 324. Chamb. Hist. Reb., p. 117, note. 8vo, Edin. 1840.

only entrance was by a narrow cleft entirely closed by brushwood, and so strait that, when discovered, only a slender person could slide himself edge-ways through the chasm. Having passed this barrier, the way seems to terminate in a ruin of broken rocks, but, upon clambering up a high step, there appears an open den piled round with shattered masses, as if the hill had sunk into itself. Amidst this mighty debris, it is only when standing upon an upper shelf that there is discovered a small pit scarce large enough for the descent of one person, but, at the depth of about seven feet, the cavity extends into a small square chamber, formed by the vast fragments of rock which have fallen together, and floored with smooth earth, which, though damp, is defended in a great degree from the rain. With the exception of "The Cage," this retreat was perhaps the most secure of any in which the Prince had found refuge during his wanderings.

By some unacquainted with the topography of the country, it has been doubted that Charles Edward ever visited Glen-Strath-Fàrar; but this arose from the error of supposing that the hill of Beinacrine, the northern limit of his journey, was the boundary of *Glen-Cannaich*, whereas it is a range upon the *north* side of *Glen-Strath-Fàrar*, lying along the *left* side of the small lake of its own name,¹ which is situated in the middle of the Glen, so that, in travelling from Glen-Cannaich to arrive at Beinacrine, he must have crossed Glen-Strath-Fàrar. Our notices upon this subject are confirmed by all the old people of the country, and by the Rev. Angus MacKenzie of St Mary's, Eskadall, who was born within the district, where his family have lived many generations. His great-uncle, who resided at Leitrie, in Glen-Cannaich, retained a distinct recollection of having seen the Prince

¹ Called also Loch Bannavie.

returning through that valley from Glen-Strath-Fàrar. When first he observed him, he was descending the hill at a place called "Ruigh an t-Stùcain,"—the "root or base of the cliffs"—a part of the farm of Leitrie, where the deep and precipitous gorge of a mountain stream discharges itself upon the valley. From the direction in which the Prince descended, it was not doubted that he had crossed over from Ard-chuile, in Glen-Strath-Fàrar, which is exactly opposite to the farm of Leitrie, on the side of the loch of Beinacrine, and in the ordinary track of a person crossing the hill from Poll-Eu.

PAGE 273, NOTE 2. *Enormities of 1746.*

Immediately upon the occupation of the Highlands by the English army, the country was placed under a merciless martial-law, and even the most defenceless glens subjected to every species of rapine and outrage. Of the preceding enormities which had attended the victory of Culloden, it would be too long to give a detailed account ; but a few instances will be sufficient to exhibit the inhuman disposition of the conquerors at their entrance into the country.

"Riding over the field, attended by some of his officers, the Duke of Cumberland observed a young wounded Highlander resting upon his elbow, and gazing at the party. The Duke asked the wounded man to whom he belonged, and received for answer—'To the Prince.' He instantly called to an officer to 'shoot that insolent scoundrel.' The officer, Major (afterwards the celebrated General) Wolf, declined the task ; and, with the same result, the Duke commanded several others to pistol the wounded man ; then seeing a common soldier, he asked him if he had a charge in his piece, the man answering in the affirmative, he commanded him to do

the required duty, which was immediately performed. The youth thus slain was the younger Fraser of Inverallachie,¹ Lieutenant-Colonel of the Master of Lovat's regiment."²—When the soldiers entered Inverness, "a sick gentleman of the Prince's army, named James Aberdeen, lay in the house of one Widow Davidson, and, being at the height of a fever, was unable to escape. This fact becoming known to some of the soldiers, they immediately rushed into the sick chamber, and cut the throat of the unfortunate man where he lay."³—Two low-country men, flying from the field of battle without arms, were followed by a Cumberland volunteer on horseback. Having gained the town, they entered the well-house for concealment, but being observed by the pursuer, he gave his horse to a girl on the street, and following them into the house, notwithstanding the cries of the defenceless men for quarter, cut them down.⁴ Upon the day after the battle, it being reported that a considerable number of the wounded "rebels" were still in life, the Duke of Cumberland ordered out a party "*to put them out of pain.*"—About seventy wounded wretches were gathered among the heaps of slain, and carried to an eminence, where, being conveniently arranged, they were despatched by discharges of musquetry.⁵

¹ Vide Appendix, No. IX.

² Chamb. Hist. Reb., 87.

³ Ib. 88.

⁴ Ib.

⁵ Chamb. Hist. Reb., 88. Evidences of this fact were current in the memory of persons recently alive at Inverness and its neighbourhood; and the following testimony happened within the recollection of the late Mr Menzies of Pitfodds. In the year 1773, being at Dinant, where he had just quitted the Jesuits' College, it happened that with two fellow-students, named Robertson—one of them afterwards well known by the name of Romana—he was invited by the old chief of Struan to dine with him at Givet. Among the company there was another gentleman of his clan, Robertson of "Woodshiel," according to Mr Menzies' recollection of the title, who after dinner mentioned the following anecdote:—"He was at the battle of Culloden, and wounded in the service of the Prince; he was, however, able to crawl to a rising ground in sight of the field, where he remained till the next day, when he

Upon the ensuing day it was understood that some others of the wounded had found shelter in the neighbouring houses. Parties were sent in search of them. Many were accordingly dragged forth, and all, except a very few, coolly murdered. In one instance the hut was set on fire and burned, under a guard, by whom any attempting to escape were immediately bayoneted. Thirty-two corpses were found among the ashes. Among them were Colonel O'Reily, an old Irish officer seventy years of age, attached to Lord Ogilvie's corps ; two Rattrays, father and son, of the same regiment ; Menzies of Scien, and Stewart of Kyn-echan. Among those butchered on the field were Mercer of Aldie and his son, *a boy*.¹ At the house of Culloden nineteen wounded officers had been carried into the court, where the steward, at much risk to himself, had administered to them some comforts. They were discovered by the English troops, who immediately caused them to be carried out in carts to a park wall, where, being drawn up, they were told to prepare for instant death. Such as were able threw themselves on their knees, when a volley

saw a party of the English army, under the command of an officer, come upon the ground, and shoot the wounded Highlanders lying upon the earth. It was evident that the officer was shocked at the horrid service in which he was employed, for he walked away, as if unable to look at it. Mr Robertson escaped the search of the party, but before he could effect his retreat to the Continent, he was for some time obliged to remain concealed in various parts of the country. During this period he was at the house of a Jacobite gentleman, where an officer of the English army was one day expected at dinner ; Mr Robertson, of course, did not appear, but one of the young ladies of the family attacked the soldier respecting the massacre of the wounded at Culloden. For some time he evaded the subject, but at last, when farther pressed, he replied, with an emotion corroborative of the apparent repugnance of the officer witnessed by Mr Robertson on the field—'It is too true, madam—I am the man who had the misfortune to command the party.'

¹ Information by an Officer present in the Action of Culloden. "Answers for Mr Home." Lockhart Papers.

of musquetry put an end to the lives of almost all the victims ; and to finish those who survived, the soldiers were ordered to club their pieces, and beat out their brains.¹ It might be asserted that these savage barbarities were excited by the first fury of the battle, but such was not true ; they were indisputably executed upon the succeeding day, and were continued systematically upon the occupation of the country.

“ In the month of May the Duke of Cumberland advanced with his army into the Highlands, as far as Fort-Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments on all sides to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Invergarrie and Lochiel were plundered and burned ; every hut, house, and habitation, met with the same fate without distinction ; all the cattle and provisions were carried off ; the men were either shot upon the mountains like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood without form of trial ; the women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked with their children to starve on barren heaths. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles ; all was ruin, silence, and desolation.”²

The accuracy of these declarations has been questioned by those who wish to extenuate the barbarity of the conquerors, but the most impartial examination has only added to the horrors of the conviction. “ The cruelties,” says Chambers, “ were such, that if not perfectly well authenticated, we could scarcely believe to have been practised less than a century ago. Not only were the mansions of the chiefs Lochiel, Glengarrie, Cluny, Keppoch, Kinloch-

¹ Chamb. Hist. Reb., 89.

² Smollet, Hist. Engl., III. 560. 8vo, Lond. 1805.

moidart, Glengyle, Ardshiel, and many others, plundered and burnt, but those of many inferior gentlemen, and even the huts of the common people, were in like manner destroyed. The cattle, sheep, and provisions of all kinds, were carried off to Fort-Augustus. In many instances *the women and children were stripped naked and left exposed*; in some the females were subjected to even more horrible treatment. *A great number of men, unarmed and inoffensive, including some aged beggars, were shot in the fields, and on the mountain side, rather in the spirit of wantonness than for any definite object.* Many hapless people perished of cold and hunger amongst the hills; *others followed in abject herds their departing cattle, and at Fort-Augustus begged, for the support of a wretched existence, to get the offal, or even to be allowed to lick up the blood of those which were killed for the use of the army.* Before the 10th of June the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century was at length so entirely fulfilled in this remote region, that it would have been literally possible to travel for days through the depopulated glens without seeing a chimney smoke, or hearing a cock crow.”¹
—“General Hawley was one of the most remorseless of all the commanding officers, as if he thought that no extent of cruelty was a sufficient compensation for his loss of honour at Falkirk. The names of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart, are also to be handed down to everlasting execration, as among the blood-thirstiest of all those human wolves. The last did not even respect the protections granted by his superior officer, Lord Loudon—under authority from the commander-in-chief—towards those who had made an

¹ Chamb. Hist. Reb., 93.

early submission ; but as he ordered their persons to execution, and their houses to the flames, replied to their plea for mercy, that ‘ *though they were to show him a protection from Heaven, it should not prevent him from doing his duty.* ’”¹—Under the command of such barbarians, it will not be surprising that their “ *duties* ” were often attended by circumstances of inhuman brutality and wanton destruction. When the party destined for the demolition of Invergarrie reached that castle, it was a dark tempestuous night, and the lady and her children had long retired to rest. They were not permitted to remain until the morning ; but, alarmed out of their beds, were driven, half-naked, to the hill, where they took refuge in a cotter’s house, from whence they beheld the light of the flames rising from the chambers which were so lately their own.² Before the morning the noble castle erected by Lord Mac-Donnel and Arros, one of the most remarkable of its period in the Highlands, was consumed to the naked walls, and such was the vindictive spirit of the soldiers, that they placed barrels of gunpowder at the foot of two large walnut-trees in the garden, one of which still survives to exhibit the scarred rent of the explosion. Similar, but more extensive and wanton spoliation, was committed at Auchnacarrie, the residence of Lochiel, where the gardens, nearly a *mile in length*,³ were rooted up and destroyed. It is among the evidences of the barbarizing and desolating effects, produced by the ravages of the period, that these efforts of industry have never since been restored ; and that the mansions of Glengarrie, Lovat, and various other noble estates, have never yet been replaced by any suitable edifices. These are not the revengeful recollections of party animosity, but grains of sand among the

¹ Boyce, Hist. Reb., 169. 8vo, Reading, 1748.

² Tradition of the Glengarrie family.

³ Boyce, Hist. Reb., 170.

mass of historical facts, which ought continually to be remembered for the vindication of the Highlanders, from those scandals of idleness and non-improvement advanced by the ignorant and the hostile against a *conquered, long-oppressed, and still neglected people*. Like the mortally diseased, who fear to call in a physician lest he should awaken them to a terrible conviction, there are few who have the courage to lift the black veil which has fallen upon the last century, and contemplate the fatal causes and effects, in which we have never repaired the consequences of two unsuccessful insurrections, and of which the denial is still more humiliating than the confession, as it is more disgraceful to be incompetent than overcome. But those who read the history of their own country, as they read that of others, *know* that she has been conquered, retarded, and deprived, from the days of the Darien intervention, the removal of her parliament, and the dissolution of her chancery ; and that, in 1746, not only the Highlanders, but the whole nation, suffered a shock, a diminution of the political vital principle, which has left a national paralysis at the present day. "Not content," says Chambers, "with laying waste the country of the active insurgents, the troops extended their ravages over peaceful districts to the very gates of the capital, and for some time *Scotland might be said to have been treated, throughout its whole bounds, as a conquered country*, subject to the domination of military law."—"No form of trial was adopted with the insurgents, even within a few miles of the seat of the Court of Session ; nor did the soldiers ever appeal to the neighbouring justices for warrants when about to plunder their houses."¹

These outrages became at length so flagrant, that the Lord President Forbes, one of the most zealous supporters

¹ Chamb. Hist. Reb., 94.

of the government, remonstrated with the Duke of Cumberland against the atrocities of his troops, who "everywhere outraged the laws."—"Laws!" exclaimed the Prince.—"What laws? I will make a brigade give laws;" and in Inverness he stigmatized the judge as that "old woman who talked to him of humanity."¹ Notwithstanding the unbounded license enjoyed under a commander-in-chief who thus sanctioned their excesses, the soldiers became dejected by the solitude and desolation caused by their own devastations; and, to "divert their melancholy," the Duke and his officers frequently indulged them with races, and gave money for the stakes, which were sometimes run for by horses without bridle or saddle, and ridden by naked women.² The animals, which furnished these courses, were those driven in from the plunder of the country, and which amounted to such numbers that most of the soldiers possessed more than one; and though the camp became a cattle-market, which was attended by drovers from Yorkshire and Galloway, it was so glutted with numbers that a pony was bought for eighteenpence, and considered as extravagantly dear at half-a-crown. Notwithstanding, however, this low price, "the vast quantities of cattle, oxen, horses, sheep, and goats," was so great, that some of the men became enriched by their plunder; and out of the public sales, of which the profits were divided among the troops, the whole army received a great amount, which was distributed in the following shares:—Privates, 15s.; corporals, L.1; sergeants, L.1, 10s.; subalterns, L.5, 18s.; captains, L.11, 5s.³ This fund, however, was derived from all kinds of plunder, including the cellars and libraries of the superior houses, as at Castle Downie, the seat of Lord

¹ Chamb. Hist. Reb., 94.

² Ib. Rae's Hist. Reb.

³ Boyce, Hist. Reb., p. 169.

Lovat, which furnished one thousand bottles of wine, and the value of fourteen hundred pounds in books.¹

A recent historian has discountenanced the relation of these enormities; and a contemporary, who has stigmatized Sir William Wallace as a barbarous robber, and vindicated the offended majesty of Edward I., may perhaps find apologies for the banditti of the Duke of Cumberland; but, as observed by Klose and Chambers, the atrocities of 1746 “were maintained by authentic and historic details, vouched by bishops, clergymen, ministers, elders, and gentlemen of rank and character, whose signatures were attached to their evidence.”² Frightful confirmation is still given by the attesting voice of tradition, descending in only one or two degrees from those who suffered, and witnessed in the lone green heap or solitary stone which still commemorates the deeds of blood. These were not the individual outrages of peculiar ruffians; they were the authorised executions of an exterminating system, deliberately organized for the destruction of the Jacobite clans. The project originated in the government of William III.; and if it did not emanate from Lord Stair, it was fostered and advanced by that minister. The massacre of Glencoe was the first essay of the design; the execration of the world checked its progress: but its development was only suspended for a favourable opportunity—which arrived in 1746.—As early as 1691, it was declared by Lord Stair that—“*the Highlanders were to be destroyed as wild savages,*”—“that their utter destruction” was a meritorious action, and that “an attempt to bring it about by a *legal trial would only serve to put them upon their guard.*”³ The vindictive de-

¹ Boyce, Hist. Reb., p. 169.

² Klose, Hist. of Charles Edward II. Chamb. Hist. Reb., 89. Jacobite Mem. Lockhart Papers. Maxwell of Kirkconnel's Narrative, &c., &c.

³ Letter from Lord Stair to Sir Thomas Livingstone, Jan. 7, 1691.—Mem. of Lochiel, 316. 4to, Edin. 1844.

termination of this design, and the uncompromising means recognised for its execution, were avowed without reserve by the minister in the instructions which prompted the massacre of Glencoe.—“*The winter*,”—said he, in an official letter,—“*The winter* is the only season in which we are sure that the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle, to the mountains,” for “human constitution cannot endure then to be long out of houses. *This is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights.*”¹ The fatal success of this inhuman counsel was proved amidst the snows and frosts upon the “night” of Glencoe, and the design of a general military execution was never laid aside. In 1725, it was discovered by King James and some of his principal adherents, that there existed in the reigning government a plot for the “utter extirpation” of the Jacobite clans; ² and in 1746, the Lord President Forbes proposed a renewal of the same exterminating policy.—“If all the rebels,”—said he in a letter to Sir Robert Walpole,—“with their wives, children, and dependants, could be rooted out of the earth, the shock would be astonishing, but time would commit it to oblivion.”³ The principle of this counsel was carried into execution by the army of occupation under the Duke of Cumberland, and if the mild nights of summer left more for the bayonet and the torch, than the winter of Glencoe, they fulfilled that “duty” with unrelenting persecution. Pursuant to the system of “extirpation,” every license was given for the slaughter of the Highlanders. In the first rigour of the proscription against their national dress, the troops had received orders “to kill upon the spot all whom they met dressed in the

¹ Lord Stair to Colonel Hamilton, Dec. 1st and 3d, 1691. *Memoirs of Lochiel*, p. 316.

² Lockhart Papers, II. 170, 187, 195. 4to, Lond. 1817.

³ Culloden Papers, 62. 4to, Lond. 1815.

Highland garb.”¹—Like the old statute which permitted the English soldier “to kill and cut off the head” of any Irishman, whom he supposed to have been engaged in treasonable practices, and had “none in his company *dressed in English clothes*,”²—this inhuman authority was a sanction for every murder; the soldier, incited by any malignant passion, had only to assert the sumptuary penalty against its object, and kill him under its protection. But there were instances when the attacks were wanton and unexcited; and the idle men, especially those who were good marksmen, went out singly or in parties to “stalk” the Highlanders like deer, and shoot at such as they saw in the national dress—which at that time were all whom they met, for it was long after the proscription that few only were able to change their costume. The pursuit of the proscribed families and outlaws added continual aggravations to the spirit of wanton cruelty, and was followed by the soldiers as a species of hill-sport which they called “*rebel-hunting*.”³ In one of these sanguinary attacks, the Prince and his attendants, in making their way from Strath-Cluanie to Glen-mòr-essan, were in imminent danger, and witnessed the massacre of the fugitives upon the mountain above them, from whence they heard the shots of the musquets, as “the soldiers were chasing and murdering the poor people” upon the summit of the hill.⁴—Of the work which passed about those reports, an example may be found in a single murder which happened in the wilds of Croidart. A party of soldiers, commanded by an officer, sent in pursuit of Charles Edward, came to the hut of a lonely cotter, and

¹ Letter from Loch-Garrie to Sir Hector MacLean, Sept. 25, 1750. Orig. Stuart Papers.

² 5th Ed. IV., c. 2.

³ Boyce, *Hist. Reb.*, 170.

⁴ *Chamb. Hist. Reb.*, 115.

desired refreshment from his wife, while he was absent in pursuit of deer. The woman gave them all the milk which she possessed ; but her infant, alarmed at the sight of the red coats and the glitter of the musquets, wept vociferously, and would not be pacified.—“Curse that child !”—exclaimed the officer ;—“if he lives, he will only grow up to be a rebel like his father ;”—and the sergeant drawing his sword, impaled the infant against the wall, and cast his little bleeding body at the feet of his mother.—Frightful and wanton as this atrocity may appear, it was attended by other circumstances too revolting to be repeated, and the infamy of this action was aggravated by another arising out of the cowardice of the officer.—He was remarkable by riding a white horse, and fearing that this distinction should render him conspicuous in any pursuit to avenge the murder, he mounted in his place a Highland prisoner whom he was conveying to Fort-Augustus. As he had anticipated, he was followed by the father of the child, who, taking a short track through the hill, met the party at a narrow pass, where, singling out the rider of the white horse, he shot him dead. Discovering his error, however, he reloaded his gun, and, judging the destination of the party for Fort-Augustus, followed and watched them during the night, and, on the succeeding day, intercepted them at another “beallach.” The officer, who now believed himself beyond danger, had resumed his seat, and the Highlander, having identified the object of his vengeance, took a stalker’s aim, pulled the trigger with a firm hand, and, as the smoke of the gun blew off, the white horse was standing with an empty saddle in the midst of the dismayed party.¹

¹ Tradition communicated by “the black forester of Glen-Garrie,” Alasdair MacDhòmhnuil, who was three years old in 1746, and well acquainted with the family and the mother of the murdered child.

Much has recently been said concerning the destruction of the Arabs smoked to death in Africa; but a similar tragedy, attended by circumstances of much greater horror, was perpetrated by the English soldiers in Strath-Conan. A party of fugitives—including not only a few armed carnachs, but women, children, and grey-headed men—having been discovered in the desolate wilds at the head of that glen, they were so closely pursued, that they were driven to take refuge within the recesses of a rocky den, similar to that which served for the retreat of Charles Edward in Glen-Strath-Färrar. Having discovered their concealment, and being unable to attack them, the soldiers collected a quantity of heath, bracken, and dry wood, and, setting it on fire at the mouth of the rock, all within perished—the women, children, and old men, suffocated in their retreat, and the “carnachs,” half exhausted and blinded by the smoke and flames, cut down and bayoneted as they endeavoured to force their way out of the den.¹

An act of barbarity still more wanton and cruel was committed in Glen-Urchar, and under the authority of an individual whose elevated rank greatly added to the enormity. Several fugitives, among whom were some of the wounded from Cu'oden, having collected in that glen, took shelter in a barn near Balmacan, where they remained for more than a fortnight unnoticed. At length, however, their retreat having been denounced, the hut was surrounded by a party of troops, the doors closed with fixed bayonets, and, fire being set to the roof, all within were massacred at the outlets, or perished in the flaming ruins.² One man only, named MacLean, escaped the fate of his companions, from having been absent during the attack. Hearing the shots about the barn, he made his escape into the woods, and, thinking it safer to trust to their

¹ Tradition of Strath-Conan.

² Tradition of Glen-Urchar.

shelter than to cross the country, he remained in this concealment for nearly a month, when, one morning at daybreak, having been abroad to obtain food, he was observed by some soldiers as he was re-entering his covert. Seeing his Highland dress, they immediately fired and wounded him severely in the thigh ; but, having a stick, he succeeded in escaping into the thicket, and it is probable that he was not pursued, for, so great was the abhorrence of the soldiers to climbing the hills, that, to avoid this fatigue, they often proceeded without examining whether those at whom they shot were dead or alive.¹ Even the graves in which the unhappy fugitives concealed their dead could not shelter them from outrage and spoliation. When a party of the troops were “plundering the islet of Loch-Arcaig, they observed some new-raised earth, and, imagining that they should find either money or arms, dug up the heap, but found only a man’s corpse with a good Holland shirt on, which made them believe it to be Lochiel ; but it was the corpse of Cameron, brother to Allan Cameron of Calart, and, rather than have no plunder, they took the shirt, and left the corpse lying on the ground.”² Before the old population was broken by emigration, many of these solitary graves were still known in the glens. Some of these covered the bodies of strangers who were shot in passing through the country, whose names, and homes, and friends, were never known by those among whom they fell, and whose own never knew their fate, nor where their remains rested. In a sequestered crook of Glen-Strath-Fàrar, on a little green near the bank of the river, though now almost sunk to the surrounding level, there is a slight undulation in the

¹ Tradition communicated by Alexander MacLean, nephew to the wounded man, and recently living in a very advanced age at Eskadall in Strath-Glas.

² *Journal of the Escape of the Young Chevalier*, p. 57.

turf, which still marks one of these solitary graves. In this nameless cell lies one of those itinerant merchants who still travel into the glens with little stores of trinkets and drapery. On his way up the valley he was met by two dragoons returning to Castle Downie, by whom he was murdered, and left, pillaged and stripped, upon the spot where he is buried, at the margin of the old country track which then descended near the river. The murdered man was an entire stranger, and it was thought by some that he was a proscribed gentleman from the lowlands, who had adopted the disguise of a pedlar as a pretext for travelling through the country, and to a distance where he was less likely to be recognised.

It was not only in the solitudes, where violence had no witnesses, that crimes were committed with impunity. In the city of Inverness, atrocious outrages were perpetrated unrestrained, and after the disorder of the capture had subsided. One night, after all appearance of insurrection was at an end, as a party of soldiers, who had been sent out to burn and pillage the Aird, was returning along the river, they observed a still lonely light in the window of a small house which stood by the water. They entered, and in a dim and solitary chamber found a wounded man lying upon a bed, by the side of which sat his daughter, who watched him while he slept. Awakened by the rudeness of the intruders, he raised his head, and, seeing the blood-stained bandage by which it was bound, the soldiers tore it from his brow, and, discovering the deep wound which it concealed, with blasphemous imprecations, and regardless of the weeping girl who clung to their knees, plunged their weapons in the already dying man. While the last throes were yet trembling in his body, they seized the distracted child with the hands reddened in her father's blood. Her shrieks were unheard, or heard only by those who dared

not come to her assistance. The only inmate in the house was one old woman, who, unnoticed in the tumult, escaped by a small window which opened upon the river. In her descent she fell into the stream, but, the water being shallow, she regained the bank, and fled to a distant house. None dared to go to the resistance of the soldiers; but in the morning the woman returned. The cottage was still and deserted, the door half open,—and, when she entered, she found the murdered man lying extended on the bed, his hand clenched on his breast with the motion of the last death-stroke, and, on the ground beside the pallet, the pale, dishevelled, lifeless form of his daughter, her dress rent in tatters, and her cold cheeks and stiffened hands marked with the stains of her father's blood.¹

During the reign of terror, darkened by these crimes, so great was the overawing dread of the conqueror, and so abject the prostration of the conquered, that, excepting the feeble voice of the Lord President, no remonstrance was offered by the civil power, or any plea for mercy advanced by the ministers of the church; but martial law was supported by legal persecution, and even a political excommunication fulminated from the pulpits. In all the churches there was read a paper, forbidding, upon severe penalties, all persons from giving any food to a rebel;² and the General Assembly passed an order, that all clergymen should recite from their desks a proclamation for the arrest or surrender of any suspected persons within their parishes. In Ireland and the Isle of Man rewards were offered for the apprehension of fugitives who might land upon their coasts; and the

¹ From the relation of Murrach-dubh MacLean, piper in Inverness, who received the particulars from his grand-aunt, the woman who escaped from the window of the cottage.

² Journal of the Escape of the Young Chevalier, p. 19.

ministers at foreign courts had the insolence to demand, not only that refugees should be dismissed from their dominions, but delivered up to the British Government.¹

Such were the measures of conquest extended over the kingdom of Scotland, and which, in vindictive vengeance, exceeded almost every record of modern war. "It is not in my power," said a contemporary and acting witness, "to dwell upon a continual series of massacres with such shocking circumstances, as make human nature start back at the bare thought of them. There is hardly an act of violence to be found in the histories of the most barbarous nations, but may be matched by the Duke of Cumberland's visit into the Highlands: *all the horrid cruelties that sometimes attend a long-disputed field of battle, or a town taken by storm, in the first moments of the soldiers' fury, were committed wantonly and in cold blood.*"²

A hundred years have now drawn their veil over this dark period; another race has succeeded to those who suffered; new manners and new interests have arisen upon the old; and it is a demonstration of the moral as well as political conquest achieved by the Duke of Cumberland, that the public mind has undergone such a change, that in the metropolis of the north, the scene and focus of so many horrors, upon the centenary anniversary of the battle of Culloden, the event was celebrated by a *public dinner*. In these "mortualia," converted to the modern spirit of gastronomic commemoration, the guests *ate, drank, and sang* to the memory of their massacred ancestors, and passing a resolution to signalize the scene of their slaughter by a monument, proposed its inauguration by a BALL!—"that the ladies might have an opportunity of sharing the celebration,"³ by *dancing* to the memory of

¹ Chamb. Hist. Reb., p. 94.

² Maxwell of Kirkconnell's Narrative, p. 168. 4to, Edin. 1841.

³ Inverness Courier, April 16, 1846.

the fathers, brothers, and husbands of their families, murdered and burned around the scene of their convocation. The victorious soldiers ate on the field of battle, and, after the massacre of the wounded, "amused themselves by splashing and dabbling each other with the blood;"¹ but they forebore the pagan orgies of dancing over the dead: it remained for the nineteenth century to invite the ladies of Inverness to dance amidst the ashes and upon the graves of their ancestors.

PAGE 274, NOTE 1. *Refugees.*

After the proscription of 1746, and the burning and sacking of their dwellings, such of the outlawed superiors and dependants as could not escape out of the country lived upon the hills, in caves or huts, and often the unsheltered heath. Lord Lovat was concealed within a hollow tree in Morar; and Cameron of Clunes in a "bothan" or cabin on the side of the hill near Loch-Arkaig; Invercauld in a cave, or rather hole, in the midst of the great pine forests which surrounded his house; and his clansman, Inverey, in a similar retreat, not far from his home, and from which he saw the light of his burning roof illuminate the neighbouring country. Of the fidelity which preserved the secret of his retreat, an interesting example is still told in his country. There was about the house a fool,—a sort of Davie Gellatlie,—who, after the seclusion of the laird, was employed to carry the food to his den, not only from confidence in his extraordinary attachment, but the belief that his "daft" character should render him less liable to suspicion. He discharged his service with that fidelity and caution—

¹ Chamb. Hist. Reb., p. 87. Scots Mag. vol. viii. p. 192.

that almost instinctive discretion and self-command which is sometimes so remarkable in defective intellects. Of this he once gave a remarkable instance. In the old time, when the household of every chief and superior was thronged with kindly followers and dependants, remuneration for small services was not only never expected, but its offer betrayed the ignorance of a stranger, or the temptation of some sinister design. One day two ladies, relations or intimate friends of Inverey, and well known to the fool, were by some confidential person put under his guidance to the hiding-place of the laird. He conducted them with great alacrity and care, till they arrived near the retreat, when one of the ladies, taking advantage of the shelter of the wood, offered him half-a-crown.—At this donation he looked hard in the face of the donor; and the money being pressed upon him, fell into sullen and, apparently, abstract apathy, as if he had lost a temporary gleam of intelligence in more than usual aberration.—The lady put up the money, and resumed the way in which they were proceeding; but the fool turned in another direction, and, after leading his fair charges in a mazy track through the wood, appeared to have lost all recollection of the way. It was in vain that they interrogated and encouraged him: he did not seem to understand them, but looked at them, with his mouth half-open, and a vacant stare, as if he neither remembered his employment, nor comprehended what they wanted; and at length, taking to his heels, left them in the wood.—When afterwards he was asked about his conduct, he chuckled and grinned, and shook his head,—“They gi’ed me *money!*” he exclaimed; “they gi’ed me *money!* Div ye think Inverey’s *freends* wad gi’e me *money!*”—This sentiment was not the weakness of his incapacity; it was a sentiment of his period among all Highlanders, and continues at the present day where the Highland character

remains unchanged.—Many such incidents, and many such concealments, are remembered in the remote glens ; but the most remarkable, both for time, fidelity, and the resources employed in its preservation, was that of the gallant chief of Clan-Chattan, MacPherson of Clunie. For nine years he remained concealed upon his own property, in caves, vaults, and huts, supplied with all necessities, and even comforts, by his clansmen, who not only endangered their liberty in his service, but, for his support, paid their rents twice over—once to the government factor, and once to their chief. His first principal retreat was a cave dug by his people, opposite to Craig-Dhubh, in the woody bank on the south side of the little loch of Uamhaidh : the excavation was carried on during the night, and its entrance concealed by the trees and bushes ; being close to the margin of the lake, the earth was conveyed into the water, and all appearance of its passage carefully removed from the brae. After this retreat had remained long unsuspected, wearying of its confinement, and thinking it safer to have a change of haunts, Clunie caused other cells to be prepared for his reception, so that he might never spend many nights in the same place, nor his people attract attention by going often in the same direction. One of the most secure of his recesses, and which exists at the present day, was a square vault under the house of Dalchulie, three miles from Clunie Castle. It is about eight feet square, and seven feet deep, wainscoted with deal planks, and entered by a trap-door in the floor, which being covered by a carpet, there was no suspicion of its existence. From the dryness of the gravelly soil, it is perfectly free from damp, for which reason it is now used as a store-closet for cheeses. No doubt its trap, and perhaps the scantling, has been renewed oftener than once, but in other respects it is exactly in the same state as when last inhabited by its noble refugee.

But the most remarkable and ingenious of all the retreats used by Clunie, or any of his unfortunate contemporaries, was the romantic and singular construction called "*The Cage*."—"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, named Letternillich,¹ still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed: the habitation itself was concealed within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor, and, as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other, and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the cage,—it being of a round, or rather oval shape,—and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of *The Cage*; and, by chance, there happened to be stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed: the smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference on the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking out, one baking, and another firing bread, and cooking."²—In this romantic retreat Clunie entertained the Prince in his last distresses, previous to his escape from the Highlands, and

¹ Leitir na Lice, Gael. The hill-side of the flat rock; or, perhaps, more colloquially, "The flat rock-side," i. e., "of the hill."

² Home's Works, vol. iii. Appendix, No. 46.

here the royal fugitive received intelligence of the arrival of the ships destined for his departure. The site of his last remarkable retreat with his faithful adherent, is in the heart of the ancient deer-forest of Beann-Aller, one of the most secluded and magnificent ranges of mountain-scenery, as well as one of the finest—perhaps to be hereafter *the* finest deer-country in the Highlands. It was a part of the great territory of the Clan-Chattan, from the time that the early ancestors of the male line, represented by the present chief, Clunie MacPherson, held it in a hereditary descent which probably owned no dependence even on the Crown, and was derived from an era disappearing into the twilight of history which veils the antiquity of the Celtic tribes.

In the deep wilderness of “The Cage” Clunie found refuge after an almost miraculous escape, in which he owed his safety to the vigilance, fidelity, and vigour of his clansmen. Towards the latter time of his seclusion, the success with which he had so long baffled all danger produced some relaxation of extreme caution, and even a degree of confidence, through which, in very bad weather, or the absence of the enemy’s patrols, he sometimes ventured to visit his lady, and pass a night in the house which she inhabited, and which, formerly the residence of the grieve, stood near the ruins of the destroyed mansion of Clunie.¹ These dangerous ventures were not without suspicion from the officer who commanded the troops of the district, Ensign—afterwards General Sir Hector Monro. The activity of this subaltern, for the apprehension of Clunie, was distinguished by a vindictive pursuit beyond the vigilance of mere military duty, and inspired by a spirit of revenge against the whole Clan

¹ The old house of Clunie stood near the present road to Laggan, and almost on the site of the northern offices in the modern farm square.

Pherson, by the fire of whose battalion his father and uncle had been killed at the battle of Falkirk. It is probable that, for his known desire of revenge, he was appointed to the command of the troops directed against the clan, and he performed the cruel service with unremitting severity and persecution.—“ Upon a stormy, dark, and freezing evening in the depth of winter, suffering from continual exposure to cold, wet, and privation, of every kind, and trusting perhaps to the inclemency of the night for keeping the detachments in their quarters, Clunie ventured to return to his temporary home. By a singular coincidence, Monro had determined to make a deliberated and particular attack upon the house in the course of the same night. During his pursuit of the chief, however, he had discovered, that whenever he made a movement for his surprise, the troops were everywhere preceded by secret information.”—“ On the present occasion, therefore, he retired to rest as usual, and when all others were asleep, he leaped out at a back window, awakened his men, who lay in a barn, and, without any disturbance or observation, put them under arms, and took the road for Clunie; other parties had previously been detached to Dalchuinne, Garva-mòr, and Dalna-shalg, and had orders to march in such concert, that all the parties should unite at the same time round the house inhabited by Lady Clunie. The main body, under the ensign, was within seven miles of its destination, when passing a cottage belonging to a man named Iain dónn MacPherson, he heard in his bed the heavy tramp of the soldiers and the clink of their equipments, and immediately observing that they were passing towards Clunie, he sprang up, and, without any clothes but his shirt and kilt, ran off at full speed to give notice of the advance. The path being occupied by the detachment, he had to make a considerable circuit, and proceeded with

such speed, that, by the time he was half-way to Clunie, he was seized with a stitch in his side, which obliged him to stop at a cottage, and call another man out of his bed to carry forward the alarm. Meanwhile Monro had gained some distance in advance, and it was only by very great exertion that the messenger reached Clunie ten minutes before the soldiers. When he arrived, the chief was surrounded by a circle of his friends, in whose reunion he indulged a brief forgetfulness of their misfortunes, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the 'carnach,' who rushed breathless into the room with an exclamation that the 'Saighdearan dearga' were at hand. All present started from their seats, and immediately scattered in various directions. Clunie, accompanied by two stout men, proceeded towards the northern hills; but they had not gone far when they heard the approach of the detachment from Dalnashalg, and, to avoid them, turned hastily to the west, when at a little distance they discovered the advance of the party from Garva. In this jeopardy they determined to cross the Spey, and descended towards an uncertain and little frequented ford called '*Bealu'-tart*,'¹ and nearly opposite to Clunie Castle. They gained the river without interruption, but, just as they reached the bank, heard the division from Dalchuinne entering the water on the other side. It need not be told that both the chief and his two clansmen were excellent deer-stalkers—immediately crouching on the grass, they glided away on their breasts, as they would have drawn themselves up to a deer, and, in a few moments, were several yards down the bank, where they lay flat under the brink by the water-side. In this ambush they heard the cautious

¹ "*Beallach-tart*," the drought passage, because it is impassable except when the river is low from want of rain. For this reason it is very rarely used.

plash of the soldiers passing through the stream, but as soon as their quick tramp receded across the field, they started up, cleared the ford, and finding some horses grazing on the opposite meadow, Clunie mounted on one of them, and the little party taking the western hills, never halted until they reached Beann-Aller."¹

PAGE 274, NOTE 2. *Fidelity of the Highlanders.*

Ancient and modern history has not contributed to the honour of any people more noble testimony of generosity and integrity, than the devoted faith with which the clans preserved the safety of their proscribed Prince. The virtue would have been great had it been limited to an inviolable concealment of his presence, but it became a rare example of heroism, when the poorest and most distressed, wrung by the most abject extreme of misery, disregarding the temptation of a magnificent bribe, not only renounced the possession of boundless wealth, but risked their lives for his security. During the period of his wanderings, his safety had been intrusted to upwards of two hundred persons, many of whom were in the humblest rank of life—all surrounded by danger, misery, and destitution. At a time when the inhabitants were reduced to an extremity of want, in which they were driven to beg from their enemies the blood and the offal of their own cattle for food, they not only shared their last bread and their last bowl of milk with him for whom they suffered, but disregarded the reward of thirty thousand pounds offered upon his head; a reward which at all times might have purchased an estate princely for those to whom it was offered—and then a talisman which

¹ Tradition of Badenach, communicated by Mr MacPherson of Bealid.

should have changed in a moment the despair of outlawry and destitution to luxury and splendour.—“Did you know,” said General Campbell, in his interrogation of Donald MacLeod, the Prince’s old pilot, “Did you know what money was upon the head of *that young gentleman*?” —“What then!” replied the old man, “I could never have enjoyed it; conscience would have got the better; and though I should have had all England and Scotland, I could not have allowed a hair of his head to be touched since he threw himself upon my care.”¹—Such was the language of MacDonald of Kingsburgh, when prisoner at Fort-Augustus, and plundered of all which he possessed, loaded with irons, and thrown into a dungeon, he was reproached by Sir Edward Fawkeners for the opportunity which he had lost of “*making his family*.”—“Had I gold and silver piled in heaps like these mountains,” said he, “it would not give to my heart the satisfaction of what I have done.”²—Others of the humblest rank declared sentiments no less noble.—“But the Prince,” said they, “is safer with us than with those who are above us, for they might go to another country with the ‘great bribe,’³ and ‘buy’ themselves friends wherever they went; but where could *we* go? what could *we* do in another country? and in our own we should be despised and abhorred by all.”—It is a striking example of the general fidelity which reigned throughout the clans, that although a boy of fifteen, who had been in the Highland army, traced the Prince from Culloden until he rejoined him in Arisaig, the soldiers who were employed

¹ Journal of the Escape, &c., 18. ² Chamb. Hist. Reb., 104.

³ “*A’ Dhuais mòr*.”—From a conversation of the “Seven Men of Glen-Mòr-essan,” communicated by Catherine Chisholm, daughter to their last survivor, Hugh Chisholm, and now living in great poverty in a small hut on the banks of the Glass, opposite to the Island of Agais.

in his pursuit could never gain intelligence of his retreats.¹ But it was not to his own adherents only that Charles Edward owed his preservation. So high was the sense of honour even among his enemies, that those opposed to his cause were faithful to his confidence. The occasion is well known when, in the last extremity of want, almost naked and starving, he entered the hut of a man hostile to his interest.—“*The son of your king,*” said he, “*comes to ask a morsel of bread.*”——These words ensured the fidelity of the Highlander, and he relieved the wants of his fugitive enemy at the hazard of his own safety. But the fidelity to the Prince was not a rare example of the generosity of the clansmen. The concealment of almost every proscribed chief afforded similar instances of devoted integrity; and they not only hazarded their persons and shared their last pittance when their influence was present, but continued their devotion when wholly abandoned to the law of the sword and the rule of a new master. In this filial spirit the MacPhersons, the Camerons, and other clans, continued to pay to their chiefs, after they had escaped abroad, a duplicate of the rents extorted from them by the factors of the Crown.

PAGE 275, NOTE 1. *The Royal Tomb of Holyrood.*

It must appear incredible to strangers, and is perhaps unparalleled in any country where sacred edifices have not been plundered and destroyed by a revolution, that in the choir of the Chapel-royal the bones of the illustrious dead are exposed, naked and dishonoured, to the public gaze. That they were cast from their coffins to furnish balls for the banditti of Cromwell or Cumberland, would not have been surprising; but that the shattered remains,

¹ Journal of the Escape of the Young Chevalier, p. 6.

an entire skeleton—we will not ask of whom—but of a *Christian*, in a *Christian* country, should lie desecrated and disregarded in the church of the royal palace—in the midst of the most beautiful city in Europe—the bosom of “*the Modern Athens!*”—is an example of disgraceful insensibility, perhaps unequalled in civilized countries, and only possible in a politically fallen state.

PAGE 280, NOTES 1, 2.

The traditions here alluded to have been given in pp. 360 and 358.

PAGE 283, NOTE 1. *Flying at the Fur.*

In the great days of Falconry, hawks were flown at animals as well as winged game. The latter sport was called “*flying at the plume*,” the former, “*flying at the fur*.” In the last the birds were flown at various species, according to their strength. The hobby and the spar-hawk at hares, and other small furred beasts; and the falcons at roe-bucks, wild-boars, and wolves. Mons. Gamelli Carreri describes the manner in which he trained his birds to this practice: “The young falcons were betimes accustomed to eat what was prepared for them out of the sockets of the eyes of those animals at which they were designed to fly. For this purpose the head and skin of one of the kind were stuffed to resemble the life; the food of the young birds was placed in the cavities of the eyes, and they were not allowed any but what they picked from these recesses. When they had gained this lesson, the skin was moved gradually while the falcon was feeding; the bird learned to keep firmly to its hold, even when the head was drawn with velocity; and, sensible that he

should lose his meal if he were to relax his clutch, he was eager to fix himself on the skull, and dig his beak into the eyes in spite of the motion. When this training was accomplished, the stuffed skin was placed on a cart, drawn by a horse at full speed, the bird followed eagerly ; and having acquired the strength and habit to feed as it was in full career, when flown in the field he never failed to attack the game at which he was unhooded, and immediately fasten on its head in order to scoop out its eyes : this threw the animal into agonies, in which, while he was wholly occupied with the hawk, the hunter approached and killed him.”¹ It is asserted, that this method was found very serviceable in France to diminish the wolves when they multiplied unusually.² The first idea of training birds to fly at the larger animals was probably suggested by their own natural practice ; for the eagle attacks even the red-deer in a similar manner. Martin relates, that in Linga, an island near Uist, “the black-eagle fixes its talons between the deer’s horns, and beats its wings constantly about its eyes, which puts the deer to run continually till it falls into a ditch, or over a precipice, where it dies, and becomes a prey to this cunning hunter.”³ We have heard notices of the same kind in the deer-forests, but it was only of wounded or sickly deer. The allurement, however, as with the trained hawks, is the same ; for, when a dead beast is attacked, the body being defended by the strength of the hide, the eyes are always the parts first devoured, and the sockets are found empty long before the carcase is touched. Hence, in assaulting the living animal, the birds fly at the organ which they know to be vulnerable.

¹ Gamelli Carreri. Tom. ii. 253.

² La Pluche Spectacle de la Nature, Dialogue xi.

³ West. Isles, p. 70.

PAGE 295, NOTE 1.

In this couplet we have been tempted, by the beauty of Pope's translation, to adopt his paraphrase upon Homer.

"By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give, to Heaven is lent."
Odys. B. VI.

The critic, however, will require our acknowledgment, that Homer is very much obliged to his English translator for this couplet ; and the theologist will demand that we should not acquiesce in attributing to the Greek the sentiment of the inspired Hebrew, but confess that the British poet followed Solomon rather than Homer when he professed to render these lines :—

Τὸν νῦν χρεὶ κομίζειν πρὸς Διὸς εἰσὶν ἅπαντες,
 Ξεῖνοί τε, πτωχοί τε· δόσις δ' ὀλίγη τε, φίλη τε.
Odys. VI. 207.

"The poor and stranger are under the protection of God,
And what they need is little to us, but much to them."

Here is nothing of the loan to Heaven, or the Divine repayment of the benevolence ; on the contrary, the incitement to charity is founded on the selfish reason, that its donations are worth little to the giver. The beautiful turn of the translation is, therefore, manifestly derived from the inspired sentiment :—

"Fœneratur Domino qui miseretur pauperis :
 Et vicissitudinem suam reddet ei."—Prov. xix. 17.

"He who hath pity on the poor, *lendeth to the Lord ;*
And HE shall repay him again."

PAGE 302, NOTE 1. *The Cross of Honour.*

The simple legionary cross, or first grade of the Imperial Légion d'Honneur, was of silver, and there were

some instances in which it was given to persons of high rank, as a symbol of abstract glory which could not be enhanced by personal elevation. Thus when the emperor sent the cross to the Arch-Duke Charles of Austria, it was the silver or legionary cross, signifying that he rendered the distinction to the merit of the great *soldier*, not the mere rank of the prince.

PAGE 355, NOTE 1. *The Widow.*

We owe these lines to a lady whose talents would have ennobled her name, if it was not already among those illustrious in her country. The tradition which it commemorates is one of the many tales of horror which marked the reign of terror in the Highlands. It was communicated to us by a very old woman, named Margaret MacDonell, one of the old race of Glen-Garrie, who had been eighteen years of age in "the forty-six," and thus a sensible witness of its calamities, as well as a relative and companion to those of whom she gave us the remembrances. From the horrors which she had witnessed, and the habits of caution and reserve which she had acquired in the times of danger and concealment, she had contracted a severe and habitual abstraction and taciturnity, and it was only by a course of interrogations that any retrospections of her memory could be elicited. From such a thread of inquiries we have connected the following narration.

"There was a little solitary family which lived on the south side of Loch-Garrie, it need not be said that their name was MacDonell—they were all then MacDonells in that country; but the old 'Fear-an-tighe,' Allan mac Alasdair mòr, had been one of the most notable in his time as a 'carnach' and a deer-stalker; and both he and

his wife, Elspeth Cameron, came from good blood, of which they yet retained some traditionary evidents in a Ferrara almost as broad as the two-handed sword of Lochail, a silver-mounted Spanish gun, and an ancient silver ring, enamelled with a cross and some thick black-letters,¹ which, as the people could not read, they supposed to be a charm. Allan had five sons, who all 'went out' with the Prince; and one daughter, who is still remembered as '*Marie bheag bhòidheach*,'—Beautiful little Mary. As the old woman mentioned her name, she paused, and mused, and shook her head, as if some vivid recollection came back strongly to her mind;—she wiped her sightless eyes, and proceeded with a sigh,—‘Ah mo ghaol!—There was no a flower on the hill sac bonnie as yon lassie!—Weel!—they gaed oute wi' Prince Charlie,—that's the lads, ye ken.—The day they gaed awa', their faither gied to Donald—he was the òighre, the eldest,—the *claidh dubh mòr mhic Dhughail*—The big black sword of MacDugald:—’twas

¹ Before the pillage of the clans in 1746, many of the middle and even the lower orders possessed considerable silver heir-looms, several of which were memorials that had descended from their origin in a higher rank. Thus when Alasdair mòr, Cean tigh of the “*Sliochd Dhoughail*” in Loch-Aber, was attacked in his creel-house on Achan-na-h-annaid, seeing there was no escape, he “threw all his *silver articles*” into the little Lochan tigh mhic-Dhughail. The only examples of such objects now remaining are here and there a silver-mounted pistol, a sword inlaid in the same manner, and the silver brooch decorated with runic knots in a coarse dark-blue, or black enamel, which may sometimes be seen in an old woman's tonag. Silver objects thus enamelled were a common class of Highland ornaments both for men and women. Various examples of such rings as that mentioned in the tradition have been found preserved in old houses; and we have had in our possession three, which were discovered in different parts of Morayshire. They were of massy silver, and the circle divided into squares like the ouches of a knight's girdle—excepting one, and each compartment enamelled with a thick black-letter, in a character not later than the fifteenth century, the whole composing the word *† E S V S*, and the last tablet bearing a cross of the same style.

called after Dugall mòr, that was at Sherra Muir ye mind,—an's mither gied to Angus—that was the youngest,—the '*fàinne-airgid na croise*,'—the siller cross-ring: they war saying it belonged to the '*Tagart bân*,' the white priest, his grandfaither's greit-uncle in Lismòr, when the monks war thare, and that there was nae the steel nor leid wad tak on man nor woman that had it on the hand;—and it's likely it was sae, for 'twas Angus alane, an's brither, that cam back,—the rest lies, twa under the fail dikes at Preston, the ither ane in the kirk-yaird o' Fawkirk."——According to the continuance of the tradition, for a short time after the return of the remaining brothers, both they and their neighbours were lulled, by the pause which followed Culloden, into a belief that the storm was over, or would not pass beyond the confines of the military posts. It was not long, however, before news was brought that the Duke of Cumberland had come to Fort-Augustus; and in a few days, the pillars of smoke were seen rising from all the surrounding districts, and gradually advancing towards the west. Allan MacAlasdair, and all who remained to him, "took the hill," with the best of their cattle and whatever of their "gear and plenishing" they could carry away. The sons built a bothie on the side of Beann-Shithe, from whence they could have a double view of the approaching glens, and in case of danger, escape to the summit of the hills by a deep "*slochd*," or ravine, which descended in the mountain. They had been some days in this retreat; their provisions began to diminish, and one morning a great column of smoke appeared rising from the direction of Sliabh-garbh. Donald went to the north shoulder of the hill to watch the passes, and Angus with two greyhounds took the hill alone to look for a deer. Donald returned at evening, with the news that all Loch-Garrie side was burned from end to end; but Angus was absent during

the night: and at day-light one of the dogs came back alone, his head bloody as it used to be when a deer had been killed. As the sun grew high, the anxiety of the refugees became very great, and at last Donald, followed by the greyhound, went out to seek his brother. As soon as he left the hut, he saw that the dog was restless, as if possessed by some impulse of anxiety; instead of keeping at the heel, as he was accustomed, he led before, and when Donald stopped or turned, whined and hung his ears, and continually gazed and stretched his long nose to the wind, but as soon as his master moved, preceded him with alacrity, and always towards the east shoulder of the hill. Donald at last followed him without interruption, and the dog led him steadily forward till he brought him to a green shealing; upon which he immediately discovered the marks where a deer had been recently killed, and dogs had received the "hallow." Donald looked round for the marks of the "drag" or "trail," by which the stag should have been drawn away, and as he glanced among the bushes, his eye was caught by a bright spark which dazzled in the sunshine upon the leaves. At first he thought it was the glisten of the dew-drops; but upon approaching to search the ferns, he saw that it was his brother's "*fäinne na croise*"—cross ring—which hung upon the spray of a bramble, the leafy head of which had been "sned" away for its suspension, as he had seen done by Angus, to keep it from the blood, when preparing to brittle a deer. As he drew it from the thorn, the doleful howl of a dog came from a deep woody "slochd" which descended below the shealing; he looked round, the hound which accompanied him was at his heel, still snifiting upon the tainted grass. Donald placed the ring on his finger, and, calling the hound, descended into the slack, towards the direction from which the bay had ascended. The dog again proceeded before him, as if he

was leading to the deer; but as they crossed the "run," which was worn into a deep gullet on the soft earth of the descent, Donald observed the trail where the deer had been drawn down, and, on the smoothened sand, the tracks of several men—not the soft, round prints of Highland brogues, but the straight, square impressions of shoes; and, as he examined the marks, he found spots of blood on the ground, and in a thorn-bush a tatter of scarlet cloth, on which hung a regimental button. The dog, however, scarce noticed the traces, but turned out of the run, and along the slope of the ravine, till he descended to the little burn at the bottom, and, as Donald followed him along the brink, suddenly he recognised between the trees the dun head of the missing hound, and, in a few paces, the plaid of his brother, who lay beside the stream, with the dog leaning upon his breast.¹——

At this part of her narration the recitress closed her eyes, and sat silently rocking her feeble frame upon the low chair. I could not ask her a question, for I remembered her having told me how she had been "a lassaig

¹ The attachment of dogs to the dead body of a master is well known. A remarkable instance of this fidelity happened some years ago in Argyleshire. A shepherd, who had remained too late with his friends at Bun-Awe, in returning through the wild and rocky pass of Brander, where the water of Awe discharges itself from the lake, fell over the rocks opposite to Tirvin, and was killed upon the "cladach," or stony beach below. For three days his dog sat upon the craig, above the place; and at length his constant appearance and doleful howls having attracted the attention of some of the few persons who passed that solitary road, a search was made, and the body of the shepherd was found beside the water. Upon the day when he was discovered, the dog was no longer on the rock; and it would seem that, discouraged by the neglect of those who passed, either in the impulse for maintaining life, or the attraction of attachment to his master, he had descended to his corpse, for, when the searchers arrived, he was sitting beside the body with his head lying upon the breast.

wi' them hersel'." At last, as if she had made no pause,—"Donald was gangin' dune the hill," she continued. "He cam' to the shoulder o' the heicht whar ye can see dune into the glens; and upon the brae-side there was a white smoke rising oute o' the heather, upon the stance o' the bothie—but nae a stick nor turraf that he might see—naething but the thick low reek waverin' about upon the grunde, and the white blinks o' the fire rinnin' in the heather. Donald went dune the hill like a rae, and looked for some that suld be alive, but he seed none—thar was only the black hill-side, and the red floor o' the hut, a' in a licht o' ashes, like a greit hearth, and naething that he might know, but the airn o' the auld man's Spanish gun, and the blade o's dirk, pairtly red-hot, amang the coals."——

The old woman again paused, and I waited till she should speak; but she sat silent and abstracted: and when I made a question about Allan and old Elspeth, she remained as if she did not hear me, with her half-sightless eyes fixed upon the fire. At length—"He went awa'," she resumed—leaving the connection of her story in a manner which made me doubt that she had lost the thread of her memory—"He went awa' wast, in the grey o' the mornin', twa days after. There was a bit housie dune by the high Garrie—at Laggan, ye ken. The people that wher in it had nae been oute. There was nane ither left in the glen. There he found his mither—the herd met her wanderin' upon the hill—lookin' for *them*; but when he asked her, she couldna weel say wha for it was. There was some went to the hill after, but a' things wher awa'. The beasts wher a' driven oute o' the corrie—thar was naething behind but the black charred sticks under Craig-Bhàn, and a heap o' *white crum'ly ashes* streakit amang them."——

"And Marie bheag?"—I said.

For the first time the old woman showed visible emotion, and shook her head, and waved her withered hand. I stood silent beside her, and one of her grandchildren whispered in her ear.—

“There were twa eagles on the heid o’ Beann-Shithe”—she said at last, in a lower tone—“they wher aye wheelin’ abute the carn. In the spring, when the snaw was awa’, ane o’ the herds that went up after ptarmagans found the banes o’ a slender, slaicht, little bodie, lying in a heap o’ tattered tartans, and lang, lang hair, as bricht as golden threids, clingin’ abute the stane whar the heid had rested.—Marie’s siller bratche was lying on the white breist bane.”—

The old woman drew down the plaid upon her head, and rested her withered hands upon her knees, and continued her slow, waving motion, as if lost to all around her. At last her lips moved, I bent down towards her—“There’s *naething* there enew!” she said, in a musing, half-audible voice—“There’s *naething* there enew!—It’s gane to the wind, and the corrie, and the rain has washed it oute o’ the heather—but it’s no the rain o’ the hunder years that hae come and gane, that will wash the bluid oute o’ their hands, and quench the fire for thae that did it.”—

I regretted that I had brought back recollections which affected her so deeply; for those of the *new* generation, who have not conversed with the sufferers in their calamities, now read only as a romance or a drama, cannot feel the deep and stern emotion of their witnesses, and often how the mind was affected by the tension to which it had been stretched in their youthful terrors and dangers.—I waited for a time; but the old woman spoke no more, and remained in the sightless abstraction in which she usually sat. Before I left the cottage, however, I asked about Donald and his mother. Margaret

gave no heed to the question. Often after such a conversation as had then passed, she sat without speaking for the remainder of the day; but one of her grandchildren answered my inquiry. "They went to the west coast," said he; "for they had friends at Inbherrui: but the red-coats got word of Donald, and he was taken, and carried on board the 'Furnace' by the 'black captain,' Ferguson. There was none ever heard of him more; but they thought he was sent to the Plantations,—if he did not die upon the sea, like the men from Inverness.¹ After he was gone, Elspeth scarce ever spoke again; but would sit all day on a little height above the shore, and watch the sea rolling upon the sand.—They buried her in the girth of the ruined church in Arisaig.—It was my grandmither," continued the young man, "who sewed the *anart bàis*,² and my grandfather that made the buirds, when they laid her in the earth. There is a little cross above her yet: they found it among the stanes when the great storm took it off the gavel o' the auld chapel, and they set it by her head."

PAGE 362, NOTE 1. *True Blue.*

From the long domination of the ideas associated with this colour, there is an imaginary expression connected with its usage, as if it was the natural symbol of truth, loyalty, and other noble sentiments. This superstition, however, resulted from the success of the party who were pleased to adopt it as their distinction. Its first assumption was by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken by the troops of Leely and Montrose in 1639. Its introduction is thus noticed by Spalding, when describing the entrance of the Republican fanatics into Aberdeen:—"Here it is to be

¹ Chambers' Hist. Reb., 89, 92.

² Shroud.

noted, that few or none of this army wanted a *blue* ribband; but the Lord Gordon, and some of the Marquis's family, had a ribband, when they were dwelling in the town, of a red flesh-colour, which they wore in their hats, and called it the *royal* ribband, as a sign of their love and loyalty to the King; in *despite and derision wherof, this blue ribband was worn, and called the Covenanters' ribband by the haill soldiers of the army, who would not hear of the royal ribband.*"¹ The exhibition of this badge caused a great public calamity to the dogs of Aberdeen:—"After the departure of the army from the town, the women, in contempt of the democratic party, knit *blue* ribbands about their messens' craigs," for which, when the Covenanters returned, "the soldiers took offence, and killed all the haill household dogs, messens, and whelps within Aberdeen," "so that neither hound, messen, or other dog, was left alive, that they could see."² The contempt exhibited by the ladies of Aberdeen did not, however, diminish the fanaticism of the "*true blue*;" and, after the massacre of the little quadruped-royalists, it was propagated with increased zeal in every portable form. At the eruption of the rebel army over the Border, it was the ensign of their success. "Now," said the Parson of Rothiemay, "the *blew* ribbons and *blew* cappes had opened the door in the north of England, and the Covenant colours came, triumphantlye displayed, to Newcastle; for it is to be knowne that, as the last year, so, in this new expedition, the Scottish officers mostly wore *blew* bonnets, and carried *blew* ribbons either in their cappes, or hung about them, and their spanners therto appended, lycke ane order of knighthood; the Royalists wearing *red* ribbons."³ The adoption of the colour by the rebel zealots was one of those religious pedantries in which they affected a

¹ Spalding's Hist., vol. i. p. 123.

² Ibid.

³ Gordon's History of Scots Affairs, vol. iii. p. 260. 4to. Aberd., 1841.

Pharisaical observance of the Scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews ; and thus, as they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubabel, and their conventicles Zion and Ebenezer, decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the Law of Moses—"Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them *ribbons of blue*."¹

PAGE 362, NOTE 2, PAGE 369, NOTE 1.

The Black Cockade.

From the introduction of cockades to the suppression of the Highland dress, each clan wore its own,—sometimes adopted from the livery of the chief, at others for a local reason. Thus, though the livery of the Clan-Chattan is blue and scarlet, and that of Grant green and red, the cockades of those families were sometimes worn of plain scarlet.² It is probable that this was only a continuance of the royal colour, worn by those clans before the introduction of the white for the royal cockade. As before observed, a colour approaching scarlet was the royal favour in the time of Charles I., and it appears that the white, derived from the rose, the badge of the house of Stuart, was adopted at the Restoration, and universally worn under James VIII., from whence it has been retained by the Catholic parties of Ireland to the present day. Under James VIII., its distinction was confirmed by his marriage with the Polish princess, of whose country it was also the badge ; and afterwards in opposition to the *orange* of Nassau, and the *black* cockade of Hanover. The interruption of the regular clan-badges became gene-

¹ Numbers xv. 38. Douay ver.

² Portraits at Castle-Grant and Clunie Castle.

ral in 1745, when the chiefs, in taking out their followers, mounted the cockade of their parties and the armies which they joined. At the present day, most persons suppose that black is the English cockade, ignorant that it was that of the Electorate of Hanover, and only introduced into England with George I., who bore it as a vassal of the Empire ; and it may be little flattering to the *amour propre* of the British people to know, that the cockade which they wear as *national* is the badge of a petty fief, the palatinate of a foreign empire. Black, with some distinction, is the universal cockade of the great Germanic body, throughout all its divisions and principalities. Thus, the Austrian is black and yellow ; the Prussian black and white ; the Brunswick black and yellow ; the Saxon black, blue, and yellow ; the Hanoverian black, &c. The cockades of the other European nations are of bright colours ; as that of France and Poland white ; of Spain scarlet ; of Portugal white and blue ; of Holland orange, &c. &c. In Austria and Bohemia the noble families, like the Highland clans, still carry their own family-cockade, according to their armorial blazon. In Germany there is also another interesting remnant of ancient usage and the community of chivalric customs, in the remains of the use of badges, yet retained by the Imperial troops, who, on days of parade, bear in their caps and helmets a sprig of oak, the cognizance of the Imperial family ; for which use, the helmets of the cavalry are provided at the side with a small tube, like that used in the morions of the sixteenth century for the penache.

PAGE 368, NOTE 1. *The Hall of Ulysses.*

Of the persecution with which the sorners and sturdy beggars infested the halls of the great in the time of the

ancient Greeks, the *Odyssey* sufficiently testifies. Of what the dogs found there may be judged, by the practice of killing the animals for the feast in the same apartment in which they were eaten.

“ From council straight the assenting peerage ceast,
 And in the dome prepared the genial feast;
 Disrobed, their vests apart in order lay,
 Then all, with speed, succinct the victims slay;
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
 With fire prepared, they deal the morsels round,
 Wine, rosy bright, the brimming goblets crowned.”
Odys. xx.

Of the shamle remains left in the hall, not only after the slaughter, but the feast, Homer gives an example in the fragment which lay so ready to the hand of Antinous, when he threw the “ skink of beef ” at the disguised King of Ithaca.

“ He said, and of the steer before him placed
 That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
 Where to the pastern bone by nerves combined,
 The well horned foot indissolubly joined,
 Which, whizzing high, the hall unseemly signed.”—*Id.*

The image of noblemen slaughtering their own meat—oxen, goats, sheep, and pigs—and upon the marble floor of the palace banqueting-hall, will convey to the present reader a disgusting picture of the manners of the golden age. Let not, however, the vanity of the modern flatter himself too much in the comparison. If, in its ceremonial, the dome of Ithaca was inferior to the royal saloon of Windsor ; in the fine arts, and loftier efforts of the human mind, there remains a comparison no less wide between the Doric porticos of Phydias and the “ tallow candle ” colonnades of Nash—between the *Iliad* and *Oliver Twist*—the *Odyssey* and *Jack Sheppard* ; and if the days are past when Lord Waterford should throw a “ cow’s heel ”

at Peter Tytler in the Presence Chamber at Windsor, no less distant are the genius and the arts which raised the Parthenon and the Acropolis; and if our princes shall not now bleed oxen in their porches, or twist the necks of ducks and geese in their dining-rooms, neither shall they ever fight another Thermopylæ, or build another Athens.

PAGE 371, NOTE 1. *Dame Julian.*

Dame Juliana Berners, sister to the Lord Berners, and Abbess of St Albans, who compiled, and, in the year 1486, published the curious little compendium of hunter-craft, generally known by the name of the "Book of St Albans." The edition of Wynken de Word was ten years later than that of the above date, which was published at Westminster. The good old baron, associated in our recollection with Dame Juliana, was "Sir Thomas Wryttelay," Lord of "Wancliff," whose love of the greenwood caused him to build a lodge on the craig in the midst of the forest of Wancliff, for the pleasure of hearing the "bucks bell, in the year of our Lord 1510." His epitaph, which, but for the error in a hunting term, might have been written by some brother in the noble art of venerie, has commemorated in black letter the following little epitome of his life and death:—

"Pray for the saule of Thomas Wryttelay
Knyght for the kyngys bode to Edward
the forthe Rychard therd Hare the vii.
and Hare viii. hows saules God pardon
wyche Thomas causyd a loge to be made
hon the crag ne mydys of Wancliffe for
his plesor to her the *herthes bel* in the yere
of owr Lord a thowsand ccccxx."¹

¹ Hunter's History of Sheffield, p. 2.

It would not have pleased the noble old Nimrod if he had read the error of hunting speech in his epitaph, the word *bell* signifying exclusively the cry of the *roe-buck*, while that of the *stag* is denominated the *bray* or *bellow*. In the punctilious ceremony with which all the minutiae of the olden chase was conducted, the voice of each kind of beast had an especial term, and it would have been considered an ignoble ignorance to have confounded them. The following were the distinctions for the “noyses” of the principal animals of chase, venerie, and rascal, in the sixteenth century:—

‘ An Harte	belloweth.
A Bucke ¹	groyneth.
A Row	<i>bel</i> leth.
A Gote	rattleth.
A Bore	freameth.
A Hare and Cony	beateth or tappeth.
A Fox	barketh.
A Badger	shriketh.
An Otter	whineth.
A Wolf	howleth.” ²

It is a little surprising that Sir Walter Scott, so well as he was acquainted with olden lore, should have derived the term for the cry of the *roe-buck* from “*bellow*,”³ which was appropriated to the *stag*; and that he should have overlooked that, like most of the old English hunting phraseology, it was of French origin, derived from “*bel-er*,” to cry as any small animal, and only in latter usage more particularly applied to sheep. The confusion, however, of terms for the voices of deer is not so great an error as that of confounding the proper names of their genus,—a neglect into which Sir Walter Scott has also fallen, when he described a *stag* as “a *buck* of the *red-deer* species.” We should not, however, have noticed this

¹ i. e., of fallow deer.

² The Noble Art of Venerie, &c., 240. 4to, Lond. 1611.

³ Marmion, Note lxxv.

misnomer, had it not now become general even among deer-stalkers—some of the inferior order of whom even extend the error to both sexes of the tribe, and give to the *hind* the derogatory *alias* of *doe*, which, like the erroneous male appellation, is only applied to inferior deer. This careless impropriety is not a mere neglect in the technicalities of the chase, but a confusion in the proper terms of natural history, and a depravation of the English language; and it is as absurd to name a *stag* and *hind*, a *buck* and *doe*, as it would be to call the one a “*bull*” and the other a *cow* deer. Of old, in hunting, not only the male and female of each genus of deer had its peculiar appellation, but those of certain years an individual designation, which, in one word, conveyed the expression of their sex and age. The following were the principal terms:—

	<i>Red Deer.</i>	<i>Fallow Deer.</i>	<i>Roe Deer.</i>
Male, Stag.	Buck.	Buck.	
Female, Hind.	Doe.	Doe.	
Males.			
I. Year, Calf.	Fawn.	Kid.	
II. Brocket.	Pricket.	Gerle.	
III. Spayad.	Sourel.	Hemule. ¹	
IV. Stag.	Soure.	Roe-Buck of the first head.	
V. Great Stag.	Buck of the first head.	Roe-Buck. ²	
VI. Hart. ³	Buck. ⁴		

As there are many other terms relative to the chase of deer, which, in the long decline of that sport, have become lost in the Highlands, and, in many instances, have no equivalent in common language, we have given a brief glossary of those in most general occurrence.

¹ The “Noble Art of Venerie” gives this name as Hemuse, 238.

² Book of St Albans, sig. d. ij.

³ Book of St Albans.

⁴ Ibid.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

DOMHNULL MAC-FHIONNLAI DH NAN DÀN.

THIS celebrated bard and deer-stalker lived in the time of James VI. He is believed to have been the son of a Henderson from Glencoe; but it is asserted by the oldest authorities in Loch-Aber, that he was born in Braemar, and came, when young, to the Fearsaid, where he settled on the very spot now occupied by the shepherd's house. Excepting a few deer-hunting expeditions, he spent almost the whole of his life in the hills around Loch-Treig, all the principal features of which region he has celebrated in the beautiful poem of "*A' Chomhachag*"—"The Owl;" a composition which, for its subject, has rarely been equalled in any language. From the similarity of sentiments and style in the equally beautiful poem of "*Miann a' Bhaird Aosda*," the "Old Bard's Wish," it has been thought by some that he was also the author of that exquisite forest lay; and it is true, that in the absence of any direct testimony, no opinion can be formed by the internal evidence of its style and ideas, since the character and manners of Mac-Fhionnlaidh were purely of the hunter state: and such was the

immobility of the "deep" poetical Gaelic, that it is probable his composition would have varied but little had his life been cast in any one of the three centuries by which he was preceded. The date of the poem is, however, indisputably retired ages beyond his period; as it contains an allusion to the "*Lòn*," or elk, an animal which had undoubtedly become extinct in Scotland so long before the sixteenth century, that it is unnoticed by any writer, and its name is only to be found in the most remote Gaelic poems. Domhnall's whole life was spent among the deer; and he mixed little in any society but that of the true "hill-men," or continual hunters, or ever went far from his own hills, except to invade other forests. Upon one of these adventures, however, he made an unpremeditated extension of his travels. He had emerged out of the great pine woods which then extended upon the Black Water, and paid a visit to the Black Mount, where he used his arrows so successfully against the deer, that Sir Duncan Campbell, commonly called the "Black Knight of Loch-Awe," better known to the Highlanders as "*Donnachadh dubh a' Churraichd*,"* and "*Donnachadh dubh nan Caisteal*,"† caused him to be closely followed; and he was at length taken upon the lower part of the Black Water, and carried prisoner to Finlarig. The Black Knight designed to have committed him to the dungeon; but when he discovered that the transgressor was the celebrated hunter-bard, being himself a poet,‡ he relented, and offered him his ransom at the price of fixing an arrow in a deer's head at a given distance. Such was the skill of the Highland bowmen at this period, that in the old hunting songs it is mentioned, as an ordinary feat of archery, to strike the stag in the ear, and the badger in the head.

* "*Duncan of the Hood*," because he was one of the last of his rank who wore the "*currachd*," or hood.

† "*Duncan of the Castles*," from the numerous castles in his possession, which he is said to have either built or re-edified; and which were, Taymouth, Finlarig, Caolchairn, Bercaldine, Auchalader, Edinample, and Loch-Dochart.

‡ Some of Sir Duncan Campbell's compositions, as well as those of his fair kinswoman, Lady Isabella Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyll, and afterwards Countess of Cassilis, are still extant in one of the curious volumes of Gaelic literature preserved in the collection of the Highland Society of Edinburgh. Rep. Com. High. Soc. on the Poems of Ossian, Appendix, p. 22.

" 'S tric a chuir e thagraidh an cruathas
 'An cluais an daimh chabraich an sàs." *

" Often has he fixed the chosen shaft
 In the ear of the antlered stag."

" 'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadh
 Ann am ballagan a' bhrùic ghruamaich." †

" And the birch arrows, which will not splinter,
 In the head of the surly brock."

The first of these shots was acquired as a deadly aim, the second to avoid spoiling the fur, which was commonly used for purses and hunting-bags. Donald, therefore, accepted the proposal without hesitation, and was taken to the hill to find a deer. A hind having been discovered, he stalked her until he gained the required distance. The deer, however, was feeding, and continued to graze without lifting her head, until Donald grew impatient, and gave a small whistle, which had the desired effect: and while she stood at gaze, the old hunter drew his bow, and struck her between the eyes. Upon this success Sir Duncan not only released his prisoner, but conveyed him honourably back to the castle, where he retained him for a year. At length, however, Donald announced to the knight that he was going to return to Loch-Aber.—“How!” exclaimed Sir Duncan, “are you not well here?”—“On beannaich Sibh!” replied the bard, “tuille 's na Maith!” ‡—“But if you gave me the lordship of Finlarig, I could not remain away from the deer and Loch-Treig.”—The Black Knight dismissed him, with permission to kill deer within his marches, and Donald returned to the Fearsaid. He spent the remainder of his days in the mountains around that district, and the great forest which then extended from Loch-Errach to Loch-Leven, and from the Black Water to Loch-Lochie, and which at that time abounded in wolves as well as deer. It is still remembered where two of the former animals fell by his arrows—one at Lùb Coire Chreagaiche, the other at the Dubh-Lochan, near the Mill of the Fearsaid Mhòr. This

* A' Chomhachag. *Sar obair nam Bard.* I. p. 19.

† *Beannuchadh Luinge Clann Raonuill; Co-Chruinneachadh*, p. 147.

‡ “O bless you!—and more than well!”

is a little moor lake near Loch-Treig, with many large black stones scattered upon its shore. One morning about sunrise, Donald was passing along the strand; he met the wolf among the stones returning from the mill, where he had been to seek what he could pick up. The hunter shot him from behind one of the stones, and when "the wife" rose and went abroad, she was surprised by finding her old enemy hanging in a tree near the house. Although, before the time of Donald MacFhionnlaidh, the use of "*hags, dags, hagbuts, and culverins*," had become sufficiently prevalent in hunting to have been prohibited upon pain of *death and escheat*,*—without, as we suppose, any loyal respect for the acts, the old hunter adhered to the primitive weapons of the hill, and never used any kind of shot except arrows; and the last known incident of his life was a surprising example of his skill and strength.

In his latter years, when he could no longer "take the hill," his former house in the Fearsaid became too distant from the best scenes of his sport, and he sought another habitation nearer to Loch-Treig. There is a little "Lochan" at the east end of that lake—an enlargement of the water, which has there an outlet—and in it a small island, on which in Donald's time there was a "*tigh-chrann*," or block-house, which originally had been built for a place of strength and retreat, but was then used by the gentlemen of Loch-Aber when they went to hunt at Loch-Treig. Opposite to this isle, accompanied by his daughter and his last greyhound, Donald lived in a turf "bothan," or hut, and unable any longer to participate in the chase—in those days when he lamented to his old companion—

"Thug a' chofille dhiots' an earb
'S thug an t-earb dhiomsa na féidh."†

"The hill has taken the stag from me;
The wood, the roe from you,"—

he solaced himself with the occasional sight of the deer by day, and the tales of the hunters when they returned at evening to the island, where his songs, traditions, and celebrated adventures, made him a venerated guest. At length he became con-

* Acts Parl. Scot. from 4 Mary, 9, to 15 Jac. VI., 208. Skene's edit.

† A' Chombachag.

finned entirely to his bothie, and in the intervals, when the island-lodge was uninhabited, his only enjoyment was to sit at the window, which looked to the west, and watch the sun go down over his old haunts, and sometimes the deer which came to feed on the green shealings by the lake. One still autumnal evening, as he sat in the declining gleam, and watched the parting beams steal upwards on the mountain, some straggling hinds had descended upon the meadow, and presently a large dark shadow passed across a little hollow which was now left in the shade of the hills. The old hunter's eye instantly turned upon the motion—it glided through the rushes—crossed the yellow light upon the stream, and came out broad, and tall, and black upon the bank—a mighty stag, carrying on his head a tree of clustering points.—His daughter heard his breath come strongly, and she arose.—“*Socair !*” *—said the old man—“*Thoir dhomh am bogha !*”—“Give me the bow.”—Mary looked at him with astonishment, but the old man pointed to the couples, and she lifted down the dusty yew. He motioned her to approach softly, and while his eyes were fixed upon the stag—“*Cuir air lagh i*”—“bend it”—said he, without turning his sight.—She smiled.—“There is not the man in Loch-Aber may do that !”—she replied. “*Feuch mo Nigh-ean !*”—“Try, my daughter,” said the old man ; and he placed the bow at the back of his leg, and directed his daughter how to apply her weight and effort ; but the wood scarcely yielded.—Donald had always been celebrated for the great strength of his arms, and in an extraordinary degree he retained this power to his last days.—“Once more !” he said, and gave all his force to hers, and suddenly the cord slipped over the horn.—“*Ca’ bheil na saighdean*”—“Where are the arrows ?”—he whispered. His daughter laid the quiver on his lap ; he chose out one, and felt its point, and smoothed the feathers through his fingers, and fitted the shaft to the string. Then drawing back from the window, he raised the bow, drew the arrow *almost* to its head.—There was a sharp twang—a flutter like a bat’s wing—a breathless pause, and the hart

leaped upon the bank and rolled over on the grass.—Donald sank back in his chair with a smile, and his daughter fell upon his neck, and wept with astonishment and joy.—“So, Mhari,” he said, as he gave her the bow, “it is the last shot—bean-nuich Dia!—I did not think to have done its like again.”—In his failing days Donald was brought down among the people in the inhabited Strath of the Spean, and died at Inver-Lar in a very old age. At his own desire, however, he was buried, wrapped in a deer’s hide, upon the brow of Cille-Corell, from whence he had been used to look over the hills of the Fear-said, and his favourite haunts of Loch-Treig. There, according to the wish expressed in the lay of the old bard—“The deer have couched on his bed,” and “the little kids have rested by his side;” and the “primrose and the wild St John’s wort” have grown “over his breast” for two hundred years.

No. II.

THE FEUDS OF KEPPACH.

UPON the side of the north-road to Fort-William, at a short distance from the Castle of Invergarrie, there is a stone obelisk, surmounted by a hand grasping a naked dirk, and seven human heads suspended by the hair. This monument is built over a little spring, called “Tobar-nan-ceann,”—“the fountain of the heads;” and commemorates a dark passage of clan vengeance, the details of which are now remembered only among the few last remnants of the passing generation. Upon the base of the shaft is an inscription in four languages, of which the following is the French tablet:—

“En memoire de la grande et prompte vengeance que, dirigée selon le course rapide de la justice féodale, par les ordres de Lord MacDonell et Aross, atteignit les auteurs de l’horrible assassinat de la famille Keppoch, une branche du puissant et illustre clan dont sa Seigneurie étoit le Chef ce

monument est erigé par le Colonel MacDonell de Glengarry son successeur, et représentant, l'an du Seigneur 1812. Les têtes des sept meurtriers furent portées aux pieds du noble chef dans le château de Glengarry après avoir été lavées dans cette fontaine, et depuis cet événement, qui eut lieu les premières années du xvi. siècle, elle a toujours été connu sous le nom de la Fontaine des Têtes."

In this inscription there are considerable inaccuracies both in facts and date. The retributive slaughter of the family of Keppach was itself provoked by their atrocious outrages and murders upon their neighbours; the "*vengeance*," which followed, was not perpetrated by Lord MacDonell and Arros, but by Sir James MacDonald of Sleat; and it happened not "in the first years of the sixteenth century," but past the middle of the seventeenth, in the year 1665. The following tradition of the tragedy is derived from the oldest and best informed of the *last* generation in Loch-Aber.

In 1544, when Iain Muidartach usurped the captaincy of the Clan-Ranald of Arisaig and the Isles, after the defeat of his chief in the battle of Blair-Leine, several of the most determined adherents of the vanquished party emigrated from their clan country, and settled in other places. Among these was Dugall, uncle to Ranald-gall, the disinherited chief, a man of extraordinary strength and courage, who was married to a daughter of Lochiel; and, previous to the revolt of his clan, though he resided on his lands in Mòrar, held also in feu, from Keppach, those of Altan-uais and Inver-Lar, upon the Spean. In the final contest between his nephew and Iain Muidartach, he was one of the most vigorous supporters of his brother's son, and, in the battle in which he was defeated, he killed with his own hand nineteen men * of the "*Leine-crios*" of his father-in-law, Lochiel, who aided the conqueror, and was present with his followers in the action.

From this determined and formidable hostility, after the ruin of his party, unable to return to Mòrar, he settled upon the lands which he held of Keppach, and, having a large family,

* From which he was called ever after, "*Dughall-nan-guorr*."

his descendants rapidly increased, and in the reign of Charles II. had become a considerable sept, named, from their ancestor, "Sliochd-Dhùghaill-Mhòrair"—The race of Dugald of Mòrar. Before the year 1665, this new tribe was divided into five families, of which the elder held the lands of Inver-Làr, and the four cadets various others on the south side of the Spean. The general "Ceann-tighe," or head of the sept, at this period, was a celebrated individual, so renowned for his daring character, great bodily strength, and skill with the sword, that it is still asserted, that there was no man either on the mainland, or in the isles, "who could stand before him;" whence, with the usual patronymical distinction from his name and origin, he was called "*Alasdair mòr Mac Mhic Dhùghaill Mhòrair*."* By him the lands of Inver-Làr were held upon the same tenure in which they were received by his ancestor from Keppach. Keppach, however, only held his own territory under the superiority of the Earl of Huntly and the chieftain of the Clan MacIntosh; and though he rarely paid his dues, it was under a continual struggle of feud and conflict to enforce and resist the right. This right, however, was considered by the Highlanders as entirely nominal, a legal definition imposed by the Crown contrary to the patriarchal constitution of the clans; for the lands of Keppach having pertained originally to the Lords of the Isles, the assumed power of the Crown to dispose of their superiority to "inland" foreign lords was never acknowledged by the Clan Donald. Like the Earl of Warrenne, when the English barons were summoned to produce their charters, the Highlanders asserted the *steel* tenure of their ancestors, and stigmatized the holders by parchment titles as—*Tighearnan-Chraicinn*—"Skin-Lords." Thus the Crown grants were as often deforced as obeyed; and for centuries the native tenants of Keppach maintained feud and conflict for their independence, and resisted the efforts for superiority with the usual fluctuating success of petty warfare. In the days of Alasdair mòr, the question was as far from being settled as it had been three

* Strong, or Great Alexander, the descendant of Dugald of Mòrar.

hundred years before. Time, perhaps, had altered the confederate relations under which his ancestor had received the lands of Inver-Làr; but, however that might have been, knowing the uncertain tenure by which Mac Mhic Raonuill * held his own, he conceived the desire of becoming an immediate tenant of the Crown superior, and made a journey to Bog-a-ghit, where, for the deposit of an equivalent sum, he obtained, from the Earl of Huntly, a wadset of the lands of Inver-Làr, which rendered him independent of any other superior. On his return, however, he was seized with a severe illness, which confined him to his bed; and Keppach, having heard of his transaction with Huntly, paid a visit to inquire after his health. As he sat by the bed of the sick man he alluded to the wadset, and, expressing an inquiry respecting the sufficiency of its security, added an offer to examine its regularity. Alasdair raised himself, and drew the bond from under his pillow, and, without hesitation, put it into the hand of his *friend*, who, under the pretext of seeking a better light, retired from the bed; and having satisfied himself of the con-

* The patronymic of the chieftain of Keppach. Of old, when the universality of the clan name rendered some other necessary for personal distinction, not only the chiefs of clans and septs, but every individual, had a family patronymic. In general usage this was the name of the father and sometimes the grandfather, as "*Mac Iain*," or, "*Mac Iain Mhic Dhughail*," the son of John; or, "the son of John, the son of Dugald," and was, of course, changed with every generation: but, in the distinction of chiefs and chieftains, it was hereditary, and derived from the *original* founder of the family, in the lineal main stem. The patriarch of the whole race is "*Mac Chalein*," the son of Colin. But if for a sept or collateral branch, this being descended from a second son, he also was named with the prefix of his father's name, which thus marked the individual in the main tree from whence he had his origin, as—"Mac Chalein Mhic Dhonnachaidh," "the son of Colin, the son of Duncan;" or, "*Mac Mhic Allain*," "the son of the son of Allan." This custom, like all others, was liable to exception; but it was a general usage. As the hereditary patronymics, like the language to which they belong, are now almost forgotten among the aristocracy, we add the following recollections:—Of Glengarrrie, Mac Mhic Alasdair; the Captain of Clan-Ranald, Mac Mhic Allain; Sleat, Mac Dhomhnuill nan Eilean; Keppach, Mac Mhic Raonuill; Glen-Co, Mac Mhic Iain; Morar, Mac Dhughail Morair; Argyll, Mac Chalin mòr; Breadalbane, Mac Chalin Mhic Dhonnachaidh; Lovat, Mac Shime; Lorn, Mac Dhughail-Lairn; Mac Intosh, Mac Mhic-a-h-Arasaig; Ray, Mac Aoidh Chonasaig; Dunvegan, Mac Leod; Raza, Mac Gillie Chillum; Loch-Eil, Mac Dhomhnuill duibh; Dunstaffnage, Mac Aonghas an dùn; Glen-Mòr-essan, Mac Phadraich; Ardsceanglas, Mac an Rìoch; Killochie, Mac Uisdean.

tents of the dead, threw it into the fire. Mac Mhic Dhùghaill stretched his hand to his dirk, and made an effort to spring from his bed, but his limbs failed him ; and, as Keppach retired, he exclaimed—" You will receive your reward, if not from me ! "

Alasdair mòr recovered ; but, as he was not in a condition to maintain feud against a family which could bring six hundred men into the field, his injury was allowed to sleep. Not long after, however, an action of a more atrocious nature raised a deadly animosity against the house of Keppach, and not only brought it into mortal quarrel with a very powerful tribe, but rendered it odious throughout a great extent of the neighbouring country. There was in Glen-Roy a branch of their own race named " The *Sliochd Iain duibh*," or " The Race of Black John," who was an illegitimate son of one of the chieftains of Keppach some generations anterior. This tribe had become numerous, powerful, and so greatly popular in Loch-Aber, that it was almost equal in influence to the main stock. About the time of the outrage committed against Alasdair mòr, they were headed by three brothers, the legitimate sons of their preceding " Cean-tighe," and a fourth named " Gillie-Callum," who, though of sinister birth, was greatly distinguished for his courage, enterprise, and talents. The elder and the second much strengthened their family alliances ; the first by marriage with a daughter of the Laird of Mac-Intosh, and the second with a child of Glencoe. These connections gave great uneasiness to Keppach, who dreaded that the " *Sliochd Iain duibh* " might be brought over by the father of their lady to assist him in his attempts to recover the superiority of his disputed lands. This jealousy at last became so inveterate, that he formed a design against the life of the three brothers ; but their strength and popularity in the country was so strong, that, not being able to accomplish their death by his own power, he made a secret representation to his ally, Sir James MacDonald of Sleat, that the *Sliochd Iain duibh* were becoming so formidable and dangerous, and making such machinations against his independence, that, unless they were suppressed, he should be expelled from Loch-Aber, or brought

under the entire dominion of MacIntosh. Upon this report, the Baron of Sleat sent to his assistance a party of islesmen, who, unexpectedly entering Loch-Aber, augmented the force of Keppach to a superiority, which the heads of the Sliochd Iain duibh not being able to oppose, they fled to various retreats. The second brother, accompanied by the third, retired to his father-in-law, Glencoe; but the eldest remained in the wilds of Glen-Roy, where the united men of Keppach and Sleat sought him in vain. One day, however, as they were passing through Glen-Glaster, one of the party, who was in the rear, espied a man wrapped in his plaid and lying beneath a rock. A suspicion struck him that it was one of the brothers, and, upon this possibility, he levelled his cuilbheir and discharged it at the stranger. Doubtful, however, what number of men might be concealed about the same place, he passed on without any farther investigation; and when he overtook the main body, upon consideration, ashamed perhaps to acknowledge his rashness, he did not mention what had happened until the night-halt, when he told it to one of his comrades, from whom it was immediately communicated to Keppach. As soon as Mac Mhic Raounill heard of the lurking man, he had a suspicion that it was one of the brothers of the Sliochd Iain, and made preparations for returning in his pursuit. The suspected person was indeed "Mac Iain duibh" himself, the Ceann-tigh, or elder brother of the house, and the shot had struck him in the thigh and broken the bone. Though unable to drag himself from the place, he was, however, in communication with his half-brother, Gillie-Callum, who, from his inferior place in the family, appears not to have attracted the hostility of "the raid." Upon discovering that his elder brother was wounded, the latter immediately gathered a party of the Sliochd Iain duibh, and went to his assistance. He found him beneath the rock, and, laying him on a bier, the men raised him on their shoulders, and, under cover of the night, took their retreat for the braes of Badenach. It was morning, however, before they reached their destination; and, as they came to Coire-Arder, they discovered that they were pursued. Upon this they turned abruptly into the woods, and, having

aid, the wounded leader upon some plaids in a cave, still bearing the bier as before, ascended the open coire, and took the steeps towards that wild and shattered fortress of rocks which forms the sharp ridge of the hill. The pursuers, having tracked them by their feet, got view of them in the coire, and followed hard upon them; but at length they gained the summit of the ridge, and, when they reached that singular opening in its serrated comb called "Uinneag Coire Ardair," the window of Coire-Arder, they left the empty bier to the pursuers, and dispersed among the rocks. When the trackers gained the summit, and found the abandoned frame, having wearied themselves with searching among the cairns and precipices, they gave over the pursuit, and returned to Keppach. At night-fall Gillie-Callum and his party re-assembled, and descended to the cave where they had left Mac Iain duibh; and, having conveyed him to the house of a faithful friend at Aber-Arder, returned to their own homes. Upon their arrival Gillie-Callum assumed charge of the infant son of his elder brother, and, taking him to his house at Tullach in Glen-Roy, gave him into the care of his own wife. When this came to the knowledge of Keppach, he determined to make away with the child, and, taking a party of his followers, proceeded to Glen-Roy. It was evening when they appeared on the shoulder of the hill above Tullach; and, at their sight, Gillie-Callum immediately foreboded their design, and, communicating the suspected danger to his wife, directed her to retire to her bed and feign the pains of labour, while he gathered the neighbour wives to her assistance. As the "gossips" were collecting at the door, Keppach and his party arrived, and, seeing the stir among the women, inquired of Gillie-Callum—who took care to be one of the first to meet him—what was the matter. The notice of the distressed lady's supposed situation did not, however, prevent Mac Mhic Raonull from demanding if he could be entertained for the night; and Gillie-Callum, who dared not refuse, replied with the characteristic hospitality of an unembarrassed Highland host; and, ordering a good cow to be killed, and the best cheer prepared, caused the barn to be made ready for his compulsa-

tory guests. While this was doing, he concerted with his wife to carry away the child during the night, after which he returned to his visitors, and entertained them so well, that all appearance of hostility was suppressed; and at last Keppach came to ask him roundly "if he had the boy in his keeping." Gillie-Callum boldly acknowledged the truth, upon which Mac Mhic Raonuill desired to see him, and declared that if he was pleased with him he would himself take charge of his fosterage. Dissembling his penetration of this glaring treachery, Gillie-Callum replied, with all appearance of simplicity, "that nothing would give him more pleasure;" but, the hour being late, and the child asleep, he prevailed upon Keppach to defer his paternal impatience until the morning. The night being come, and the party at rest in the barn, Gillie-Callum took his plaid and broadsword, and, the child being braced upon his back, set out to deliver him to his father at Aber-Arder. He arrived without interruption, and, tapping at the window of the house, gave a great alarm to the inmates, until they distinguished his voice, when, the door being opened, his brother was rejoiced by the sight of his child. Gillie-Callum proposed that the wounded man should be removed to the little island of Eilean-Rìgh, in Loch-Laggan, upon which there was then some shelter in the ruins of the old hunting-tower. This, being agreed, was immediately executed; and, there being no boat at Aber-Arder, to avoid trusting any other person with the secret of the retreat, a raft was hastily constructed, and upon this, with the best provision and attendance which could be obtained, Mac Gillie-Callum transported his brother to the island. As soon as this was done he resumed his journey with the child, and conveyed him in safety to his grandfather, the Laird of MacIntosh, at Moy. Upon his return home he found his house levelled to the ground, and the whole of his property and cattle carried away by Keppach, and ruin and ashes blackening the hearth where he had given him his best hospitality. From this time he pursued vengeance against the aggressors, and, gathering the best men of the Sliochd Iain, continually made enterprises against

the Keppach people, carrying off their cattle, and burning and destroying whatever he could surprise.

Meanwhile, Mac Mhic Raonuill received information that the second and third brothers of the persecuted house were living in the moated tower of Glencoe, and, sending an emissary, he bribed the keeper of the gate, one Dugald Mac Glasrich, to let down the drawbridge and admit his people. Upon the night concerted this was successfully effected. The brothers were surprised in their beds, and, accompanied by the traitor who had sold them, were carried bound on board Keppach's boat. Upon news of this surprise, Mac Mhic Iain raised his people for their rescue; and the alarm was so rapid, and the pursuit so hot, that his boat gained so fast upon that of Keppach, that Dugald Mac Glasrich rose up in his agitation at the prospect of being taken, and, the lake rolling high at the time, he fell overboard and was drowned. The Keppach men, however, pulled so hard, that they succeeded in gaining the shore, and, taking the woods with their prisoners, the pursuers gave up the chase. Having brought home the two brothers, Mac Mhic Raonuill sent them, under a guard, to his superior, the Earl of Huntly, artfully representing that they and their race had raised such a spirit, and made such a party in the country, that, unless they were put down, he could not maintain any authority among his clan, or engage to furnish any service or assistance to his superior or his friends in case of need. For a short time after the arrival of the two brothers at Bog-a-ghit, they were allowed some degree of freedom, until one evening, when the elder, accompanied by some of the earl's people, was drawing nets at the mouth of the Spey, he was suddenly seized, and, bags of sand being tied to his feet, he was thrown into the sea, and never seen again. The younger, however, was still permitted to go at large, under surveillance; but his winning manners and noble person having attracted the interest of the Countess of Huntly, excited the jealousy of the earl, who, hearing that the young MacDonald was the admiration of all women in his own country, attributed to his lady a sentiment beyond compassion. Soon after this, the prisoner was sent to one of the earl's

creatures, named John Innes, with a letter, the contents of which were judged by what followed upon the ensuing night, when, as soon as the young man was asleep, his host and his son came to his bedside, and, tying fast his hands and feet, cut off his head. When this fatal news was conveyed to Gillie-Callum, he raised the best men of his tribe, and, setting out for the East country, without exciting any suspicion, arrived near the Spey upon a Saturday night. Having concealed his men in a wood, he proceeded alone to the house of John Innes, where, obtaining lodging for the night, he received from his host various particulars concerning his brothers, which he heard without betraying his emotion. In the morning, however, he watched an opportunity to meet the murderers alone, and, having killed them both with his dirk, returned hastily to his party, and, bringing them down while the people were in church, set fire to all the houses, barns, and corn-stacks of the Inneses, and, during the confusion of the inhabitants occupied in extinguishing the flames, gained so much time, that they reached the hills, and made good their retreat to their own country.

While a great part of Loch-Aber was thus deeply excited against the family of Keppach, they provoked still further odium, by an atrocious murder committed upon their own nearest relation. At the period of which we are speaking, the house of Keppach was divided into two branches—that of the chieftain, who had three sons; and his brother, Ranaid mòr of Inch, who had also several children. As before mentioned, the former held from the Earl of Huntly a large tract of lands, extending to Loch-Treig and the Black Water, and the cadets of the clan were tenants under their chief. Ranaid mòr, therefore, held his tacks under his brother. The annual-rent paid by Keppach to the Earl amounted to a "*Buaile*," or fold of about twelve cows and a bull; but this had been rated upon an old estimate, and Huntly deputed his son, Lord Aboyne, to visit the lands, in order to fix a new valuation. As late as the middle of the seventeenth century, a great part of Loch-Aber was covered with dense forest, so that any extent of low open pasture was of greater value; and upon the banks

of Loch-Treig there was a beautiful grazing ground about six miles in length, and the best pasture in that part of the country. Mac Mhic Raonuill was desirous of keeping this out of the estimate; and Lord Aboyne being a stranger to the lands, when they made their progress, he conducted him to the west and south of Loch-Treig, where the glens were woody and savage, and infested by wolves, and taking him, by a circuit, out of sight of the lake, brought him to the top of a small eminence, called Tò-m-a-Mhorair, near Beann-a'-Bhrìc, from whence he had only a view of the black woods and rocky hills. Whether or not Ranald mòr had intelligence of this reservation, he determined to avail himself of the opportunity for obtaining an independent tack, by offering a higher rent than that proposed by his brother upon the false marches; and for this purpose set off for Bog-a-ghit, attended by only one man, a Campbell from Glasrich, in Argyleshire, who had settled in Loch-Aber, and, from the colour of his hair or complexion, was called "*Iain Odhar*," or "Sallow John." Ranald's design, however, was either known or suspected by his brother, and, having intelligence of his departure, he sent his three sons to bring him back. The young men came in sight of their uncle upon the side of Loch-Earb, a small lake between the two mountains to the south of Loch-Laggan, called the "*Binnein Shìos*," and the "*Binnein Shuas*." When Ranald mòr saw the pursuers, he had no doubt of their intentions, and said to his man, "You must show yourself good in my defence to-day!" Iain was well known for bravery and activity, but he was equally remarkable for his prudence. "I shall take care how I do that," he replied; "for if I stained my hands in the blood of your kinsmen, you yourself would think nothing hereafter of my little dun head," and as the pursuers advanced, he retired up the hill, and sat down upon the steep above the road. When they came up, Ranald prepared for resistance, and placed his back against one of the large fragments of rock which are still to be seen scattered upon the slope of the mountain above Loch-Earb. His nephews, however, overpowered him without injury, and, having "put him down," bound him, and brought him back towards the Spean. When they approached the

river, they laid him in a sequestered place, called Losaid-ach-na-Doire, about a quarter of a mile from Keppach, on the north-east side of Bun-Ruadh, and, reporting to their father what they had done, inquired how they should dispose of their prisoner. "You simple men!" replied the sinister old chief,—and it being then evening,—with a quibble similar to that of the archbishop, when consulted upon the assassination of Richard the Second of England, "Why do you ask me? *Cuir 's an tèaba è!*"*—The sons returned to the place where they had left their uncle, and bringing him into a little hollow called "Glac an Dònach," there beheaded him. At their return, their father asked, with affected simplicity, what they had done; and, upon hearing the truth, feigned a shock of horror, and demanded "how they had dared to put their hand in the blood of their father's brother!"

When the sons of Ranald mòr learned sufficient to feel convinced of the fate of their father, they determined upon revenge, and immediately entered into a confederacy with the Sliochd Mac-Mhic Dhùghail, and the Sliochd Iain Duibh, whose leader, conveyed to Eilean-Rìgh by Gillie-Callum, had now recovered from his wound, though, owing to the movements and deprivations which he had suffered, the bone of his leg had joined in an imperfect manner, which left him lame for the rest of his life. Inflamed by their personal injuries, both he and Alasdair mòr entered deeply and vigorously into the enterprise of the sons of Ranald; and it is probable that the cause was further cemented by the long neighbourhood and intimacy of the last-mentioned families; for Inch, the residence of Ranald, was immediately opposite to Inver-Iàr, the habitation of Alasdair mòr. "It was about Michaelmas—for the sister and servants of Keppach were in the garden, gathering pears and apples"—when the confederates, eight † in number, came to Bun-Ruaidh, where they halted, while one of the party proceeded to Keppach on some pretended message, "to discover

* Put him to bed.

† In the inscription upon the monument of Tobar-nan-Ceann, the number is made seven; but eight is given by the oldest and most detailed tradition of Lechaber.

if there were any strangers in the house, or any with whom they did not desire to meddle." The messenger crossed the Spean by the ford opposite to the house, which was then a small tower, with some inferior detached buildings, and he went into the house with "the water of Spean still in his shoes." There was a carpet on the floor of the room where Keppach and his sons then were, and as he entered, some person present said, roughly, "You might have taken the water out of your brogues before you came in." "The water of Spean may go over your roof-tree!" replied the messenger; but having discharged the pretended occasion of his visit, he retired without further words, and returning to his party, informed them that the house was free. Upon this information the confederates went forward. It had been agreed that, to render the participation of the danger equal, each man should strike a blow with his dirk; and entering the house, they found the father and his sons still together. Alasdair mòr went first, and, immediately upon entering, struck the chief. Almost at the same moment the two elder sons received the dirks of the next assailants; and one of them was stabbed so directly in the heart, that, as often happens when that vital organ receives the death-stroke, he leaped up almost to the ceiling of the room, and dropped dead on the floor. The youngest brother fell upon his knees before his eldest cousin, and, drawing his plaid over him, besought his mercy and protection. MacRanald's face betrayed that he was relenting, but Alasdair mòr sprang to him, and exclaimed, "Avenge your father and the Sliochd Iain!" upon which MacRanald struck his cousin through the plaid, and the rest repeating the blow, he fell dead upon the floor. The work of vengeance being ended, the confederates left the house without further injury; and when the sister of Keppach entered, she was frozen with the sight of her brother and his sons lying stiff and lifeless in their blood. They wrapped them in their plaids, and laid them in great "ambries," or household chests, which were in the room where they were killed, and their kinswoman sent to raise the country to revenge their death; but the Sliochd Iain Duibh were so popular, and the injuries done to all the avengers had been so flagrant and

atrocious, that none would mix their own blood in the feud. When the sister of Keppach found that no pursuit was made for the slaughter, she caused the celebrated bard, Iain Lòm, to compose the famous Lament—"Cumha Clann na Ceapaich, a chaidh a mhort le Clann Brathar an Athar." The following verses of the poem are those which bear the most particular allusion to the event for which it was composed:—

'S ann oirnn-ne thàinig an diombuin,
'S an iomaguin ghéur;
Mur tha claidheamh ar sinne,
Cho minig 'n ar déigh;
Paca Thurcach gun sìreadh,
Bhi a' pinneadh ar cléibh;
Bhi 'n ar breacain g' ar sìlleadh,
Measg ar cinne mòr féin.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp chùraidh,
Anns am bu dh' cur nan sgian;
'S iad 'n an sìneadh air trìlar,
'N seòmar ùr 'g an cur sìos;
Fo chasan shìol Dùghaill
Luchd a sphilleadh nan chàbh;
Dh'fhàg àlach am biodag
Mur sgàile ruidil 'ur bian.

C' ait an robh e fo 'n adhar,
A sheall 'nur bathais gu-géur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur béus;
Mach o chisinn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bairn an aibhistear thréin;
Ach ma rinn iad bhur lot-sa.
'S tróm a rosad dhòibh féin.

A leithid de mhort cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorbiad 'n am béus;
'S bochd an agéil eadar bràithrean,
E dhòl an lathair mhic Dhé.

* * * * *

"Desolation has come upon us,*
And terrible destruction——
The sword of our own race
Has followed us!
Without warning, the revengeful band
Transfixed us to the earth,
Fenced only in our plaids
In the midst of our own people!"

* The dead men speak.

" Beloved remains of heroes ! *——
 They were stricken with dirks,
 And stretched upon the floor
 In their own fair chamber !
 Beneath the feet of the Clan-Dugald,
 Who reft their breasts of life,
 When the clustering dirks clashed in their bosoms——
 A dark riddle of wounds !

" Who beneath heaven
 Who beheld your act——
 Who would not revolt
 At the black thought and deed !
 From the sons of the father's brother
 Went forth the wasting of the destroyer ;
 But though they struck ye,
 Terrible shall be their own doom.

" So black a murder was never seen in Albuinn ;
 And though they were fierce in the deed,
 Sad is the tale among brethren
 To bear into the presence of God."

When this poem was completed, it was sent by the lady who prompted its composition, both to the Baron of Sleat and Lord MacDonell and Aross, to incite them to take vengeance upon the confederates in the death of her family. The last chief, who was a personal favourite of Charles II., and in high favour with the Government, was also solicited by the Privy Council to take upon himself the " execution of justice" against " the murderers." The bardic incitement was, however, neglected by both chiefs ; and the official injunction was not more regarded by Lord MacDonell, who, in common with all the country, being informed of the atrocious nature of the aggressing crimes, declined to interfere in the punishment of the retributive vengeance. For upwards of six years, the slaughter of Keppach was suffered to repose in impunity ; but at length, upon the renewed solicitations of the family for " justice," and the neglect of its execution by Lord MacDonell, the Government directed to the Baron of Sleat a delegation of the service which had been evaded by the mainland chief, and probably, as much from emulation as obedience, it was accepted by the island baron.

* The sister of Keppach speaks.

After the attack upon the Keppach family, the confederates had made a vigilant preparation against surprise. The whole of those concerned in the slaughter kept continually together, and to guard against any hostility from Lord MacDonell, a constant watch was maintained in a shealing-hut upon the hill opposite to Inver-Garrie, in order to observe any appearance of an expedition from the castle. Alasdair mòr built himself a small house of strength at Achan na h-Annaid, near his residence of Inver-Làr, and upon a little height which commanded a view over the whole strath, and which, having a gradual ascent in front, terminated in a narrow and inaccessible craig, descending into a small but deep lake, since named, from the house above it, "Lochan Tighe Mhic Dhùghail."* Upon the summit of the craig, above the water, Alasdair constructed his retreat, which was a "creel," or wattled house of very strong timber, and double wattled, or having a hurdle-case within and without, and the intermediate space filled with clay. The window was at the back, over the lake, and the door, which was made of very stout wood, had a small sliding shot-hole, which gave a full view down the slope, and over all the opposite ground beyond the river. During the six years of suspended pursuit, the confederates maintained their close combination and precautions; but at length, in the continuance of security, their vigilance relaxed, and all, except Alasdair mòr, returned to their usual confidence and habits. It was at this very time, however, that the Baron of Sleat was preparing his expedition against them. All having been concerted, his "*Leine crios*,"† with a sufficiently strong force, were assembled

* The little lake of the house of the descendant of Dugald.

† The girdle. Literally, the "*tunic belt*;" from "*leine*," a shirt or tunic: the old "*falluinn*," or upper garment worn by the Highlanders before the introduction of the kilt, and of which the yellow variety, common also to the Irish, was called "*Léine-chroich*," the saffron shirt or tunic. The figurative name of "the Girdle" was applied to the immediate followers, or "*acollites*," of the chief, because they belted round him in any enterprise or danger. In the general ignorance into which old Gaelic terms are declining, some have given the name as "*Linn a' chrios*," Children of the Belt, which has no point nor meaning. This error was inadvertently admitted into a note in the *Tales of the Century*.

at Sleat, under the command of his brother, Ciaran Mabach ; * and upon a Wednesday "they raised their banner," and embarked, with orders to surprise all the actors in the Keppach slaughter, and either kill them in the attack, or execute them on the spot. The party performed their voyage, and crossed the districts of Arisaig and Locheil, without having been preceded by any alarm, and, in the close of the evening of Saturday, passed the Lochie, and proceeded up the Spean in three bodies, one of which was directed against Alasdair mòr, the second against his brothers and the Siol-Raonnill, and the third against the Sliochd Iain Duibh. The whole were attacked simultaneously, before daybreak on Sunday, and, excepting Alasdair mòr, being all unprepared, were surprised and killed, and their houses set on fire. Alasdair only was found bolted and barred, and proof against any sudden danger, and though alone, excepting his wife, he prepared for a determined resistance. The house being inaccessible on the sides of the craig, could only be attacked in front, and here Alasdair discharged his *cuilbheir* through the various shot-holes, with a rapidity which induced the assailants to believe that the house was defended by several persons. The day began to break before they had made any progress towards an entrance, and, as the light discovered the enemies, the shot within killed or wounded a man at almost every discharge, while the thickness and density of the walls prevented the penetration of those from without. At length, however, Alasdair's balls began to fail ; but his wife continued actively casting new, for which she melted the pewter utensils, and every object which was fusible. But, at last, this supply also became exhausted, and the wife was casting the last bullets, when one of those from without entered the house, and striking her in the leg, fractured the bone. At her half-suppressed cry, when she attempted to rise, the islesmen gave a shout ; but Alasdair exclaimed, "The men are whole yet ! you have only hurt a woman !" and although now alack-

* "Stammering Ciaran ;" or, as also said, "bitter" or "sarcastic Ciaran," from his satirical and biting compositions as a bard.

ened, he continued to maintain his fire until, suddenly, the assailants drew off from the house; and while some remained under cover of the slope, to prevent exit, the rest began to collect heath and wood. In the silence which had ensued about the walls, Alasdair drew the sliding-window, and looked out to discover if there was any appearance of a relief, but he saw only the smoke and flames rising from his brothers' houses; and when he perceived how the assailants were employed, he immediately understood that they were preparing to set fire to his own roof. While he watched their progress, he observed a female in a scarlet plaid pursued by one of the islesmen, who soon overtook, and, throwing her on the ground, held her down beneath his knee, to undo the silver brooch upon her breast. Alasdair immediately recognized his own daughter, who had past the night in one of the neighbouring houses, and, leveling his *cuilbheir* through the window, the report rung from the door, and the islesman fell over on the heath. The daughter rose, and fled.* “Little tocher I had to give you,” said Alasdair; “but I have done something for you to-day!” He had, however, fired his last ball, and nothing remained to make more. There was an interval of deep silence and suspense; but it was not long before it was broken by the return of the assailants, busily heaping the fuel to the door and wall. In a little time fire was given to the heath; the flames soon communicated to the roof, and, driven by the wind, involved the building in a sheet of conflagration. Meanwhile, Alasdair collected all his valuables,—“for he was a rich man, and had many articles of silver,”—and, having brought them together, he cast them out of the window into the lake. By this time the house was filled with smoke, and, as his breath began to fail, and the fire to appear between the rafters, he drew his broadsword, and, raising his wife upon his left arm, kicked away the bar from the door, and went out through the fire and smoke among the assailants. Blinded and burdened as he was, the first went down before him, and, for a few paces, there

* She lived to be married, and become the mother of “many pretty men,” and from her are descended all the MacTavishes in the Aird Mhic Shime.

was a circle before the sweep of his sword ; but, almost immediately, he received a stroke from behind, and a ball through the body, and fell amidst the closing crowd. They had the *humanity* to tear his wife from his body ; but through the smoke and darkness she heard the heavy clash of the two-handed swords and Lochaber-axes which hewed him in clefts upon the turf.

The death of Alasdair mòr was the last work of that bloody morning, and the islesmen having completed their vengeance, cut off the heads of all their victims, and immediately collecting, marched off on their return for Skye. Apprehensive, probably, of pursuit, and desirous to gain a place of strength for their first halt, and Lord MacDonell and Aross being married to the sister of their chief, they took the route by Inver-Garrie, and were lodged in the castle for the night. Before entering, however, and exhibiting the sanguine testimonials of their service, they washed the heads in the little fountain at the roadside, which has ever since borne the name of "Tobar nan Cèann." From this circumstance a belief arose among the latter people of Glen-Garrie, that the vengeance of the house of Keppach was executed by their own chief and people : there is, however, documental proof, that it was performed at the command, and by the followers, of Sir James MacDonald of Sleat, for, on the 15th of December 1665, he received from the Privy Council a letter, signed by the Earl of Rothes, thanking him for his good service to the state, in the revenge which he had taken on "the murderers." *

After the departure of the islesmen, the bodies of Alasdair mòr and his confederates were buried at Inbher-Lar, and a few yards to the east of the present farm of that place, there is still existing a large cairn, which, according to universal tradition, was the heap under which they were interred. Prompted by the opportunity for testing the accuracy of such oral records, in or about the year 1818, the tumulus was opened by Dr Smith, a medical practitioner, then residing at Fort-William. The result fully confirmed the tradition.

* Douglas' Baronage of Scotland, p. 22, fol. Lond. 1798.

When the stones were opened, the eight skeletons were found lying *east* and *west*, and each without the skull, and among the remains of the bodies was one, of which the thigh-bone had been broken, and having imperfectly united, had become carious and unequal in a manner which would have produced a halt in the leg; thus coinciding exactly with the general tradition concerning the wound of Mac Iain Duibh, and the lameness which he sustained ever after.

Such is the most authentic tradition of the slaughter of Keppach; and however unjustifiable in organized society the assumption of personal vengeance, we suppose that those who are acquainted with its history will differ from the Privy Council in the estimation of the crime, and that they will charge the blacker stain upon those who, provoking the vengeance by first dipping their hands in the blood of their kinsmen, were themselves not only worthy of death, but of the infamy of mercenary murder.

In the course of this tradition, an allusion has been made to the gardens of Keppach in the time of Charles II. Under the general propensity to depreciate the former state of the Highlands, and represent all their advantages and improvements as the results of modern regeneration, it has been a prevailing assumption that they had neither fruits nor gardens before the end of the seventeenth century. This unfounded error is the consequence of that ignorance and prejudice which for so many generations has darkened and perverted their history and statistics. Here is not the place to inquire into the origin and progress of cultivation among the clans; but we may briefly notice a few evidences of the extent to which it had been carried before the invasions of Wade and Cumberland. In the sixteenth century, Boethius described in hyperbolical language the *fertility of Atholl*,* and Buchanan declared, that even the stern *Lochaber abounded in corn* and pasture.† These statements are confirmed by the valuable account of the Highlands contained in the MacFarlane Geographical Collections, in which the plentiful supply of grain is attributed to almost

* Hist. Scot., fol. Par. 1574, f. 6 b.

† Ber. Scot., fol. Edin. 1582, f. 7 b.

every inhabited strath. The notices are even applied to situations now believed to be the least improveable; the wild Glen-Co and high Glen-Nevis are described as "*very profitable, fertile, and plenteous in corn, milk, butter, and cheese*;"* the rugged Morven, and now desolate Ardnamurchan, as prolific in corn, flour, and cattle; and the neighbourhood of Inverary so far advanced in productions, that Glen-Shera was celebrated not only for *abundance of corn*, but *gardens and orchards*, supplied with *innumerable fruit-trees*.† In the charters of Highland estates, as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, the latter inclosures, "*pomaria*" and "*ortyards*," are frequently enumerated with the mills and fishings;‡ and their remains, more than two hundred years of age, were recently in existence at the Abbey of Beaulieu, the Chanonry of Ross, and the Castles of Lovat, Brann, Tullach, and Dun-Robin. Walnuts were planted at Inver-Garrie in the reign of Charles II., and at Auchnacarrie gardens had been cultivated to such an extent for many generations before the year 1745, that those destroyed at that time by the English troops were "*nearly a mile in length*."§ At Beaulieu, some of the old monastic tri-centenary pears are yet left at intervals, which mark the amplitude of the ancient "*pomarium*;" and at Lovat, though the decay of the venerable trees has now caused their removal, the orchard was entire in 1844, and produced apples of a rare kind, not to be found in any modern gardens of the country.

Such are the cursory observations of a few instances in the production of corn and fruit in the Highlands, before their older labours were obliterated by the devastations of their conquest, and the subsequent Anglo-provincial system, now believed to have introduced their most simple improvements and industry. It is not, however, against the horticulture of the Highlands only that the Anti-Scotican prejudices have been held. Scotland at large has been supposed to have had little or no examples of that art before the Union; nevertheless, she possessed large and

* MacFarlane, Geog. Collect., MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid. II. 153, 154.

† Ib. 445, 446, 171.

‡ Registers of Scottish Charters, MS. Bibl. Harl. No. 4134, 4620, 4628, 4693.

§ Boyce, Hist. Reb., p. 170.

elaborate gardens long previous to that period, and almost every great district has brought down existing or recent remains of their once general prevalence around the houses of superior rank. In the stubble-field adjoining the half-ruined Castle of Elphinstone in East-Lothian, the old people still remember a large extent of ground, which in their time was called "The Pleasance," and in the memory of man exhibited the traces of parterres and walks, with some lingering and dwindled plants, which had survived their long neglect. At the palace of Seaton there is still entire a garden of *ten acres* in extent, and surrounded by a wall, which bears corroborative testimony to the tradition, that it existed before the accession of James VI. to the crown of England. On his way to * the Border, the king rested for the first night in the palace, and upon the ensuing morning, the funeral of its proprietor, the Earl of Wyntown, arriving from Edinburgh for his interment in the family chapel at Seaton, it is related, that the royal guest ascended the demi-tower in the north-west angle of the garden, to view the procession as it defiled under the wall. At Hatton, near Dalmahoy, formerly the seat of the Earls of Lauderdale, is still visible the site of an old Dutch garden, coeval with the house erected in the reign of Charles II., and bounded by a terrace, having a façade of hewn stone thirty feet in height, and ornamented with statues and vases, from the balustrade of which may yet be traced the half-obliterated map of a little Elysium, once diversified with scrolled parterres, winding lakes, and blooming islets, now grown wild and waste. At Bog-a-Gicht, the present Gordon Castle, an extensive and elaborate example of the same style existed until the construction of the new building; and at Glammis, Fyvie, Gordonstown, and various other old Scottish mansions, there were recently existing, or remembered, remains of the same horticultural labours originally common to most, if not all, the "manors" of their rank and wealth. The last of these below the Murray Frith were in 1828 still visible before the old Castle of Huntly. In the front of that once splendid edifice,

* History of the House of Seyton, Bannatyne Club edit., p. 60.

and gently sloping from the walls, there was then a wide, flat, marshy pasture, full of little heaps and hollows, which, in a horizontal view, appeared to be the irregularities of nature and neglect, but, upon ascending to the summit of the great round tower, and looking down upon the site below, the waste field restored the traces of the "Castle Pleasance," and spread before the eye like a map, discovered the original design of its scrolls, tracery, and point-lace patterns. The indefinite dips and shapeless swells disclosed the beds of serpentine lakes and sinuous islands, and here and there could still be seen the swell of the little abutments for the bridges by which they had been connected. These elaborate "conceits" and "pleasantries" of art were not confined to the greatest and the most wealthy. At Dalzell, upon the Clyde, the seat of a cadet branch of the illustrious house of Hamilton, and at Castle Leod, the residence of the Viscounty of Tarbet, in the remote Strath-Peffer, similar existing examples or recent traces exhibit the general prevalence of the horticultural art. At the former interesting old mansion, the antique garden still remains in a very pristine state, and at the latter, its details are yet distinctly visible. In the rough neglected park which now surrounds the venerable tower, they have only the irregular features common to a waste field, but from the summit of the building, the superficial view discovers the quaint plan of ponds, islands, embroidered parterres, and trim terraces, which once harmonized with the plumed hats, brocaded silks, and point-lace ruffles of the seventeenth century. But the half-obliterated traces of these horticultural antiquities are still illustrated in a noble and existing example at Drummond Castle, the sight of which confirms the belief, that after the absenteeism produced by the *Union*, the art of gardening in Scotland has not progressed in a ratio proportionable to the time which has since elapsed, the national spirit of industry, and the progress attained before that period; and a patriotic inquirer may be justified in the conclusion, that, like many other efforts of national exertion and industry, it has in a great degree retrograded since the employment of Scottish revenues upon a foreign soil.

But the traces of olden horticulture are not confined to the "Pomaria" of churchmen, and the "Pleasance" of the noble: in the remote forest-glens, where only the mouldering walls, the half-sunk mound, the solitary tree, mark the site of habitation, and the limits of a little "girth;" among the mountain-plants rise herbs foreign to the hill, and out of the turf spring flowers now unknown to the lonely shepherd, whose only blossom is the heather—whose only broken earth the patch from which he digs his food. "*The Rose of the Wilderness*" was not the poetical fiction of Campbell: in the "wilderness" of the western glens—and the days which he had seen—many a rose and many a woodbine lingered in the heather till exterminated by the devouring sheep, whose introduction had banished those by whom they were planted. One day in Glen-Garrie, we sat on the bank of a deserted cottage, long grown over by the mantle of the strath, and scarcely distinguished in the humble undulation which it lifted in the heather; as the sun brightened in the old fail dike, a glowing spot of crimson glistened against the dark moor. I rose to examine what could give such colour *there*.—It was a cankered garden-rose: the stem was gouted, and doddered by the continual nibbling of the sheep; but one green shoot of the last spring had shot from its top, and the red blossom hung heavy on its slender stem, as if too weighty for the weak branch of its decaying strength. I showed it to the old "black forester," Alasdair MacDhòmhnuill, who had seen eighty summers, spring, and fall, upon the "High-Garrie." He shook his head, and his bushy brow knit more closely.—"Ou aye!"—he said,* in the deep, sonorous, but composed tone of Gaelic melancholy, accustomed to the object of surprise and regret—"there were many of them when I was a bairn; many the one I brought in to my mother from the dikes, when I would be herding the cattle; for I never saw their like in the glen: and whiles the tears came to her eyes, and she would make

* As Alasdair had no English, it will be understood that we translate his Gaelic, which loses much of its original feeling in the transition, in which we have permitted some Scotticisms, as better conveying his simplicity and character than the modern English.

me lead her out to the place,—she was blind, ye ken,—and then she would bend down her face to the flower, and feel it with her hands, and the tears would come down her cheek; and when I asked about it—‘Ou, ye need na mind,’ she would say; ‘there were many of them *once*, but they died out, and the wind took the seed awa’ to the banks and the dikes, where they got earth and shelter from the sheep, and whiles they come up between the stones and heather.’”*—After I had returned to my seat, Alasdair stood long by the flower, and I saw him brush his hand across his face, and turn away and cut the tops of the heather with his oak-stick. I met afterwards various other traces of the horticulture of the glens, and pointed them out to the old forester. “Ou, they were there before the people *went to the hill* in the Forty-five,” he replied: “they loved the gardens and the flowers then, but after, when they *came back from the carns*,† they had no the heart for them: they had lost owre many a flower by the hearth, to mind the flowers of the gardens.”

Often the idle traveller asks, with supercilious contempt, “Why don’t the Highlanders plant flowers?” Let him ask the roofless walls—the mouldering bank—the solitary rowan, whose rhind bears many a half-obliterated letter—the hermit blossom which, here and there, still lingers in the heath. They planted them *once*!—and where are the hands and the *hearts* which should plant them *now*?

Those who raised them then are laid under the pine and the sumach in the wilds of America, and the forests of another world; far from the hills of their own country—from the hearth where they were nursed—the soil which their fathers broke—where they have rested together for five hundred years: the sheep have eaten their blossoms, and the heath has buried the furrows of their plough; and, like Balclutha and

* She spoke in the general of the *flowers* of the garden—not that ~~the~~ roses were propagated from seed.

† This phrase is doubly emphatic in Gaelic, as expressing not only the desolate banishments of the people beyond the habitable and cultivated regions, but their desperate proscribed condition; for, in Gaelic, “*YEAR-QUINN*,” a “*man of the carns*,” signifies an *outlaw*, because such were driven to the “*carns*,” or naked rocky summits of the mountains, for security.

Farabraid, "the fox looks out from their window, and the thistle shakes its head on the heap where the roof has mouldered from their walls, and the hare forms upon their hearth."

No. III.

THE FOREST OF GAIC.

THE glen which forms the principal feature of this range lies a few miles south from the western extremity of Strath-Spey. Its hills, though smooth and not very high, are so steep and bare, that they not only afford little, and sometimes no facilities for approaching deer, but are such sheer declivities, that those who admire the exercise of rolling down the Observatory Hill of Greenwich, might there enjoy the recreation of whirling, like the rock of Sysiphus, from the top to the bottom of an acute slope eight or nine hundred feet in height. In consequence of these abrupt descents in great snow-storms, the glen is subject to terrific avalanches, by which the deer sometimes suffer; and upon one occasion, a herd of ten stags and hinds were suddenly overwhelmed, in sight of a celebrated deer-hunter and gentleman of Strath-Spey, who was stalking them at the moment, when the rolling volume of snow descended the mountain, and buried them in its bosom. Some years afterwards, by an awful catastrophe of the same kind, when on a hunting expedition in the same glen, he himself, the party by whom he was attended, with all their dogs, and the house in which they lodged, were swept away on the night of a tremendous hurricane, in the first week of January 1800. The persons who thus perished were the leader, Captain John MacPherson of Balachroan, more commonly known by the personal appellation of—"An Caiptean dubh,"—or the patronymic of—"Iain dubh mac Alasdair," and four attendants, Donald MacGillivray, John MacPherson, Duncan MacPhar-

lan, and another man named Grant. Several other persons had been appointed by Balachroan to accompany him, but they had been prevented by various causes; and upon the morning preceding the disaster, the rest had set out for the forest without them, and intending to remain for some days, had taken up their lodging in a stone-built hut used as a forest-lodge, and which stood immediately under one of the long bare slopes above described. The following account of the manner in which they perished is given by a contemporary, who, resident in Strath-Spey at the time, was well acquainted with the parties who perished, and many times received from those by whom their bodies were found, a relation of the circumstances which he has communicated, and which he personally confirmed, by visiting, in the ensuing summer, the scene of the destruction.

“The night upon which the event happened was terrifically stormy, even beyond any thing of the kind remembered in that high and mountainous district; yet as the forest hut was substantially built, and the party well supplied with provisions, their friends felt no anxiety for their safety, until the third day after the tempest. When, however, they did not then return, alarm was excited in the Strath, and four or five of their friends set out in search of them. Upon reaching the glen, they discovered that the house had disappeared, and upon approaching its site, a vast volume of snow at the foot of the hill sufficiently explained their fate. Early in the next day, all the active men in the country assembled, and proceeded to Gaic, and upon digging into the snow where the house had stood, the dead bodies of four of the party were found, in the following positions: Balachroan lying in bed upon his face, Grant and John MacPherson also in bed, with their arms stretched out over each other, and MacGillivray in a sitting posture, with one of his hands at his foot, as if in the act of putting on or taking off his shoes. The body of MacPharlan was not found until after the disappearance of the snow, when he was discovered at a considerable distance from the house. This was accounted for, by the supposition that he was standing when the avalanche came down, and thus presented to the

rolling volume, had been carried away in the general wreck of the building, of which nothing was left above the foundation-stones; while the beds of the rest, having been only heath spread upon the floor, were protected from removal by the base line of the wall. With the lost body, the course of the devastation was found strewed along the foot of the hill, the stones of the house were carried to the distance of three or four hundred yards, and a part of the roof and thatch for nearly a mile; the guns were bent, broken, and twisted in every possible shape, and by some, their extraordinary contortions were attributed to electricity; but the cause was sufficiently explained, by their having been mixed with the stones and timber of the house when in rapid motion, for the building was constructed in a substantial manner, the walls having been of stone four feet high, and the area divided in the centre by a strong stone partition: such a weighty mass of materials, rolled down with so much violence, and for such a distance, would satisfactorily account for the state of the guns intermingled amidst the ruins. The destruction of the forest hut was not the only catastrophe of that terrible night; part of an adjacent sheep-fank, and of a poind-fold, at Lochan-Tullach, about two miles distant, were also swept away; and from the south side of Loch-Errach, an immense body of earth and trees was carried across the ice to the north shore, where it is still to be seen, at least a quarter of a mile distant from the place from whence it was torn.

“The awful character of the destruction in Gaic immediately excited superstitious imagination, and in a short time it was exaggerated into a supernatural romance. By some, the house was said to have been torn to pieces in a vortex of thunder and lightning, launched by the vengeance of Heaven against sinners; by others it was attributed to a whirlwind raised by the devil, for the same chastisement; while the detention of those who were prevented from accompanying the lost party was ascribed to dreams, warnings, and other supernatural interpositions, to save them from the wrath to come. The greater number of these fables, however, were invented by one of those goules who themselves haunt like Legion ‘among the tombs,’

and had then begun to desecrate the sacred solitudes of the Highlands.—By this wretch, a southern resurrectionist, the legends of Gaic were propagated for the purpose of spreading superstitious terrors, to keep the people within their houses after dark, and thus leave the roads and churchyards free to his operations.

“The memory of the ‘Caipitean dubh’ is still retained among his clan with deep regret and regard. By the few yet living intimates of his friendship, he is esteemed as a man who, in mental and bodily qualities, had few equals, and no superior, in the Highlands; kind, generous, brave, and charitable, full of noble patriotism for his clan, and if a formidable opponent, none ever sought his aid, or conciliated his enmity, without receiving prompt assistance and immediate reconciliation. His purse, as well as his talents, was ever at the service of the poor, the oppressed, and all who stood in need of assistance; and often he suffered considerable losses, in supporting the rights of those who were unable to maintain their own. Active, intelligent, and superior in all things, he was a dangerous enemy, but an unshaken ally; and the most bitter foe had only to seek his amity, and he immediately became his friend. His mind was full of generosity, kindness, and sensibility; and if he had faults, they were the errors of his age, and not of his own heart. In his latter days, his liberality in assisting others embarrassed his own affairs; but in every trial, his conduct was distinguished by honour and integrity. Amidst his misfortunes he was deprived of his wife, after which, he went little into society, but in his old age, spent many of his days, like the ancient hunters, alone in the hills of Gaic or the coires of Beann-Aller, with no other companion than his ‘cuilbheir’ and ‘his grey dogs.’ Such was one of the last true deerstalkers of the old race of gentlemen—a man who, if we lived a hundred years, we should not see again.”

No. IV.

FOREST AND GAME REPORTS.

RETURNS of the Grand Battues in the Domains of OZORA, one of the Seigniories of H. S. H. the PRINCE ESTERHAZY IN HUNGARY, on the five last days of August and 1st of September 1822.

AUGUST 27, AT BANKO.

<i>Red Deer.</i>	
Stags, . . .	43
Brochers,* . . .	11
Hinds, . . .	49
Small do., . . .	17
Calves, . . .	30
Total, —	150

<i>Fallow Deer.</i>	
Bucks, . . .	7
Sourels,† . . .	2
Prickets,‡ . . .	8
Does, . . .	17
Small do., . . .	7
Fawns, . . .	21
Total, —	62

<i>Roe Deer.</i>	
Bucks, . . .	5
Does, . . .	7
Kids, . . .	3
Total, —	15

<i>Wild Boar.</i>	
Sangliers,§ . . .	6
Sows, . . .	4
Hogs, . . .	3
Pigs of the sounder,¶ . . .	13
Total, —	26

Rascal.

Wolves, . . .	1
Foxes, . . .	2
Total, —	3
General Total, —	256

AUGUST 28, AT BANKO.

<i>Red Deer.</i>	
Stags, . . .	48
Spayads,** . . .	1
Brochers, . . .	15
Hinds, . . .	52
Small do., . . .	17
Calves, . . .	31
Total, —	164

<i>Fallow Deer.</i>	
Bucks, . . .	14
Sourels, . . .	4
Prickets, . . .	2
Does, . . .	33
Young do., . . .	4
Fawns, . . .	24
Total, —	81

<i>Roe Deer.</i>	
Does, . . .	1

* Stags of the second year.

† Bucks of the second year.

‡ Boars of the second year.

§ Stags of the third year.

† Bucks of the third year.

§ Boars of the fourth year.

¶ Pigs of the first year.

<i>Wild Boar, &c.</i>	
Pigs of the sounder, . . .	1
Hares, ...	1
Wolves, ...	1
Foxes, ...	1
Total, —	4
General Total,	250

AUGUST 29, AT BIROD.

<i>Red Deer.</i>	
Stags, ...	18
Brochers, ...	1
Hinds, ...	5
Small do., ...	1
Calves, ...	3
Total, —	28

<i>Fallow Deer.</i>	
Bucks, ...	18
Sourels, ...	5
Prickets, ...	2
Does, ...	1
Total, —	26

<i>Wild Boar.</i>	
Sows, ...	2
Total, —	2
General Total,	56

AUGUST 30, IN THE FALLOW
DEER PARK.

<i>Fallow Deer.</i>	
Bucks, ...	27
Sourels, ...	24
Prickets, ...	18
Does, ...	56
Small do., ...	20
Fawns, ...	79
Total, —	224

<i>Roe Deer.</i>	
Doe, ...	1
Total, —	1
General Total,	225

AUGUST 31, AT DALMAND.

<i>Red Deer.</i>	
Stags, ...	43
Spayads, ...	1
Brochers, ...	11
Hinds, ...	56
Do. young, ...	11
Fawns, ...	35
Total, —	157

<i>Fallow Deer.</i>	
Bucks, ...	8
Sourels, ...	2
Prickets, ...	1
Does, ...	4
Fawns, ...	3
Total, —	18

<i>Roe Deer.</i>	
Bucks, ...	4
Does, ...	6
Kids, ...	2
Total, —	12
Hares, ...	7
Foxes, ...	9
Total, —	16

General Total,

203

SEPTEMBER 1, AT KOTSOLA.

<i>Red Deer.</i>	
Stags, ...	43
Spayads, ...	2
Brochers, ...	5
Hinds, ...	5
Calves, ...	5
Total, —	60

Fallow Deer and Roe.

Bucks, . . .	5
Does, . . .	1
Roe, Does, . . .	1
Total, —	7

General Total, 67

Grand Total for six days, 1057

Signed CARL FREYTAG,
Head Forester.

LIST of Wild Boar killed in the
Boar Park of EISENSTADT, one
of the Seigniories of H. S. H.
THE PRINCE ESTERHAZY in
HUNGARY, in one day, No-
vember 4.

Great Swine, . . .	14
Sangliers, . . .	24
Sows, . . .	12
Hogs, . . .	24
Pigs of the sounder, . . .	41
Total, —	115

Signed, ANTON BORSHITZKY,
Head Forester.

RETURNS for the Pheasant Battue
at EISENSTADT, November 16.

Hares, . . .	7
Pheasants, Cocks, . . .	443
Do. Hens, . . .	492
Woodcocks, . . .	1
Total, —	943

Signed, ANTON BORSHITZKY,
Head Forester.

RETURNS of Woodcocks killed in
one year on the Domains of
LEITOMISCHL, one of the
Seigniories of ANTON COMTE
WALDSTEIN WARTEMBERG in
BOHEMIA.

In the Preserves of—

Prziwrat, . . .	30
Strokelle, . . .	66
Mändrik, . . .	166
Dittersdorf, . . .	277
Kukele, . . .	238
Hohenwald, . . .	505
Lubna, . . .	61
Borzkow, . . .	103
Nedoschin, . . .	113
Chlumek, . . .	10
Horek, . . .	25
Makau, . . .	58
Hruschau, . . .	10
Stern, . . .	95
Total, —	1757

Signed, FRANZ AMMERLING,
Head Forester.

RETURNS of Hares killed at
LEITOMISCHL in four days of
the month of December.

Date.	Preserve.	Head.
1st,	Lauterbach,	401
2d,	Chlumek,	556
3d,	Borzkow and Nedoschin,	613
4th,	Lauterbach and Strokelle,	386
Total,	—	1956

Signed, MANUS,
Head Forester.

RETURNS of the Battues on the
Domains of KOPIDLNO, one of
the Seigniories of the Comte
Schlick in Bohemia, from No-
vember 29 to December 6.

NOVEMBER 29, In the Wood of
PERNA.

Roe-buck, . . .	1
Hares, . . .	121
Pheasants, . . .	9

Partridges, . . . 2	DECEMBER 4, In the Wood of
Wild Geese, . . . 1	LETKOWA.
Miscellanies, . . . 1	
Total, — 135	Roe-bucks, . . . 5
	Hares, . . . 156
	Miscellanies, . . . 1
	Total, — 162
Shots, . . . 275	
Misses, . . . 140	
DECEMBER 1, In the Fields of	Shots, . . . 455
ZIDOWITZ in four ring-beats.*	Misses, . . . 293
Hares, . . . 345	DECEMBER 5, In the Fields of
Partridges, . . . 1	SLUNETSCH in five ring-beats.
Total, — 346	
	Hares, . . . 300
Shots, . . . 724	Partridges, . . . 5
Misses, . . . 478	Total, — 305
DECEMBER 2, In the Wood of	Shots, . . . 834
GITSCHINOWES OBORA in one	Misses, . . . 529
ring-beat.	
Hares, . . . 172	DECEMBER 6, In the Wood of
Pheasants, . . . 23	HORKA in one ring-beat.
Partridges, . . . 3	
Total, — 198	Roe-buck, . . . 4
	Hares, . . . 233
Shots, . . . 658	Pheasants, . . . 55
Misses, . . . 460	Partridges, . . . 5
	Total, — 297
	Shots, . . . 1024
DECEMBER 3, In the Wood of	Misses, . . . 727
MESKAY in one ring-beat.	
Roe-bucks, . . . 3	GAME FOUND AFTER THE BEATS.
Hares, . . . 152	
Pheasants, . . . 8	Hares, . . . 17
Partridges, . . . 1	Pheasants, . . . 19
Miscellanies, . . . 1	Total, — 36
Total, — 165	
Shots, . . . 520	General total killed, . . . 1644
Misses, . . . 355	Grand total of shots, . . . 4490
	Do. Do. misses, . . . 2962
	Signed, NEUMANN, Forester.

* "Kreis," Germ. Circular beats or "Tainchells" formed by a cordon of sportsmen, with beaters in their intervals. The beat is performed by closing into the centre, upon approaching which, the "guns" halt, and face outwards, the drivers beat to the focus, and the shots are taken eccentrically as the game breaks out.

RETURNS of Battues for two days	Pheasants, . . .	259
of September in the Domains	Partridges, . . .	362
of ZLEB, one of the Seigniories	Total, ———	1497
of the PRINCE OF AUERSPERG		
in BOHEMIA.	Shots, . . .	6168

Number of sportsmen	September 10.	
each day, . . . 10	Hares, . . .	181
Hours of shooting each	Pheasants, . . .	634
day, ... 5	Partridges, . . .	736
	Total, ———	1551

September 9.	Shots, ...	5904
	Grand total killed, . .	3048
Hares, ... 876	Grand total of shots, .	12072

REPORT of the Grand Battue held by PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG on the Seigniorie of POSTELBERG in BOHEMIA, from Monday the 25th to Saturday the 30th of October 1847, inclusive.

“SCHUSS-LISTE,”

OR RETURNS OF GAME KILLED.

<i>October 22, In WOBORA.</i>		<i>October 27, In WITTOSSEZ and LIWANITZ.</i>	
Hares, ...	234	Hares, ...	1042
Pheasants, . . .	24	Partridges, . . .	85
Partridges, . . .	18	Total, ———	1127
Found after the beat, .	19		
Total, ———	295		
<i>October 25, In KOSCHOW.</i>		<i>October 28, In SCHLOSSREVIER.</i>	
Hares, ...	1013	Hares, ...	67
Partridges, . . .	128	Pheasants, . . .	29
Quails, ...	1	Partridges, . . .	14
Total, ———	1142	Miscellanies, . . .	7
		Total, ———	117
<i>October 26, In NEUSCHLOSZ and SCHLOSSREVIER.</i>		<i>October 29, In LENESCHITZ, WITTOSSEZ, and SCHLOSSREVIER.</i>	
Hares, ...	1326	Hares, ...	2343
Partridges, . . .	85	Pheasants, . . .	84
Total, ———	1411		

Partridges, .	143	Partridges, .	1618
Found after the beat, .	118	Rabbits, .	36
Total, —	2688	Miscellanies, .	12
		Total, —	3061

October 30, In LIWANITZ.

GENERAL TOTAL, . 9841

Hares, . . 436
Pheasants, . 959

Signed, JOHANN OLSCHBAUR,
Ober-jäger.

The amount of these returns would have been much more considerable, had not half the shooting of Wednesday been prevented by the rain. The number of illustrious and noble sportsmen present were about thirty, among whom were H. I. H. the Archduke Charles, and H. S. H. the Prince of Nassau. The weather was generally favourable, except upon the third day, when the battue was terminated by the rain at one o'clock. The number of beaters amounted to sixteen hundred, each of whom received daily thirty-six kreuzers, or 1s. 2d. 4-10ths British. The beating was conducted by the Prince's Jägers, for which service were assembled, not only those of the seigniory, but those of Kruman, Wittingau, and Frauenberg, who were conveyed to the covers in carriages hired from the peasants. Every possible lodging in the town of Postelberg was engaged for their use; and it need not be said, that every house which sold beer and provisions rejoiced in the proverbial appetites of sixteen hundred beaters and their chasseurs.

The extent of the country taken in the successive battues was about ten miles in length, and six in breadth; but the interruption of the weather caused the omission of a beat containing, at least, two hundred hares, and, by an error in the beating, several hundred partridges escaped without a shot, by flying back over the line of beaters. Such, however, was the great head of the game, that, notwithstanding the amount killed, that which remained was still so numerous, that, in consequence of the complaints of the peasants, the Prince appointed another grand battue to reduce their numbers in the ensuing week.

During the five days of the chasse, the band of the Palatine Hussars attended at the castle, and played the *rapelle* for the field at seven o'clock in the morning. Each day, after mass, the Princess followed the battue on horseback, or in her carriage, and joined the party at the conclusion of the beats.

Contract Prices of the Game Killed.*

	<i>Kr. m.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Average for hares, . . .	20	0 8
Pheasants, . . .	36	1 2 4-10ths.
Do. badly shot, . . .	20	0 8
Partridges, . . .	16	0 6 4-10ths.

PRINCIPAL SPORTSMEN PRESENT.

H. I. H. the Archduc Charles Ferdinand.

H. S. H. the Prince of Nassau.

H. S. H. the Prince Schwarzenberg.

The Prince Adolph Schwarzenberg.

„ Prince Charles Schwarzenberg.

„ Prince Edmond Schwarzenberg.

„ Prince Maximilian Lobkowitz.

„ Prince Maurice Lobkowitz.

„ Prince John Lobkowitz.

„ Prince Joseph Lobkowitz.

„ Prince Charles Lobkowitz.

„ Landgrave Furstenberg.

„ Prince De la Tour and Taxis.

„ Prince Coloredo-Mansfeld.

„ Prince Schönburg.

„ Prince Windisch-Graetz.

„ Prince Victor Windisch-Graetz.

„ Prince Hugo Windisch-Graetz.

The Count Waldstein.

„ Count Westphalen.

* Previous to great battues, the probable amount to be shot is calculated, and contracts are made by the market purveyors to take the whole which may be killed at a convention price per head.

The Count Ledebur.

„ Count Wengersky.

The Officers of the Imperial Palatine, or 12th Regiment of Hussars.

SOME NOTES of the Forests of H. S. H. PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG, in the Duchy of Krumau, and the Lordships of Frauenberg, Wittingau, and Winterberg, in Bohemia.

ANNUAL RETURNS of Red Deer, Fallow Deer, Roe Deer, and Wild Boar, for three years in the last, and five in the present century.

		Red Deer.	Roe.	W. Boars.
1773	{ Killed in the forest of Wittingau— stags, 79; hinds, 201; calves, 70; roe bucks, 54; sangliers, 12; hogs and steers, 111; carcassins, 115, .	350	54	238
1777	{ In the forest of Krumau—stags, 62; hinds, 117; calves, 26; roe deer, 132,	205	132	0
1778	{ Idem—stags, 46; brockets, 16; hinds, 135; calves, 48; roe bucks, 102; does, 206, ...	245	308	0
1842	{ In the forests of the united Lordships of Wittingau and Frauenberg, .	198	156	95
1843	Do., ...	96	176	126
1844	Do., ...	161	159	149
1845	Do., ...	162	114	85
1846	Do., ...	138	149	121

WEIGHT of Remarkable DEER Killed in the Forest of Krumau.

	Stags No.		Aust. Wt. Vienna lb.	Brit. Imp. St. lb.	Wt. oz.
By the Prince and Princess of Schwarzenberg, near the Geis and Breitenberg, September 2, 1730,	7 1 1 1 1	of " " " "	300 380 390 420 470	26 33 34 37 41	8 10 14 0 0
By whom unknown,	1	"	475	41	13 0
By the Princess Eleonore* in Plansker,	1	"	579	51	1 8

The head of the last named deer is on the wall of the corridor of the second story in the hunting chateau of Wohrad, but

* Consort to the Prince Adam Carl. Vide p. 461.

notwithstanding the great size of the stag, it is one of the inferior order in the collection, having only twelve points.

REMARKABLE HEADS

In the Collection at the Chateau of Wohrad, the Hunting Residence of the Lordship of Frauenberg.

Heads.		Points.	<i>Royal Heads.</i>
1	of	14	{ 5 ft. 8 in. between the beams. On the corridor of the second story. From Krumau.
27	„	16	{ On the walls of the staircases, corridors, and Great Hall.
15	„	18	Do. Of these, six are from the forest of Krumau.
7	„	20	{ In the Great Hall. One on the right of the first chimney. 4 ft. long in the beams. This last and four others from Krumau.
2	„	22	{ In the Great Hall. In the third range of heads above the second tier of windows.
1	„	24*	Do. From Krumau.

* A head of this "summing" is commemorated in the traditions of the forest of Winterberg on the Elbe, and its formidable points had near proved fatal to the Elector Augustus I. of Saxony. In the year 1558, that prince, accompanied by his son, the Prince-Electoral Christian, returning from the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand I., at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, held a great hunting in those vast forests, the remains of which still cover that beautiful and extraordinary range of scenery called the Saxon and Bohemian Switzerland.

One day, in the woods of the little Winterberg, the hunters roused a beautiful white hart of an extraordinary size, and with a head of twenty-four points; after a long chase, the stag was driven to the Elector's pass, on the summit of the heights above the river, but by a sudden turn he eluded the shot of the prince, and rushed over a narrow neck of rock upon a bastion of the crags, not above ninety feet in circumference, and terminating in one of those towering and eccentric turrets of sandstone, which serrate the ridges of this district like the flood-washed skeleton of an older world. Inclosed on every side by precipices of more than a hundred fathoms deep, the stag made his way to this summit by a ledge not above an ell in breadth, and the Elector followed, regardless of the dizzy path, until he reached the top, where, as he levelled his harquebus, the hart, seeing himself driven to bay, and no outlet but that by which he had ascended, rushed upon his pursuer; at the same moment the Elector pulled the trigger,—the ball struck the stag in the breast, and he went headlong over the precipice, and was found a shapeless mass in the abyss below. The young prince was so much impressed by the danger of his father, that, upon the spot where the stag received the death shot, he erected a stone tablet, sculptured with the arms of Saxony, and on the face of the rock above, commemorated its memorial with the inscription, "Augustus, 1558." On the summit of a neighbouring crag, he also built a

*Eccentric and Deformed Heads.**

Heads.

- 4 With three coronets and three beams.
- 1 ... five coronets and five beams.
- 5 ... monstrous excrescences.
- 1 { ... only one horn, the left, and in place of that on the right, a monstrous osseous fungus.
- 1 { ... the beams close together, like a pair of tongs.
- 1 ... the brow-points branched. The eccentric points erect.
- 1 ... the antlers erect.
- 1 ... the antlers deformed.
- 4 ... various deformed and eccentric growths.
- 300 Of roebucks, variously monstrous or bizarre.†

The entire number of stags' heads in the above collection is 109, of which only 17 are under 14 points. Among the other trophies are three elks' heads; but if killed on the seigniories of Schwarzenberg, it must have been at a very remote period, for there is no mention of the animal in the forest records, nor any tradition of its recent existence in the country.

As some example of the old hunting domains of Bohemia, we add the following notices of the preceding named forests of Prince Schwarzenberg, extracted from the archives in the "Forstaemter," or Forest Offices for the Duchy of Krumau, and the Lordships of Frauenberg, Wittingau, and Winterberg.

The vast "Ur-walder" of these territories are primeval remains of the ancient Silvia-Hercynæ, which stretch in a wide semicircle round the plains of Budweis, extending, with little interruption, for a hundred miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth, over the morasses of Wittingau, the mountain ranges of the Blanskerwald and the Böhmerwald, and along the waters of the High Moldau, the Miser, the Neubach, the Luschnitz, and other tributaries of the former river. Aboriginally abounding in every variety of noble and

hunting pavillon named "The Winterhaus," and on its pinnacle placed the shattered head of the stag, which had so near proved fatal to the coronet of Saxony.

* Several examples of such "bizarre" heads, excellently engraved, are given by Buffon, *Hist. Nat.* vi.

† In addition to the collection of horns at Wohrad, there is a Zoological and Ornithological Museum, highly interesting, as a view of the native and migratory productions of the forest.

savage game, from an early and, perhaps, unknown period, these vast forests had been royal chases of the Bohemian princes. In the fourteenth century, for the preservation of the Frauenberg domains, King Wenceslaus appointed Jägers, and Hegers* or under-foresters, at Burgholz and Ponieschitz; and, in January 1377, conferred the hunting and forest-office upon the purveyor of his kitchen.

In 1378, he appointed Wenzel of Kresin Royal Forester, and, some years afterwards, gave the charge of Ponieschitz to Peter of Ponieschitz. On the 4th of December 1415, the same monarch granted to Heinrich of Czeroklad a farm in the village of Munitz; and to Swoysche of Wilharlic another in Kresin, to be held by the service of attending the king in the forest: the first on horseback with a cross-bow, the last with a hound and horn. These grants were confirmed by succeeding monarchs to the Jägers descended of the above named individuals, and also to some others who held lands by forest tenures, among whom was one John of Lhatky, who, in 1472, having shown his forefather's grant of a farm in that village, received a confirmation of its rights to him and his heirs for ever, upon the service of mounting guard, with a morning-star, on the Bridge of Frauenberg each Wednesday, for four weeks, when the king should visit his castle at that place.

Though uncertain when inclosed, at the end of the sixteenth century, in the neighbourhood of the chateau, there was a game-park in which were preserved some hundred animals; and, before the beginning of the seventeenth century, the old vineyard had been converted into a fallow-deer park. In 1661, the Lordship of Frauenberg was purchased from the crown by Adam Prince of Schwarzenberg,† and at this time its wide forests abounded with wild-boars, bears, lynxes, wolves, mar-

* "*Hegers*" are not of the class of Jägers or Chasseurs, but forest bailies or under-rangers, for the preservation of the woods and game.

† The princely family of Schwarzenberg was originally from Franconia. Previous to the existence of its surname, in the fourteenth century, its ancestors were Dukes of Alemania, and it derives its present name and title from Erkdinger VI., who, in the year 1363, purchased from the Hern von Vestenberg the castle of Schwarzenberg, between Nuremberg and Würzburg, and from thence acquired the title of "*Hern von Schwarzenberg*," which has remained ever since with his descendants.

We may here observe, that in Germany, the name of every noble family is

tina, wild-cats; and deer. By Prince Adam a new and more strict system was adopted for the preservation of the game, and the reduction of the ferocious beasts and "rascal," or vermin. In pursuance of these regulations, for every animal and bird killed by the Jägers, there was established the following head-gild, which, from the value of money at the time, will give an index of their number or estimation.

Beasts of Venerie.

For every	<i>fl. kr.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.*</i>	For every	<i>fl. kr.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Stag, . . .	1 10	2	4	Martin, . . .	0 12	0	4 $\frac{3}{10}$
Hind, . . .	1 0	2	0	<i>Rascal.</i>			
Brocket, . . .	1 0	2	0				
Wild-Boar, . . .	1 10	2	4	Beaver, . . .	1 30	3	0
Sow, . . .	0 45	1	6	Otter, . . .	1 0	2	0
Pig, . . .	0 35	1	2	Pole-cat, . . .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{1}{10}$
Bear, . . .	1 10	2	4	Wild-cat, . . .	0 15	0	6
Wolf, . . .	0 45	1	6	<i>Birds, game.</i>			
Young, . . .	0 22	0	8 $\frac{1}{10}$				
Hare, . . .	0 5	0	2	Cock of the			
<i>Beasts of Chase.</i>				Wood, † . . .	0 18	0	7 $\frac{3}{10}$
				Black Cock, ‡ . . .	0 12	0	4 $\frac{3}{10}$
Roe, . . .	0 20	0	8	Pheasant, . . .	0 24	0	9 $\frac{1}{10}$
Lynx, . . .	1 30	3	0	Hazel Hen, § . . .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{1}{10}$
Fox, . . .	0 15	0	6	Partridge, . . .	0 4	0	1 $\frac{1}{10}$
Young, . . .	0 17	0	6 $\frac{3}{10}$				

the same as its title, which arises from two causes: In the most ancient seigniories, the lordships existed before the general confirmed use of surnames, and when the latter became hereditary, they were adopted from the title by which the head of the house and the residence of the family was distinguished. In the second case, when pre-existing names were ennobled from the customary identity of titles and their family sobriquets, the honour to be created was derived from the genealogical appellation of the new peer—as the Counts of Lesly, Nugent, &c. Hence the Germans cannot comprehend the distinction of the *names and titles* in the British Peerage,—how *Hugh Percy* can be Duke of *Northumberland*, or *Francis Russell* Duke of *Bedford*.

* Present British currency of two shillings, to the Austrian florin of sixty kreutzers.

† "Auerhahn," Germ. *i.e.*, "Wild Cock," from "Ur," old Germ., wild, savage, as in "Ur-ochs" or "Auer-ochs," the "urus" or wild bull.—*Gallus Silvestris*, Lat.; Coq de bois, Fr.; Cock of the wood, Angl.; Capercaille, Scots, from Caber-chollach, Gael. crest-cock, or, according to some, Caber-collie, "The wood-crest," from its occasionally crested head.—Buff. Nat. Hist. xvii. 308.

‡ Birk-hahn, Germ. *i.e.*, birch-cock; *Uragallus minor*, Lat.; Coq de bruyere, Fr.; Black-cock, black-game, Angl.; Heath-cock, heath-fowl, Scot.

§ Hazel-huhn, Germ.; Hazel-hen, Angl.; *Gallina corylorum*, or *Silvestris*, Lat.; Gelinotte, Fr.

For various confusions in the names of the above species, vide p. 468.

<i>Wild Fowl.</i>				For every fl. kr. s. d.			
For every	fl. kr.	s.	d.				
Crane, .	0 45	1	6	Kite, .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{4}{10}$
Heron, .	0 5	0	2	Harrier, .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{4}{10}$
Wild Goose, .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{4}{10}$	Cormorant,†	0 10	0	4
Wild Duck, .	0 3	0	1 $\frac{3}{10}$	Sparrowhawk, .	0 4	0	1 $\frac{6}{10}$
Bittern, .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{4}{10}$	Screech-Owl, .	0 18	0	7 $\frac{2}{10}$
Snipe, .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{4}{10}$	Common Owl, .	0 5	0	2
"Gor-Birds," "Lich-Fowl," and "Small Flight."				Ibis,§ .	0 35	1	2
				Jay, .	0 6	0	2 $\frac{4}{10}$
Eagle, .	0 10	0	4	Magpie, .	0 2	0	0 $\frac{8}{10}$
Osprey,* .	0 5	0	2	Wood-Pigeon, .	0 2	0	0 $\frac{8}{10}$
Vulture,† .	0 5	0	2	Field-Fare, .	0 1	0	0 $\frac{8}{10}$
				Thrush, .	0 1	0	0 $\frac{8}{10}$
				Every five small birds, .	0 1	0	0 $\frac{8}{10}$

In 1675 Prince John Adolph extended the fallow-deer park down to the banks of the Moldau, and established a strong force of jägers for its service. During the Thirty Years' War, the wild-boars became so numerous in the forest, that the neighbouring agriculture suffered greatly from their ravages. At the same time, the wolves were no less destructive; and in the severe winter of 1679, when the snow was still deep on

* Orig. "*Shuss-auff*." This name is one of those local, or by-terms, of which there are so many among the jägers and peasants of Bohemia; but it is now almost lost even with them.

† *Geyer*, orig. The vulture which visits Bohemia is the "*Aas-Geyer*," i.e., Carrion-vulture, or vulture fulvus: the white-headed vulture of Africa, Syria, &c. It is the only species known in Bohemia, but its voyages are sufficiently frequent to afford three or four specimens every year; its range is not confined to the mountains and forests, but it descends occasionally on the plains. In October 1846, one was killed on the Ponieschitz division of Frauenberg, which measured eight feet in the spread of its wings; and in September 1847, another was shot by the jäger in the park of Baum-garten, the summer residence of the governors of Bohemia, near Prague. The great "*Vulture Alpinus*," called in German the "*Lämmer-geyer*," or Lamb-vulture, is considerably larger, but does not visit Bohemia, nor advance nearer to its frontier than Switzerland. The low price set upon the "*Geyer*" in the jäger's tariff was probably from the rarity of the bird, and the ease with which it can be killed, by laying the bait of a dead animal within range of some convenient mask, from behind which it may be shot.

‡ "*Wasser-Rabe*," orig. Notwithstanding the great distance of the sea, the cormorant is a frequent visitor of Bohemia, and several good specimens, killed in various parts of the country, are preserved in the Museum of Prague.

§ "*Nimmersatt*," orig. i.e., the *glutton*. This name is also applied to the whole tribe of Pelicans, but none of this species ever approach Bohemia, nor are found nearer than the East Danube. The bird designed in the tariff is the *Tantalus Loculator*, the Egyptian Ibis, the "*Courlir d'Italie*," or "*Falcinello*," which, with the vulture fulvus, sometimes penetrates into Bohemia.

the 21st of March, upon one morning eighteen deer were found killed by them within half-a-mile of the castle. In consequence of these attacks, Charles Eymer of Waltersfeld, the "schloss-hauptman," or castle-steward,* caused the wild-boars to be shot down,† and the wolves reduced by the "*garn-Jagd*," or "net-hunting," which was the old method of killing by "tainches and settis;" i. e., driving and "toils," performed by "pitching the toils," or nets, in the passes, and beating the woods with a cordon of men, by whom the animals were driven into the snares, at which armed hunters were posted, to dispatch them when entangled in their cords; but, notwithstanding the destructive results of this chase, the droves of wolves were so numerous, that they were not extirpated for thirty years. The jägers, however, were so successful against the boars, that, within the year of their proscription, there was not one sanglier to be found within the Lordship of Frauenberg.

About this time the little park for roe deer and hares was inclosed at Pahorek, and the Prince caused the pheasants and partridges to be increased by taking up in the harvest a certain number, which, after having been fed within houses during the winter, were turned out in spring. An attempt was afterwards made by Prince Ferdinand to introduce the red partridge,‡ and for this purpose seven birds were brought

* A superior officer of the household, having an exterior as well as interior charge, and generally an old valet or other superior servant.

† Orig. "*durch Purschen auszurotten*." "*Purschen*" signifies generally shooting, but, as a forest term, it signifies more particularly, *stalking* animals in their runs, and at their feeding haunts, at daybreak and twilight, when they go out to feed.

‡ Orig. "*Stein-hun*," i. e., "rock-hen." This bird is the *Bartavelle*, the Greek or larger red partridge. It has received its German name from its habitation of mountain cars, whence the allusion of David to its species, in his deprecation of the pursuit of Saul—"Sicut persecutor perdix in montibus." Reg. I. xxvi. Notwithstanding, however, the nature which, like the *Pterinigan*, leads it to the rocky heights, in the breeding season, it descends to the lower grounds to make its nest. It generally lays from eight to sixteen eggs of the size of white pullets, marked with red specks, and having a yolk which is *acid* never to harden.¹ The apparent failure of the birds introduced at Frauenberg was, doubtless, a consequence of the difficulty which has attended all attempts to rear any species of the red partridge in Bohemia,² and which results from

¹ Belon, Nat. des ois. 255.

² Buff. Hist. Nat. xvii. 431.

from Krain* to Frauenberg, where they were preserved under cover during the winter, and let loose at spring; but they do not appear to have succeeded, for they are not afterwards mentioned.

On the 29th of November 1682, the Prince directed the restoration of the wild-boars in the forest; and after they were again introduced they continually increased.

In 1684 various arrangements were made for taking mallards and wild-geese, a game which was then in request, both for hawking and decoys. In the following year two pheasant parks were inclosed at Zirnau, near the village of Zablates, and about the same time the old castle moat was converted into a bear-garden; but the bears became so troublesome, that in 1690 they were destroyed.

By the "Forst-amt" regulations in 1689, each jäger was required to furnish annually, as a forest service, the following heads of game and "rascal:"—

Stags, ...	1	Wild-Geese, ...	6
Wild-Boars, ...	2	Wild-Ducks, ...	10
Hares, ...	10	Snipes, ...	4
Hazel-Hens, ...	6	Fox Skins, ...	2
Partridges, ...	4	Martin do., ...	2
Cocks of the Wood, ...	1	Otters, ...	1

At the end of the seventeenth century, the Prince Adam Carl introduced the practice of "*baiting*," properly so called: not the ordinary driving with hounds confounded under the same term, but a pursuit in which the animals were brought to bay before the hunter. For this purpose, the hounds were trained not to "run into" and attack them, but when they had brought them to stand, to hold them at bay by continually "*baiting*" or barking until the chasseur might arrive, and shoot them while they are thus occupied. This is still the ordinary mode

the wildness of its character, and its abhorrence to confinement; in which, however ample or agreeable to its nature, it is impatient and irreconcilable, and generally pines to death, or dies of some consequent disease.¹

* The province of Carniola, on the Gulf of Venice. Its name marks the course of the Sarmathian colonies from the East; being also retained in that of the "*U-krain*," which in German is equally called "*Krain*."

¹ Buff. Hist. Nat. xvii. 434, 436.

of bear-hunting in the Wallachian forests. For the enjoyment of the sport at Frauenberg in 1702, the Prince employed the architect De Maggie to build the hunting castle of Wohrad, and attached to the building there was originally a court for training the dogs, which were first entered at oxen and domestic swine, and when sufficiently broken, were run in the forest at deer and wild-boars.

In 1706 preserves for hares and pheasants were inclosed below Hesin ; but, after a few years, they were destroyed by a flood of the Moldau, and finally abandoned.

In 1711 the wolves were at length exterminated by Prince Adam Carl, who inclosed a wolf-park, into which the animals were enticed by baits, and either trapped or shot. In the same year his Highness restored the bear-garden in the moat, and the bears were brought from the forests of Krumau and Winterberg ; but, in 1755, the garden was again given up, and revived no more.

In 1731 the pheasant-park of Zirnau was abandoned, and that near the fish-pond of Frauenberg enlarged.

In 1733 the "hoch-wild" had increased to such a head, that their damages to the crops incurred large annual ameliorations, which were repaid in game, and to such an extent that, in 1736, *sixty-five deer* were distributed among the villages on the Lordship.

In 1765 the wild-boar had become so numerous that their loss, from a contagious distemper, amounted to two hundred ; and their damages to the crops were so extensive that, to all the farmers on the Lordships of Wittingau and Frauenberg, the Prince annually remitted many of the "robotstagen," or days of feudal service, and paid more than twelve hundred florins in ameliorations. Owing to these losses, and those upon the domains of the Prince, the corn of which was sometimes wholly destroyed, and also to preserve the woods themselves, the forst-meister, or ranger of the forests, Wenzl Friedl, proposed to inclose a part of the Alt-thier-garten, and Burgholzer divisions, as a park for "high-game" and wild-boars. On the 6th of August 1766, this work was begun, and after an

expense of a hundred thousand florins,* it was completed in 1771; and, on the 1st of October, the game were driven in from all surrounding woods. For this purpose, a "tainchel" of a thousand men was assembled to beat the thickets, and thus the game was sent forward out of the Ponieschitzer, Burg-holzer, Welech-wiener, Neu-thier-garten, and Alt-thier-garten divisions, and quietly driven into the new inclosure. After this time the old game-park was given up, and the recent inclosure inherited its name. In the same year in which it was finished, the forst-meister proposed and established a new pheasant-park in the wood of Borek. In the year 1776 the various game killed within the deer-park amounted to 215 head, of which 17 were red-deer, and 198 wild-boars of various classes.

In the winter of 1781 a wolf appeared in the forest; the first which had been seen since 1711. After having made considerable ravages, and killed twenty sheep belonging to one solitary shepherd, on the 14th of January 1782 he was killed at a tainchel, by the horse jäger, Friedl, near the new pond of Ponieschitz. This wolf must have wandered from a great distance; and none appeared after him until the severe winter of 1808, when another announced his arrival by killing a calf in the village of Lhottitz; but was shot soon after by Wenzl Schindelarz at a pass in the wood of Kubitschkoreith.

The forest of Frauenberg now covers one hundred and twenty square miles of a diversified plain, varied with verdant hills and dales, and fertile cultivation. It contains sixteen thousand Austrian jochs,† of which thirteen thousand are "urwald," or uninclosed wild-woods, and three thousand fenced "thier-gartens," or game parks, for red-deer, fallow-deer, and wild-boars. Throughout its general extent, the soil is good, and watered by several streams, abounds in fine vegetation, and produces, in great luxuriance, the oak, the beech, and various kinds of pine, chiefly the *Pinus picea*, and *Pinus abies*, each of which species grows vigorously in the open forest; and, in the great deer-park of Frauenberg, exhibits a colossal size. All the free divisions of these noble woods are highly stocked with

* L.10,000 sterling.

† A "joch" contains 1600 clafters, each equal to four square yards British.

game ; and, according to the latest returns in the "Forst-amt," the numbers in the inclosed parks amount to the following heads :—

Red Deer,	.	.	.	.	.	185
White Hart,	.	.	.	.	.	1
Fallow Deer,	.	.	.	.	.	584
Wild-Boars,	.	.	.	.	.	257
Wild-Sheep,	.	.	.	.	.	17
Roe Deer,	.	.	.	.	.	420
Capercaillie,	.	.	.	.	.	12
Pheasants,	.	.	.	.	.	1,182
Hares,	.	.	.	.	.	3,377
Partridges,	.	.	.	.	.	3,977
Rabbits,	.	.	.	.	.	70
Total,						10,082

There are some of our Scots proprietors who would be well pleased to see their "coningaries" reduced to the example of the above schedule. The capercaillie in the list are merely kept as a specimen variety ; but their great head is in the wild pine-forest of the adjoining seigniory of Wittingau, the free woods of which occupy an extent of two hundred and thirty-six square miles, or twenty-four thousand Austrian jochs. Like all parts of the ancient Böhmerwald, they were originally stocked with every kind of noble game, and though the wolves and bears were extirpated with those of Frauenberg, they still abound in capercaillie and deer ; but in venison, head, and magnitude, the stags are much inferior to those of Krumau, Frauenberg, and Winterberg. This disparity arises from the inferiority of the ground, part of which is moorland plain, intermixed with morasses and numerous marshy lakes, and part a high sandy heath, both producing little besides erica and *vacinium*, and covered by a black cloud of *Pinus silvestris*, with only here and there a pitch-pine, or the common oak, which, however, when it occurs in the deep alluvial soil, grows to an immense size. In this parsimonious region the deer are considerably smaller and weaker than those of the elevated and fertile forests in the adjoining seigniories ; their horns, however, are longer in proportion, and the colour of their bodies is not only much darker, but, in winter, spotted with black.

If the moors and marshes of Wittingau are unfavourable for deer, their numerous lakes afford extraordinary sport in wild fowl, which breed and abound in most of their fens and waters. The extent of this game may be judged by the number of the "lochans," and which, in the combined Lordships of Frauenberg and Wittingau, amount to three hundred of various extents. The largest, not only of these seigniories, but of Bohemia, is that of Rosenberg, which contains a surface of eleven hundred and eighty-two jochs, eleven hundred and sixty claf-ters; but the most remarkable for its lake battues is that of Tisy, which was artificially formed by a dam at some unknown period, but, having been drained in its decay, was restored by its reparation in 1505. The conductor of this work was the forst-meister, Shepanek, who appears to have been a great duck-hunter; and, in the year after the restoration of the lake, directed upon its water a battue in which there were killed 3020 ducks,* which, considering the difference between "Lebedas"† and match-locks, or at the best wheel-locks and "snap-huhns," presents an enormous return of sport. After the time of worthy Shepanek, the duck tainchels seem to have declined until the present period, when they have been revived by the forst-meister, Heirowaky, who in 1841 conducted a battue on

* Forest Records of Wittingau. The number of days on which the battue was continued is not stated, but it was probably from three to four.

† Lebeda is the Purdie of Bohemia. His guns are of the highest character, and finest finish and elegance, and their price from ten to nineteen pounds, which is their maximum grade. This vast disparity of cost to that of the best British manufacture arises from the difference in the value of money and provisions, the economy of menage, and, consequently, of wages and material throughout Bohemia and Germany. In Lebeda's establishment, as in other fabrics of various kinds in the same country, the men take their meals in the work-rooms with an order, neatness, and comfort, which would do honour to a national institution; hence there is no waste of time, nor temptation to the excesses with which, in Great Britain, not only hours are lost, but days stolen, especially the Mondays, and frequently Tuesdays, wherein the men have not returned from the dissipation of Sunday. The difference between British and German wages, resulting from the foregoing causes, and the disparity of market prices between Prague and Birmingham, is no less remarkable. In Prague, the finest workmen, even the engravers and carvers, who execute the most beautiful decorative work on locks and barrels, and in the richest ivory horns, worthy of a place in a cabinet of curiosities, are well paid at two florins, or four shillings a day, while in London the same class of workmen, excluding the carver, who does not exist, would receive from thirteen to twenty shillings. These are some brief reasons why M. Lebeda can make for 190 florins, or nineteen pounds, a gun for which the first-rate English maker would charge sixty.

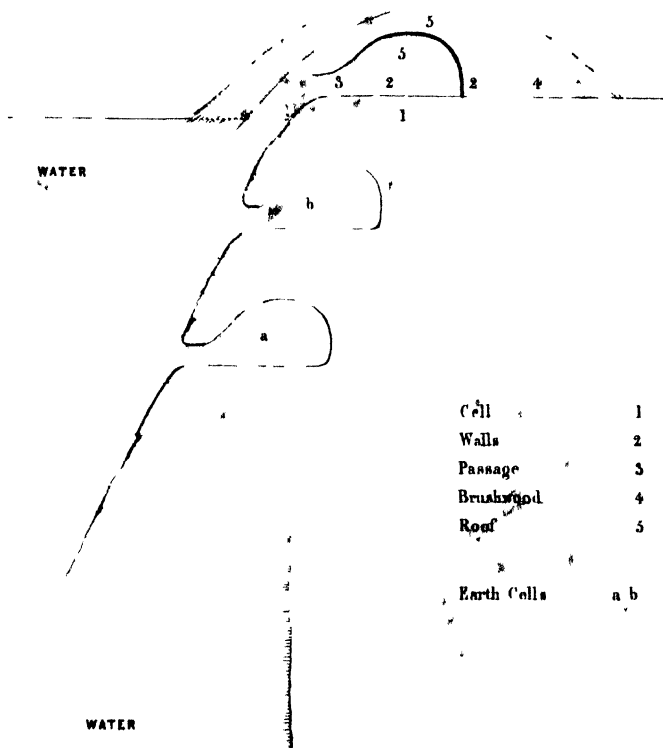
the lake Tisy, in which the killed of ducks, divers, and other wild fowl, amounted to 1025 head.

These water-drivings are performed in large "*jagd-schiffen*," or hunting-boats, of which there are sometimes employed from fifty to sixty, well armed with sportsmen and large batteries of guns. They are accompanied by a band of forest-horns, the melody of which is finely re-echoed from the surrounding woods, and the fleet being formed into a circle, in the manner of the "*kreise*," or ring-beats before noticed, presses the ducks into the centre, till at last, taking flight in a dense cloud, they are brought down in showers by a universal discharge from the surrounding tainchel of boats. This attack is several times repeated, for the ducks again descending on another side of the lake, as soon as they have settled into some tranquillity, the boats divide, and again form round them a distant circle, which as before closes its circuit, and moves them slowly into the centre for a repetition of the slaughter.

There is another method of shooting wild-geese, which, according to the foresters, is peculiar to the lakes of Wittingau, and unpractised in any other part of Germany. It is well known to all jägers, that when geese perceive a dog on the strand, they will swim towards it; upon this they have founded a species of decoy. All wild fowl being accustomed to keep the lee-water under a windward shore, trenches within shot of their resort are dug on various quarters of the lake, and before daylight, when the birds are out feeding, the sportsmen, accompanied by a well-trained retriever, having observed the direction of the breeze, proceed to the sheltered strand, and post themselves in their battery. As soon as the geese have descended within a convenient distance, they send out the dog, which works with great sagacity on the shore, until he has attracted the attention of the flock, and, as it gathers after his motions, decoys it towards the trench, until it is brought within range, when it is saluted with a volley, by which from forty to a hundred geese and ganders are spread motionless, or flapping in the water. The wounded are immediately pursued in little skiffs, and it may be imagined that the retriever is rewarded for his address by an abundant share in the sport.

FIG 1

5 5



Cell	1
Walls	2
Passage	3
Brushwood	4
Roof	5

Earth Cells a b

FIG. II



These varieties of wood and lake game in the moorland forests of Wittingau unite a diversity of sport rarely combined in the same range; but the most interesting of their productions are the beavers, which are found in no other part of the Austrian states, and here, breed principally on the Neulach, the Miser, and the Luschnitz, tributaries of the Moldau; they live in single families far removed from each other, as the stronger always expel the weaker from their neighbourhood. They are now strictly preserved, but, as the streams which they inhabit are march waters, their numbers are continually diminished by the people of the neighbouring seignories.

Although the cabins of the Bohemian beavers do not equal the *descriptions* of those celebrated by naturalists and travellers, their construction is truly extraordinary. The architectural ingenuity, however, of the animal is not employed except when he is expelled from the channel of the rivers by floods. In the ordinary state of the streams he lies during the day in a cavity, which he scoops within the bank, near the surface of the water, concealed from sight, but ready to drop into the current at the first alarm; hence it is extremely difficult to surprise him in his cell.

To maintain his proximity to the water, according to its rise or fall, he has various tiers of chambers, at successive heights above each other, [a. b. Fig. I.,] and, according to the elevation of the river, he inhabits that which is nearest to its level; but when it overflows its banks, and he is thus expelled from all his cells, he retires to the summit, where he builds a habitation on the margin of the channel. This extraordinary fabric is an oval cell walled with wattled clay, roofed with osiers, boughs, and grass, and covered with a thick cone or husk of brushwood laid over the whole, as exhibited by the section 4, Fig. I. The site is generally chosen upon an island, or an inlet of the shore, where the stream sets over to the opposite bank, and returns a back-water to the house, thus protecting the building, and facilitating the entrance of the inhabitants. The interior of the cell [1 Figs. I. II.] is about two feet six inches in height, five feet long, and three feet six inches wide. The floor is bedded with long dry grass; every protruding point or twig in the walls and roof is

by the animals with their teeth, and the whole is so even and symmetrical that it resembles a well-built oven. The walls are formed with layers of strong osiers or willows, bedded and plastered with clay, and firmly beaten or reduced together, as if by the broad tail of the animal; but upright stakes driven into the earth, or any other interlacings of the osiers, have never been observed. The height of the walls is generally about fourteen inches, and at the sides their thickness is the same, but it is two or three inches less at the extremity of the cell, where the brushwood is six feet in radius, while at the sides it is little more than three. The roof is an elliptical dome, and its materials are so closely intermatted, that it is impenetrable to any rain which may descend through the exterior covering. This also, by the interpassing and interlaying of the whole ramification, is so perfectly compacted and knit together, in the manner of a bird's nest, that it exhibits an even convex mass, which, like the similar constructions of the American beaver, resembles a "*wigwam*," or Indian's hut. The height of the whole fabric is about four feet, the length of the base eighteen, and the breadth twelve. The entrance is a contracted elongation of the cell; walled and roofed like the dome, and extending to the river, is concealed by the projecting skirt of the brushwood, which dips into the water over its mouth. By this communication the animal passes unseen to the stream, and thus, though his angry grunt may be heard as he escapes through the passage, it is impossible to intercept him, as, without appearing, he dives into the deep water, under the covert of the floating pent. When the flood subsides he returns to his chambers in the channel, and, as the stream sinks, descends from one to another, so that he may always be near the brim, ready to drop instantaneously into the water upon the first alarm.

As far as has been observed, the Moldau beaver subsists on the bark of trees, of which he prefers that of the aspen and the willow, but will eat that of oaks and fruit trees. In harvest he makes a great provision for the winter, collecting boughs of the above woods, which he draws to his cabin, and, cutting into small pieces with his teeth, lays up in his magazine. When shoots or small trees are not within his reach, he will

cut down aspens and willows from twelve to twenty-four inches in diameter, and, severing the branches, divides them into convenient lengths, and drawing them down the water to the entry of his hut, stores what may be contained within its passage. The depredations thus committed by a family are so extensive, that in one instance observed by the Herr Heirowsky, forst-meister of Frauenberg, such a number of logs were collected, that, when floated away by the water, they dammed up the stream, and diverted its course into another channel. The Moldau beaver has never been known to take fin-fish, which are very plentiful in his streams : it is, however, supposed that he preys upon craw-fish, since it is remarked that, in the burns which he inhabits, their numbers are very few, while in those of the neighbourhood, which he does not frequent, they are abundant. In a domestic state he will readily eat fruits and bread. During the severity of the winter he appears to sleep without eating ; for he is never seen abroad, nor is his gnawing heard within his house.

The beaver is now taken only by the trap called "teller-eisen," which is formed by two plates of iron, and, like our vermin stamps, is hinged together, having a spring, by the release of which, while distended, the valves are suddenly closed. When set, it is placed in the tracks of the animal, and the plates being spread flat with the ground, are retained in that position by a check, which being let off by the tread of the animal, the wings fly up and "nip" the unsuspecting perambulator in their iron jaws. Formerly the beaver was taken by the "*prugel-fallen*," an old wood-snare, which is exactly represented in Rüdinger's paintings, but now disused.

The forest of Krumau adjoins that of Wittingau, separated only by inconsiderable extents of coppices and cultivated fields. Its woods are all "Ur-wald," or wild open forest, covering fifty thousand Austrian "jochs," of which ten thousand are of aboriginal growth ; and the whole extends over five hundred square miles of fine mountainous country, abounding in excellent pasture, and surrounded by prolific plains. From this wealth of provision, extent of freedom, and diversity of range, the deer are of the finest character ; and both in head and venison far superior to those of the neighbouring forests. Strik-

ing evidences of this superiority are given in the horns and weight preserved in the collection, or registered in the forest archives of Frauenberg ; among which *all* of the latter most remarkable, and of the former, *all* the heads of twenty-two and twenty-four points, five in seven of twenty, and six in fifteen of eighteen points, were killed in the forest of Krumau ; and, at the present day, when a superior great hart appears in the forests of Wittingau or Frauenberg, he is immediately recognised as a Krumau deer.

Wild-boars are no longer preserved at Krumau, as no board-park is now kept up by the Prince except at Frauenberg ; and in 1818 the deer, and all the free game upon the frontier, were killed off, by his order, to prevent the continual inroads and slaughters committed by the Bavarian smugglers and poachers. Fallow-deer are maintained in their thier-garten, or game-park, near the castle ; and in the neighbouring hill-forest of the Blanskerwald are four thousand six hundred jochs of inclosed woods, in which are preserved a head of sixty red-deer.

The wolves and bears were reduced with those in the neighbouring seigniories ; and of the former, none now remain except an accidental, and, perhaps, Carpathian wanderer. Of the last, however, there still remain a very few, which are never shot, and permitted to retain their solitary haunts in the deep recesses of the Böhmerwald.

The forest of Winterberg extends from the marches of Krumau towards the Bavarian frontier, stretching over the mountain ranges of the Blanskerwald and the Böhmerwald, the hills of which are equal to those of our Highland forests ; but, like all the milder continental chains, their vegetation reaches much higher, and is far more verdant than in our island region. Kubani, the highest, is a towering isolated cone, rising 4280 feet above the level of the sea, and, stretching out in various directions, its cloudy shoulders covered with mighty woods. Abounding in range, shelter, and provision, Winterberg was always a stronghold of fine mountain deer. On the eastern declivities of Kubani the Princess Eleonore often held her hunting-trysts, and it was there that, on the 17th of October 1732, she killed, with her own "rohr," the twelve stags whose heads now decorate the great hall of Wohrad.

The deer were numerous through all the free woods of the forest until the year 1818, when, with those of Krumau, they shared in the general proscription issued against the frontier game, in consequence of the impossibility of protecting them from the Bavarians, who not only slaughtered the harts, but sometimes killed the jägers by whom they were defended.

The wild-boars, bears, and wolves, were formerly numerous in Winterberg; but the latter were exterminated with those of Frauenberg, and the boars, having no inclosed park, were killed off on account of their ravages.

The habitations of the great forests of Prince Schwarzenberg—allowing for the vast disparity of wealth in their proprietors—are still, in character, what those of the Highland forests were three hundred years ago. What they still would have been, had Scotland remained a sovereign and ununited kingdom; or even had there been no civil war—no Cromwell, '15 nor '45—not the solitary bothies, and peasant huts of deserted wildernesses, but the ancient baronial seats of the surrounding Lordships, each attended by the dependant “burg,” which, like Krumau, Frauenberg, and Winterberg, in the Böhmerwald, and the “castle-towns” of Brae-Mar, Strath-Spey,* Kilchurn, Braan, Blair, and other of our Highland chieftainries, had gathered under the protection, or for the supply and service of the feudal fortress of their lord.

The oldest of the great hunting castles of the Schwarzenberg forests is that of Winterberg, which is situated on a steep and woody hill, surrounded by the great deer “wald,” and overlooked by the heights retiring towards the mountain ridges and mighty woods of Kubani. Its walls command the town, which bears its name, and lies in a narrow and verdant valley, watered by the Wollinka and the Wattawa, the last of which descends from its hills in deep and romantic falls. The original castle was named Haselberg, and its date is of unknown antiquity. The ruins of its principal structure—a round massy keep, and part of its moat, and rampart, remain above the subsequent fortalice; a large and venerable “schloss” of various styles and ages, separately intrenched within its own ditch and

* Baille-casteal, now Grant-town, adjoining Castle-Grant.

walls. The oldest part of this building is on the north side, and incloses the chapel and a square keep, which stands on a projecting craig commanding the valley. Adjoining to this division, the latter building, a work of the middle of the seventeenth century, contains the great hall, and, with the elder structure, forms two spacious courts.

Of the old chateau of Frauenberg we have before noticed the foundation in 1702. Its magnitude, and the elder character of its massy German style, induced one of the last English travellers, by whom it was seen, to call it an "ancient feudal fortress;" and it is possible that, with the work of Maggie, there might have been retained some part of the middle-age baronial castle. The whole pile, however, has now disappeared, and given place to a modern Gothic castle of extraordinary magnificence, the designs for which were directed and chosen by the Prince himself, who, attended by an architect to collect details, visited the finest castellated remains of France, England, and Scotland, from the various features of which he selected the materials for his present princely hunting schloss.

The situation of this superb pile is magnificently placed upon an eminence of the mid-forest hills, and commanding a noble view over the great plain of Budweis, studded with a hundred villages, and brightened by the windings of the Moldau, and the mirror of many a small lake. From this eminence, as far as the eye can reach, on every side the view stretches over the rich and vast seigniories of the Prince of Schwarzenberg; and, when it is bounded by the mountain forests of the Böhmerwald, leaves an increased consciousness of the territory still extending beyond their dark cloud to the confines of Austria and Bavaria.

All the magnificence and beauty of Frauenberg cannot, however, diminish the august interest of the ancient baronial chateau of Krumau. This immense, venerable, and splendid pile of buildings—a village of antique fortalice and modern palace—justly sustains the admiration of the Bohemians, who say, "He that has not seen Krumau, has not seen the first baronial monument of the kingdom."

It is true, the architectural traveller must not expect the castellated features of the olden British, French, Rhenish, and

Italian fortresses,—the battlements and machicoules, towers, turrets, and bartizans of Warwick, Chillon, Heidelberg, Schloss-Eltz, and the various “Udolphi” which still exist beyond the Alps. Like almost all our own baronial castles which have escaped the rage of civil and religious revolution, or the waste of time, dilapidation, and neglect, it has shared the modernising humiliation which has shorn the embattled fronts of our own fortalices, and converted almost all of their time, except Glammis and Fyvie, into the bald barns, or white factory-faced cubes of Braan, Blair, and Castle-Grant.—Yet, notwithstanding all the abasements of latter times—the barbarism of the Hussites—the depravity of fashion, which, with the plumes and the “pall,” the jewels and the arms of their lords—divested the feudal edifices of their towers and battlements, and all the architectural insignia of the age and arts of chivalry—Krumau, after three centuries of mutation, is a magnificent and princely pile of ancient grandeur and modern splendour, which carries back the mind to the presence of the middle-ages—and the vision of a long and illustrious succession of times and their events.

Like all the fortresses of the olden day, it rises over its dependant town, and both are beautifully embosomed in the deep valley of the Moldau*—surrounded by woody heights, and a range of romantic hill-forest, which hides them from the view, till they appear at once from the gorge of the river, or the summit of an approaching hill. The castle is built upon a rocky peninsula, formed within the junction of the Blaterbach and the Moldau, by the last of which it is separated from the town. The entrance is by a grated gateway, surmounted by the arms of Schwarzenberg;† and the outer court, still named

* The Moldau is the principal river of Bohemia after the Elbe. Through the forest seignories of Prince Schwarzenberg, it is divided into two branches, one of which descends from Bavaria, and is called the “Cold Moldau,” and the other, from Winterberg, is named the “Warm Moldau.” Both unite in the lordship of Krumau, in a morass 600 jochs in extent, and in which its torpid waters are called the “Dead Moldau.” This vast sponge is, however, now under process of drainage, and on the lower side, the channel for carrying off its waters is sufficiently advanced to convey small rafts of timber, a great supply of which is continually floated from the forests of Prince Schwarzenberg to Prague, the Elbe, and all the lower country of Bohemia, upon the line of those rivers.

† This decoration is of that beautiful open iron work, once the taste of all Europe, but which, now as a living art lost in Great Britain, is fast disappear-

the "Tummel-Platz," or "Tilt-yard," is surrounded by antique buildings, upon one of which, ascended by an exterior stair, is a stone gallery, decorated with escutcheons of arms, and still memorialised by the tradition of the "cloth of gold," and "damask pall," and the plumes and the surcoats which filled its seats at the spectacle of the days when the last jousts were held below. The Tummel-Platz is separated from the second court, not only by the range of intervening buildings, but a moat still called the "Bearen-grube," or bears' ditch, from the bruises to which, as at Frauenberg, it served for a "bear-garden" until the beginning of the present century; and on the court side it is yet inclosed by the parapet erected for their confinement. Originally, the moat was crossed by a draw-bridge, but this is now superseded by a stone arch, the breast-walls of which are ornamented by two statues of the Holy Virgin and of St Joseph.

The gateway of this bridge still bears the arms of the ancient possessors of Krumau, the great and powerful Counts of Rosenberg, and Princes of Eggenberg.* The court beyond is in on the Continent. In Prague, Ratisbon, Nurnberg, and other antique German towns and circles, it may, however, still be found in some of the gateways, windows, and gardens grilles of the old convents, schlosses, and burghoffs, and sometimes, rusty and disregarded, they exhibit elaborate examples, which—coeval with, and partaking the style of the same period, in works of the needle and the pillow—may be called *iron "point-lace."*

* According to tradition, the Rosenbergs were the oldest known possessors of Krumau, and originating in the Ursini of Italy, fled from that country before the Huns of Attila, and came into Bohemia anterior to the Slaves. By an inscription upon an old gate tower, the town of Krumau was fortified in the year 1000, and the castle is believed to have been its parent. Though driven into exile, the branch of the Ursini, which settled in Bohemia, is said to have been very rich and eminently gallant, and by their wealth and distinction, acquired those great possessions round the plain of Budweis, which afterwards became the duchy of Krumau. The origin of their subsequent name of Rosenberg is said to have been occasioned by one of the lords of the family, who, having five sons, gave them each for their arms a five-leaved rose, distinguished by variations in the tinctures and metals of the blazons. This, however, is one of those heraldic decorations with which the pursuivants of the middle-ages were pleased to illuminate their art. In the midst of the vast territories of the family, there is a town named "Rosenberg," or Rosehill,—and there is no doubt, that when surnames became prevalent in common with the numerous instances derived from territorial possession, the family assumed its name from its residence in this place. The Comtes of Rosenberg continued the possessors of Krumau and all its vast dependencies, until the year 1603, when Peter Wok, the last of his race, having no children, on consideration of 422,000 *schock melismisch*,¹ or 492,333 florins, and the remission of all debts and dues

¹ An old coin, so named from the duchy of Meissen, where it was first
 2 T 40 922 *Rs.* sterling. British.

named the Garde-Platz, from the garde-de-corps of the castle, which is on the south side; and within the gateway is a fire-place, now built up, but which was formerly used for the guard on duty. In the place of the bill-men or harquebussers, who might once have been seen in that service, it is now performed by a company of grenadiers, who wear the uniform of the Prince, white faced with dark blue. The north and east buildings of this quadrangle are painted in grissaille fresco, and mythological subjects, in which certain honest people, better acquainted with the Hradschin than Olympus, have believed that they recognised St Wenzel, King Charles, and other Bohemian worthies. The interior is occupied by employés, the chamber of archives, the chancery, or bureau of the administration of the duchy of Krumau, and the "Oekonomisches Institut," or "Economical Institution," an establishment founded by Joseph II. of Schwarzenberg, for the education of the chamberlains, factors, and foresters of the domains.

This quarter of the castle is the most ancient; and in its southern angle, upon a precipitous rock above the Moldau, is the watch-tower, one of those tapering barrels of the Byzantine style, familiar in the mid continent; and of which—though for their purpose more slender in proportions and humble in

to the crown, surrendered to the Emperor Rudolph the whole of his vast territories, excepting the gold and silver mines of Budweis and Ratiboric. In Peter Wok, the line of the Rosenbergs became extinct, and its seignories acquired by the crown after a possession of 21 years, on the 16th January 1623, were granted by Ferdinand II. to Francis Ulric, Baron Von Eggenberg, and in the same year, for his great services rendered to the Emperor, he was raised to the dignity of Duke of Krumau and Prince of Eggenberg, with all the privileges of his predecessors in Krumau, and every other pertaining to a palatine of the Empire. These new dignities, however, were not of long duration; for, in the beginning of the 18th century, this family also came to extinction. In 1696, John Christian, the last prince, having married Maria Ernestina, daughter to Prince Adam of Schwarzenberg, and having no children, nor any relations excepting his brother, John Seyfried, and his nephew, John Anthony, bequeathed in liferent to his princess the whole of Krumau and its dependencies, with the house on the Hradschin in Prague, and after her, to his nephew, John Anthony, in case that he survived; but if he predeceased, upon the death of the princess, the whole to fall to her nephew, Adam Francis Karl, Prince of Schwarzenberg. By an extraordinary fatality, John Christian died in 1710, John Seyfried in 1713, his son, John Anthony, in 1716, and in the same year, the son of this latter John Christian, the last of the race of Eggenberg. Upon the extinction of this house, as before mentioned, the duchy of Krumau and all its vast and princely dependencies, descended to Adam Francis Karl, Prince of Schwarzenberg, and the illustrious huntress his Princess, Eleonora of Lobkowitz, with whose descendants they have come down to the present day.

style—those of Brechin and Ireland are the remains in Great Britain. The summit is encircled by a gallery ornamented with human and lions' heads, and surrounded by nineteen pillars supporting one of those semi-oriental copper covered roofs, which characterize the architecture of Germany, Bohemia, Poland, and Russia, and which have, unlappily, superseded the turrets, cap-houses, and battlements of the middle-ages. Within the tower is the great alarm-bell, the clock, and the lodging of the warder, who, in addition to the "horloge," announces the hours by sound of trumpet, and rings the fire-signals for the conflagrations so frequent in the Bohemian villages. Those whose imagination has been awakened by Schiller's beautiful poem of "The Bell," may follow in conjecture the various warnings with which the alarm-bell of Krumau has vibrated through the centuries in which it has hung in that tower, since the day of the foundation, commemorated on its metal in the following legend :—

"Anno Domini MCCC. Sexto mense mai, comparata est hec campana, per nobilem Dominum Henricum de Rosenbergch, filium Ulrici, ad honorem omnipotentis Dei, et Genitricis ejus intemerate, qua intitulatur Maria Regina celi lactare. Alleluia. Zdarž bože."*

On the west side of the Garde-Platz is the main body of the castle—a vast pile of buildings, containing the suites of the princely apartments, the armoury, the library, the picture-gallery, and the chapel. This mass, though more than three hundred years old, is now called the "*Neue-Schloss*," or new castle, in distinction from the more ancient division; and is separated from the second court by the west line of the moat, which circumscribed the original fortress. The communication was formerly by a drawbridge, but this has been replaced by a mound and covered way ascending to the gateway of the third court, which still bears the arms of its ancient possessors, the Lords of Rosenberg. From the third court another gateway gives entrance to the fourth, the reparations of which are commemorated upon an oriel bearing several escutcheons

* The last two words are Bohemian, and signify "God prosper." ,

charged with the arms and ensigns of the great re-edifier of Krumau and its town, Peter the Second of Rosenberg, and his Comtesse, Elizabeth von Krawar, who erected these memorials in 1505. The walls of the great stair which ascends from the third court are emblazoned with the arms of all the noble and princely possessors of Krumau, and the apartments are furnished with all the magnificence of modern, and much of the remains of olden luxury. The principal suite is terminated by a gallery, which projects over a breathless height of wall and precipice descending into the Moldau, and gives a noble view over the fortress, the valley, and the castle park. On the north side of the building a similar gallery looks upon the meadows of the Blaterbach and the dale of the "Hirsch-Graben," or stags' hollow, now stocked with herds of roe deer.

Those, however, who participate in the sentiment of the old Moorish legend over a window in the Alhambra—who would exclude the beauties of nature, that they might not distract the admiration of art—will turn with deeper interest to the "Rust-Kammer," or armoury. In the "saals" of this noble suite are contained antique treasures, which would have bewildered the eyes of Jonathan Monkbarns with envy and desire: Figures of men-at-arms in harness of plate or mail, and weaponed with swords, partizans, or iron-studded clubs, and shields emblazoned with the arms of the ancient Lords of Krumau. Around these are ranged, in various trophies, banners, lances, pikes, halberds, morning-stars, and iron-mounted flails, heralds' batons, gilt tournament lances, used probably in the Tummel-platz of the castle, and every species of fire-arm, match-locks, wheel-locks, snap-huhns, dags, pistolettes, and hagbuts with their rests. On the walls are displayed morions, skulls, swords, battle-axes, back-plates and breast-plates, touch-boxes and bullet moulds, cross-bows, kettle-drums, pitch-rings, and chevaux-de-frize; and on the floor are ranged small pieces of artillery with their balls, and demi-falcons or long slender cannon, one of which bears the arms of Rosenberg. and the date 1608. In the third "saal" is the state-carriage in which John Anthony, Prince of Eggenberg, and Ambassador to the Holy See, made his entry into Rome in November 1638. The frame and body of this antique vehicle is richly decorated

with gilding and carving; the interior lined with crimson velvet, and covered by a canopy of the same material, supported by four pillars and four gilt figures: near the carriage is suspended the harness for the twelve horses by which it was drawn, and which is of crimson mounted with gilt agrappes and appendages. In the same division are hung velvet doublets, saddles, and housings, specimens of the finest hunting arms, mounted with jewels, and beautifully damasked, with forest horns of all kinds, from the rich "*jagd-horn*" of wrought metal, through varieties of the "*wild-horn*," or simple woodman's ox-horn, once common all over Europe, and still used both by "*gentles*" and *jägers* in the great "*tainches*" of Germany.* In the same "*saal*" with these are collected various miscellaneous curiosities and memorials, among which are the machinery and dies for striking money, according to the right of coinage possessed by the ducal and princely possessors of Kruman, until the beginning of the present century. Near to the winch and the stamps by which they were struck are two small crystal caskets, containing a chronological collection of the gold and silver pieces issued by the houses of Rosenberg, Eggenberg, and Schwarzenberg, from the ore of their own mines in Budweis and Rutiboric. The first "*saal*" of the armoury is lighted by an illuminated window of fine old stained glass, and the ceiling of the third and fourth is covered by emblazoned needlework; in the one, a rich housing embroidered with the arms of Schwarzenberg, and the other, a splendid cloth of gold tapestry wrought with those of Eggenberg.

The last, and one of the most conspicuous, historical memorials in the suite is the charger "*Favorite*," presented to the late Prince Field-Marshal by the Grand Equery of Austria, Prince Trautmansdorf, and which, ridden by her illustrious master in his three last campaigns, followed his funeral-car as the "*Trauer-pferd*," or mourning steed.

* Their principal use is now in the great hare-battues, in which, as in the days of "*Gifford*" and "*Twaty*," and their master King Edward, they are carried by the sportsmen and drivers to prevent their being separated and scattered in the covers, to loss of their time and direction, and the disturbance and dispersion of the game. The necessity for such a communication is frequently necessary in *tainches*, sometimes combining a thousand or fifteen hundred beaters.

If such are the scenes for admiration and curiosity within the castle, there are others in the rock beneath its foundations, where the imagination of the antiquary and the speculator will find no less interest when he stands, in the midst of the same associations, and looks on the same objects as those on which the mind wrought, and the eye looked, three, four, perhaps *ten*, hundred years ago.* Under the schloss, as at Baden, and various other fortresses of the same period, there is a labyrinth of vaults and dungeons, partly hewn out of the rock, and partly constructed in the foundation of the buildings. Among the former, on the north side of the range, is one in which, according to tradition, Wenzel IV., the murderer of St John Nepomuck, was confined for a day and a night, after he was taken prisoner by the Margrave of Moravia at Beraun. It is a dry spacious cell, lighted by a narrow window which looks out over the steep descending on the deer-park; the rock wall, through which this aperture is pierced, is twelve feet in thickness, and on the left side of its recess is painted a crucifix, and beneath it the following inscription in old German—

Wer allhier etwas wekh thut nemen
Schwerlich wirdt in himel kemen.

J.

S.†

He who aught from here shall take,
Little may hope in Heaven to wake.

From this warning, it has been thought that the chamber thus placed under the protection of the cross, was the "*Schatz-kammer*," or treasure-vault of the castle. This, however, is contradicted by the insecurity of a window; and it is more probable that it was one of the store-crypts of the fortalice. As in all similar subterranean ranges, most of the other cells were, doubtless, constructed for the same purpose—granaries, cellars, larders, and such magazines; and in the roofs of some—as in factories of the present day—are apertures, such as used for the descent

* According to an inscription upon one of the old towers of the town, Krumau was fortified in the year 1000, and the castle is believed to have been its parent.

† Probably the initials of "Jesu Salvator."

of stores, but which the modern imagination, teeming with romance and fable, converts into "traps" for the letting down of captives, like Jeremiah into the pit under "Jonathan's house." There are, however, pertinent evidences of the ancient, in those of the modern use; for, at the present day, the upper range of "dungeons" serves for the *cellars* of the castle, from which those who have tasted the hospitality of Krumau are prepared to bear grateful testimony as to what manner of captives are incarcerated in its vaults.

Had all the lovers of the marvellous seen the larders in which the Spencer preserved his winter store of "six hundred salted muttons;"* or the "dungeons" where even the Hebridean chiefs laid in the "tuns" of claret to which they were at last limited by the acts of the Privy Council;† or had they even visited the cellarage of the modern chateau of Troja,‡ into which the wine-waggon drive, and wherein a London dray might turn; they would better understand the subterranean architecture of Krumau and Baden.

Near the Kreuz-kammer is another, something lower, in which is a profound shaft descending in the solid rock. By some, this chasm has been thought natural; by others, the castle well; and, it need not be told, by others,—like the shaft of Baden,—a mysterious abyss for some unknown horrors. As at Baden, Kokerschin,§ and other elevated fortresses, however, it was undoubtedly a shaft for expeditious and direct descent to the level of the river, and its vale below,—in ordinary circumstances, for the elevation of stores and the facility of access, and in times of danger, for communication and escape. Thus we have no doubt, that if the shaft of Krumau was explored, a passage would be found conducting to the Moldau. In casting down a stone, it is several seconds before the sound of its fall is returned from the dry and rocky bottom; and lights and persons have been lowered, but they have never yet been able to reach the depth, from the presence of the noxious air, which extinguishes the flame, and endangers the respiration.

* Hume's Hist. of England.

‡ Near Prague.

† Rec. Priv. Coun. July 26, 1616.

§ Near the Elbe beyond Meinick.

The body of the castle, and the rock in which this artesian way, no doubt, served for the same purpose as the souterrain in the wood to Reynalt de Montalban,* is separated from the "mainland" by a precipitous chasm descending to the level of the river. By some, this rugged moat has been thought an intrenchment hewn in the rock; but it is undoubtedly only one of those deep mural, but natural gulfs, such as, on the Elbe, have been formed, by geological causes, to a much more artificial appearance. Its formidable insularation, however, was most probably one of the original inducements for the fortification of the site within. Until the beginning of the last century, the chasm was crossed by a drawbridge, but, in 1743, Joseph I. of Schwarzenberg connected its opposite brinks by a covered bridge of buildings, called the "Mantel-brücke." This giant's way is a massy viaduct, constructed upon four tiers of arches, supporting as many successive galleries, of which the lowest is an open cloistered corridor, leading to the fifth court, and those above close windowed passages, of which, by the succession of the levels, and the buildings on the opposite bank, the *lowest* leads to the *theatre*, and the *highest* to the *garden*. On the parapet, between the arches of the open gallery, are placed the statues of St Anthony, St Wenzel, St Francis Seraph, and St John Nepomuck, the tall white figures of which have a "weird" effect, when, illuminated by the partial gleam of a stormy moon, they appear standing above the abyss, between the shadowy masses of the castle, as they recede into the darkness, like embattled shadows of the clouds around them.

By the Mantel-brücke, and the succeeding court, the passenger issues from the castle-girth, and, from the heights beyond, may look to the dark cloud of the forests of which the fortress has been the lord for so many centuries.

In the notices of those "Waldes," and their chateaux, the "woodsman" cannot pass over the recollection of their once celebrated huntress, the Princess Eleonore, of whom we have had occasion to make such frequent mention. This noble lady was the wife of Adam Carl, Prince of Schwarzenberg, and

* Froissart, Chron. Angl., by Lord Berners. II. fol. xlviil.

daughter to Prince Lobkowitz, chief of that name. She was born on the 20th of June 1682, and distinguished by her beauty and goodness, and the nobility and grace of her manners. Previous to her union, she was appointed by the Empress Amelia, Kammerfräulin, or Maid of Honour; and on the 1st of December 1701, her marriage was celebrated with great splendour in Vienna. In 1717 her husband inherited from his aunt, Maria Ernestina, the Duchy of Krumau, by which the great forests of that magnificent territory were united to those of Frauenberg, with which they marched.

The conjunction of these splendid domains combined vast ranges for hunting; and every kind of chase which they afforded was pursued and improved by the Prince, who was so ardent a "woodsman," that, in his portrait in the Ahnen-Saal at Krumau, though painted in state, in the robes of the Golden-Fleece, he is represented with a little hooded merlin on the table at his side. The Princess shared in all his passion for the forests; and often in a rich hunting-dress, with a "rohr" in her hand, she accompanied him through their deep recesses, regardless of the wolves and bears with which they then abounded. In the woods of Frauenberg and Krumau the jägers still show the stands and passes where she waited for the black-cock, capercaillies, deer, and wild-boars; and of the success of her rifle many memorials are preserved among the antlered trophies on the walls of the great hunting Schloss of Wohrad. Of these the most remarkable are the head of the gigantic hart* on the corridor of the second story, and twelve others in the third row above the second tier of windows in the Great Hall; and which were killed by her in the forest of Winterberg in one day—the 27th of September 1732. Among the amounts of "Hoch-wild" and "Schwarz-wild" shot by her in some remarkable hunts, the following returns are entered in the forest archives of Krumau and Frauenberg:

Year.	Deer.	Wild-Boars.
1730—September 2. By the Prince and Princess alone, in the woods of the Vorderstiften, near the Geis and Brentenberg,—stage,		
11; hinds, 2; calves, 1; wolf, 1,	14	—

* Of which, as before noticed, the weight was fifty-one stones.

Year.	Deer.	Wild-Boars.
1732—By the Princess at two hunts in Krumau,	51	—
1733—By the Princess at two hunts in Krumau,— 15 stags, 6 hinds,	21	—
1734—By the Princess in two hunts at Krumau,— 43 stags, 18 hinds,	61	—
1734—By the Princess in one hunt on the Pürst in Frauenberg,—8 stags, 3 hinds, 1 calf, 8 fallow deer,	20	—
1737—January 1. By the Princess, at Frauenberg, on the Pürst in the Alt-thier-garten, and Wellechwein,	—	5
1737—January 5. By the Princess, at Frauen- berg, in the Alt-thier-garten,—3 hinds, 1 fallow doe, 41 wild-boars, 22 hogs and sounders,	4	63
1737—August 14. By the Princess in Wellechwein, —9 stags, 2 hinds, 1 roe-buck, 29 wild-boars, old and young,	12	29

Incredible as these numbers may appear, they are officially vouched by the entries in the forest records; and are explained by the fact, that the greater amounts were killed in “Gespertejagen,” or “close-hunts;” that is, in “tainches,” in which divisions of the woods were inclosed by the jägers with “jadgzeugen,” or hunting barriers of sailcloth; which, when the deer and boars were driven, forced them into the passes kept by the Princess. The cause of this slaughtering practice is explained by a peculiar occasion. In the foregoing notices of the forest of Frauenberg it has been mentioned, that before 1733 the deer had increased to such a head, that, for their destruction on the crops, great annual ameliorations were paid in *game*; and that, in one year, *sixty-five* deer were distributed among the villages on the Lordship. It will be observed, that the immense counts of the Princess were contemporary with the excess of “hoch-wild,” and only continued for the six following years; they were, therefore, her share in the annual destructive chasse held for the reduction of the deer, and the remuneration of the villagers.

About the latter period of the above dates, it is also observed, that the wild-boar had begun to increase in the free forest to an extent which caused the Princess to reduce the days of

feudal service, and pay annually large ameliorations in money; the amounts, therefore, of the "Schwarz-wild," in the last two years of the entries, also coincides with the extraordinary occasion for their reduction.

The favourite gun used by the Princess—and probably one which contributed to the above slaughters—is preserved in the armoury at Krumau; and her picture, in her hunting-dress, is in the third room of the suite containing the collection of family portraits, and called the "Ahnensaal," or Ancestral Hall.* In this painting she is represented seated on a bank, with a fowling-piece in her hand, a heap of pheasants at her feet, and two greyhounds at her side. Her dress is a pale blue damask jupon, richly laced with gold, and over it the collarless waistcoat and broad-skirted coat worn by gentlemen in the time of Louis XV., of the same material and colour, lined with white satin, and richly laced with broad gold point d'Espagne. The rest of her costume is equally en chasseur—a close black stock, embroidered ruffles, a powdered wig, and a cocked-hat, bordered with white feathers, and laced like her dress. To those prepossessed with the traditions of her fame, this habit will not do justice to their associations; but the generosity of her character, and the charms of her person, are still evinced by the admiration and regard with which she is remembered by the dependants familiar with her memory in the scenes of her former life, and by whom she is rarely mentioned without the appellation of—"the good and beautiful Princess." If the painter has not done justice to her countenance, it expresses a noble and amiable mind, and the elevation of that free and happy spirit which dictated the lines written by her in the "Jägerbruderschafts-buch,"† or Hunting Album of Krumau.

* The portraits of the present princely family in the collection are lithographed in the folio work entitled, "Ahnensaal der Fürsten zu Schwarzenberg;" but the gallery contains not only those of all the successive princes, and many of the princesses of that name since their possession of Krumau, but those of its previous lords, the Comtes of Rosenberg and Princes of Eggenberg, with several of their ladies, and the emblazons of the coats of arms of each individual.

† The "Jägerbruderschaft" was a hunting fraternity founded by the Prince Adam Francis Carl, and still exists at Krumau, where its "schaft buch" is also kept.

“ Wer sein will von Unlust frei,
 Der thu sich mit Diana üben ;
 Ich lieb die edle jägerei,
 Drum kann mich nichts betrüben.”

You who would from care be free,
 Follow the chase by the greenwood tree ;
 There I love the hunter's glee,
 Which keeps all cankering thoughts from me.

This enjoyment, however, was at length converted into her grief. On the 10th of June, in the year 1732, her husband, having accompanied the Emperor, Charles VI., on a hunting party, near Brandeis, was mortally wounded by an accidental shot from the rifle of the Emperor, and died in a few hours. The ball struck the prince in the flank, and passed through his body ; and in the armoury at Krumau is preserved the coat in which he received the fatal shot—a thick “jagd-rock” of green stuff, lined with silk of the same colour ; and in the waist, on each side, is the hole of the ball, and on the lining a dark cloudy stain from the blood which flowed from the wound. The Emperor, by whom the prince was much beloved, was greatly grieved at his death, and his unhappy princess was plunged into inconsolable grief. Far, however, from sinking into despondency, she undertook the sole guardianship of her son and his great territories, and discharged this care with eminent prudence and decision ; but, opposed and misrepresented by the intrigues of false dependants and envious friends, who, jealous of her influence, alienated the friendship of the Emperor, her health was undermined by cares and exertions. In this melancholy and anxiety she had lost the source of elasticity and vigour which once animated her spirits. For a time, after the death of her husband, she still continued to pursue the chase which they had loved together, and in every haunt of which he was recalled ; and whatever wounds it revived, she still returned to its resort, in the spell that leads us to the scenes and occupations we have shared with those we love ; but at length only their sting remained, and the forest, in which she was now alone, became insupportable in the associations awakening in every step the days she had lost.

Dejected with sorrows, but calm and firm at the approach

of death, she employed her last hours in providing for all her old servants, bequests for various churches, and a rich endowment for the poor. She died at Vienna on the 5th of May 1741, but her body was conveyed to Krumau, where, according to her own directions, it was borne to the vault by twelve poor men, and on the monument erected by her son is the inscription dictated by herself:—

“Hier liegt die arme Sünderin Eleonore.
Betet für sie.”

“Here lies the poor sinner Eleonora.
Pray for her.”

The foregoing notices of the Bohemian forests having introduced mention of the capercallie, the black-cock, and the hazel-hen, we take this occasion to observe some of the errors and confusions which various continental naturalists have made and repeated in the nomenclature of the whole tribe of grouse.

“Quoique les noms ne soient pas les choses, cependant il arrive si souvent, et surtout en Histoire Naturelle, qu’une erreur nominale entraîne une erreur réelle, qu’on ne peut, ce me semble, apporter trop d’exactitude à appliquer toujours à chaque objet les noms qui lui ont été imposés.”* In neglect of this excellent maxim, the above named birds have been grossly confounded and miscalled; and, in spite of his own declaration, Buffon himself was led into much confusion and contradiction concerning them.

By their British and German names, and those of other countries where they are natives, the capercailzie and black-cock are perfectly defined; but by naturalists and sportsmen, who are not familiar with their species, or describe them by the names of languages foreign to themselves, the designations of the whole genus are confounded and inverted in the grossest disorder and contradiction. Thus, by some, all are reduced under the term of “*coq de bruyere*;”† by others they are equally generalized as “*coq de bois*;”‡ and by many their

* Hist. Nat. xvii. 244.

† Ib. 191, 210, 229.

‡ Ib. 191, 212, 227.

generic distinctions are transposed, and the "cock of the wood" is named the "*coq de bruyere*," the "*heath-cock*" the "*coq de bois*," and the *grouse* the "*coq noir*."*

This anarchy of terms is admitted by various eminent ornithologists, who ought to have made more exertions to obtain original information, and correct rather than follow the confusion of their predecessors. Buffon, in describing the *Attagas*, complains of his embarrassment,—"*à démêler les propriétés qui ont été attribuées péle-mêle aux différentes espèces d'oiseaux.*" Accordingly, in treating of the various kinds of grouse, though he has succeeded in discriminating the species, he has been entangled in an inextricable confusion of names, and added an original fault in his native tongue, by classing the cock of the wood, the black-cock, and the grouse, under the name of the second family,—The *coq de bruyere*. This is the less excusable, because, in speaking of the two first, he recognises the derivation of their proper names from their habits, acknowledging that the cock of the wood was generally and particularly named "*gallus silvestris*" and "*coq de bois*," from its universal habitation of the *forest*;† and the black-game, "*coq de bruyere*," from its common resort on *heaths*;‡ yet he rejected the first generic designation, and persisted in bringing under the family of *heath-cocks*§ a bird which never leaves the woods: and this anomalous error has become so generally adopted among sportsmen even in France, that, except in provinces where the bird is familiar, it is now commonly named "*le grand coq de bruyere*."||

Buffon, however, was so little acquainted with the three principal species of grouse, that he enters into a critical discussion to prove that the black-cock and moor-fowl are distinct tribes;¶ but in this definition, while he correctly discriminates their distinction, he is brought into an unhappy confusion of their names. From Gesner he repeats, that in Scotland the male of the *grouse* is called the *black-cock*, and the female the *grey-hen*,** and that, according to another nomenclature, it

* Hist. Nat. xvii. 191, 212, 227, 229.

† Ib. 191, 192.

‡ Ib. 216.

§ Ib. 191, 193, 194.

|| Musée des Chasseurs, i. 33, 8vo. Par. 1838.

¶ Hist. Nat. xvii. 211, 227.

** Ib. 212, 227, 229.

was a "*gallus silvestris*," or cock of the wood; to which he might have added a farther extension of its name and haunts in the designation of *coq de marais*, by which last, though the term would indicate a wood-cock, snipe, heron, or some other long-legged frequenter of morasses, is to be understood only the poverty of the French language to translate closely the term "moor-cock," the ordinary Scottish name for the grouse. This name, however, undergoes another and more extraordinary transmutation between the Highland hills and the foreign reader; for the naturalist, observing that its noun adjective signified both a *waste* and a *negro*, made choice of the last, and explained "*moor-fowl*" as "*pouille-moresque!*"*—"à cause," says the translator, "*de la couleur du male, qui est noir!*" This version might have been referred to the same origin with that of the celebrated sign in Oxford Street, "*The Green Man and Still*," and which was no less pertinently rendered, "*l'homme vert et tranquille*;" but the translator refers for his authority to Turner, and thus leaves the originality of the pun with the English ornithologist.† The name and its reasons, however, confirmed Buffon in the belief that the designations of "*moor-fowl*" and "*black-cock*" belonged to the same bird, though, had he availed himself of the British Post-Office, he would have learned that the former is peculiarly the grouse, his "*petit tetras à queue pleine*," and the latter as distinctively and universally the "*heath-cock*," or *coq de bruyere*, his "*petit tetras à queue fourchée*."

These confusions, however, are not so flagrant as the British aliases attributed by Buffon to the great wood grouse, or cock of the wood. In his synopsis of synonyms, at the head of the class, he omits the old and universal English and Scottish names, "*cock of the wood*" and "*capercailzie*," and for the first, substitutes "*cock of the mountain*,"‡ and for the last, "*coq de marais*."§ Where and when in England the great forest bird was named cock of the mountain, we leave to English ornithologists to determine; but it was probably in

* Hist. Nat. xvii. 211.

† Hist. Nat. 191.

† Ib. 211

‡ Ib. 194. Gesner de Avib. 231, 477.

the same times and places that the turtle-dove was known as the "*turk*," and "*turk-dove*."* In Scotland, however, if we had not reiterated acts of Parliament to establish the appellation of the capercailzie, we know that it never was or could have been called by a name so foreign to its habits as that of the "*moor-cock*."

But the errors of naturalists concerning grouse are not confined to their names, but, according to their common custom, of reducing various species into one, and dividing one into many. Buffon, though he laments this bewildering confusion in others, follows its example in Gesner† and Brisson,‡ and multiplies the grouse into *three* species:—1. The Petit Tetras à queue pleine; 2. The Gellinotte Ecosse; 3. The Attagas;§ which, while he divides it from the moor-fowl, he designates under the English synonym|| of "*red-game*."¶ It is surprising that he did not observe, in his own description of the attagas, and the second, "*petit tetras*," their identity not only with each other, but with the "*moor-fowl*" of Sibbald and Willoughby. Yet he was so far from discovering this unity established by Pennant,** that he reproaches Albin†† for giving to the attagas the name of "*coq de marais*,"‡‡ i. e., moor-cock. His ignorance of the whole species, however, was so great, that he supposed that all its varieties—capercailzies, black-cock, and *moor-fowl*—"*habitent également dans les forêts de pin et de boileaux*," and "*que ils se perchent sur les arbres*."§§

Although the hazel-hen has not suffered so many misnomers as the rest of the grouse tribe, it has shared in their confusion. It is a small variety of the wood species, unknown in Great Britain, but preserved in considerable numbers in various countries of the Continent. Though less in size, and more faintly coloured than the grouse, it resembles it in general character, whence Frisch and Charlton are reproved by Buffon for having confounded them as one kind. The diversity of their species, however, is distinctly marked by the inferior-

* Ib. 515.

† De Nat. Av. 231.

‡ Ornithol. 1. 199.

§ Hist. Nat. xvii. 227, 242, 252.

|| Wilson, Ornith.

¶ Hist. Nat. xvii. 252, 257. ** Pennant, Zool. Brit. p. 87, fol. Augsb. 1771,

pl. xxxviii.

†† Ornith. 128.

‡‡ Hist. Nat. xvii. 256.

§§ Ib. 230, 231.

ity of the red combs over the eyes of the hazel tribe, the black gorget on the neck of the cock, the plumage of the legs, which are only feathered half-way down the shank, and the nature of inhabiting woods, and perching in the trees. In marking the distinction of the legs, it is to be understood that we do not use the insensate jargon of naturalists, who name the *legs* "feet," and the *feet* "toes."

The hazel-hen is esteemed so great a delicacy, that in Latin it was called "*bonasia*," and in Hungary, "*Tschasar-madar*," or Cæsar's bird, as if, says Buffon, it was too delicate to be eaten except by emperors; and for similar admiration, Gesner declares that it is the only bird which might be served twice on royal tables.* In Bohemia, like lamb in other countries, it is much eaten at Easter, for which it is sent in presents; but, from its great esteem, and the difficulty of shooting, it rarely appears in the markets, being reserved for the tables of the seigniories where it is found. Its flesh is white when roasted, but it is pretended that on the breast it is of two colours; and Buffon observes, that some believed they could distinguish four different tints in the body. This is probably one of the fables which has descended to the bird from the ancients, by whom it was believed, or told, that the cocks laid eggs, which, hatched by frogs, produced *basilisks*; a fact which would have been more alarming, had we not learned from our own old Scottish hen-wives, that "*Frizzle-cocks*," kept for seven years, transform into cockatrices; the dread of which transfiguration has limited the life of divers honest fowls to *six* years. It is true that we have not known the wife who could depone to the metamorphoses; but Encelius described one of the frog fosterage which he had *seen*,† though, as remarked by Buffon, he does not testify to having observed the cock gellinotte *lay* the egg, nor the young reptile "*chip*" the shell.

The chase of the hazel-hen is principally made upon the same poaching practice as that pursued against the cock of the wood; *i. e.*, in the "*crowding*," or pairing-time, when the

* Ornith. 231.

† Gesner, Ornith. 230.

birds, regardless of approach, suffer themselves to be shot like barn-door fowls. If the cock is first killed, the hens, which were with him, soon return, bringing with them other cocks whom they attract; and from their desire to regain their mates, they will repeat this resort after the loss of several successive cocks; but if the hen is first killed, and the cock left, he will be attracted by others which he meets, and return no more. To increase the baseness of this assassination, the chasseurs attract the cocks by a call, imitating the cry of the hens, to which the former fly with great ardour, and are shot as soon as they have *perched*. In France the old sportsmen of the last century believed that the gellinottes had a propensity for horses; and, therefore, as in former goose-shooting, took with them a "stalking-horse," by which they expected to overcome the shyness of the birds. This practice, however, is now abandoned, for the same reason that children have relinquished their attempts to salt the tails of robins and sparrows.

The poaching practices against the hazel-hens are excused by the extreme difficulty of shooting them in any fair attack, owing to their vigilant shyness and obstinacy in concealment. Although inhabiting woods, during the day, like pheasants, they remain upon the ground, and run before dogs and beaters with a speed and perseverance which renders it very difficult to raise them; and if this is effected, which is rarely within shot or even sight, they fly to some distance, and, perching in the centre of a thick fir, or some other dense tree, sit close to the trunk, and maintain an obstinate immobility, while men and dogs weary themselves in their search. From their jealousy for birds of prey, they generally roost in the lowest and thickest branches, and always on the butt of the bough near the stem; but though this caution secures them against their winged enemies, it does not protect them from the ground vermin; and particularly in winter, when, like ptarmigan brooding under the snow, they are often surprised by the foxes, martins, and fumarts.

Their most natural haunts are hill-forests of resinous trees, with covers of birch and hazel; but they are also found in plain woods, and thus they abound in the opposite grounds of

the Vosges, the Pyrénées, the forest of Ardennes, the foot of the Alps and Apennines, and the wide plateaux of Silesia and Poland. They feed, according to the season, on the buds and tassels of trees, and on wild-berries, seeds, insects, and worms. They build their nests on the ground under a thick bush of hazels, or high hill fern, and lay from twelve to fifteen, and even twenty eggs, a little larger than those of a pigeon. They sit for three weeks, but rarely bring out more than seven or eight young, which run as soon as they are hatched.*

NO. V.

THE BATTLE OF INVER-NA-H-AMHANN.

THE rout of the Camerons through the hills of Loch-Laggan followed that action of the clans which gave origin to the desperate and mortal feud decided by the ordeal of battle on the Inch of Perth in the year 1396. The chroniclers who have recorded this event, though they have amplified the horrors of the civil war by which it was preceded, have given no hint of its cause; and by their barbarous orthography have so far disguised even the names of the conflicting clans, that to those otherwise unacquainted with their identity they are entirely equivocal, or wholly unintelligible. By Wyntoun† they are named the "*Clahynnhe-Qwhewyl*," and the "*Clachinyha*." These words are confused compounds, in which the appellations of the tribes are blended with their general designation, "*Clann*," and should be thus divided—" *Clahynn-he-Qwhewyl*," and "*Clachin-y-ha*"—meaning those names pronounced by the Highlanders, "*Clann-'ic-Kàl*,"‡ and "*Clann 'ic-Kài*," but writ-

* Buffon, Hist. Nat. xvii. 223, 240.

† Wynt. Cron. ix. xvii. 8.

‡ The sound may perhaps be better expressed to the English eye if written "*Clan-ic Kàl*," which at the same time approaches towards the representation used by the chronicler, *Clan-he-Qwhewyl*. In Gaelic the aspirated "D,"

ten in Gaelic "*Clann-'ic-Dhùghaill*," and "*Clann-'ic-Dhaidh*,"—"The Clan-Dugaldson," and the "Clan-Davidson." The transition in the false orthography is sufficiently natural to an ear ignorant of Gaelic; for the final "c" of "'ic" in both patronymics being blended with the aspirated *sound* of the same letter in the initials of the succeeding names, pronounced almost as "Kul," and "Kai"—according to the Gaelic articulation, and the value of letters in the days of Wyntoun, should leave to the preceding vowel "i" a sound nearly expressed either by the synonymous letter "y" or the aspirated vowel "h-e," irregularly used by Wyntoun. This reading is corroborated by the universal tradition of the Mid Highlands, according to which the belligerent tribes were the "*Clann-'ic-Dhaidh*," or Davidsons of Badenoch, and the neighbouring "*Clann-a-Pherson*," or male and chief branch of the "*Clann-Chattan*." This is confirmed by the history of Boethius,* and the Chartulary of Moray:† The first of which gives the names as the "*Clan-Kay*" and the "*Clan-Chattan*," and the last the "*Clan-Hay*" and the "*Clan-Qwhwle*." In both these authorities the names for the first party are evidently the same with the "*Clann-y-Ha*" of Wyntoun, and all are visibly errata from the oral communi-

expressed by the addition of the letter "h," is sounded nearly as *k*, very nearly equivalent to the old Scots "Q" in "quidder," &c.; and the aspirated "g," written "gh," is quiescent in the middle of words. Thus the patronymic 'ic *Dhùghaill*, in ordinary colloquial utterance, sounds "*ih-Kuil*," nearly the same as the articulation of the orthography used by Wyntoun, which, according to its old Scots alphabet, would approach the sound of "*he-kuuil*,"—Preceded, however, by a linguist, the initial "D" is not aspired; hence in the abstract denomination of the clan, without the affiliation "ic," its name would be written "*Clan-Daidh*," and sounded clan "*Dai*." It is evident, therefore, that the variations of the chroniclers proceeded from one having followed the aspirated, and another the unaspirated form; in the first of which, as before observed, "*Clann-'ic-Dhaidh*" would sound to a strange ear as "*Clan-i-Kay*," and in the last, it is easy to trace how "*Clan-Daidh*," pronounced "*Clan-Dai*," lost its initial "D," and lapsed into "*Clan-ai*," or, as these vowels were accompanied by a sense of aspiration, became "*Clan-Hay*." In the original, between the thick articulation of the Gaelic "nn," at the end of the word "*Clann*," and the broad and partially aspirated sound of the "ai," in the middle of the name "*Daidh*," the initial "D" has but a feeble power, and thus in the Saxon ear, it became absorbed in the adjoining sounds, and left only the expression of "*Clann-ai*," or accompanied by the aspiration of the vowels, and according to the Scottish orthography, "*Clan-Hay*," as it appears in the Chartulary of Moray.

* Boethius, Scotor. Hist. fol. cccxvii. b. cccxviii. a. Fol. Paris, 1574.

† Chart. Moray, p. 332. 4to, Edin. 1838.

cation of the Gaelic appellation pronounced "Clann-'ic-Käi:" for the letter "c" in the word "'ic," and the similar initial sound in the name by which it is followed, are so blended, that to unfamiliar ears they would seem indifferently "'ic-Käi" or "'ic-Ai," which accidental modification in the organs of the hearer reconciles to an identity the different modes of expressing the sound used by Wyntoun, Boethius, and the Chartulary of Moray. The various names given for the second clan are equally deducible from the traditionary original; for while by Boethius it is designated after the general blood title of the race through all its branches, by the others it is given in its own local patronymic; when, at an early period, the "Clanna-Pharsoin" bore for a time the appellation of the "Clann-'ic-Dhughail," from one of its chiefs named "Dughall."* The oral transmission of this title, "Clann-'ic-Cül," is—for middle-age orthography †—expressed rather more accurately than usual in the names "Clann-he-Qwhewyl," and "Clan-Qwhwle," pronounced in the old Scots ‡ "Clan-'ich-Kuil," and "Clan-Küle." The repetition of the letter "w," equivalent to "u," having been used to represent the long accent of that vowel in the Gaelic "Dhūghaill."

* Such changes of appellation, from successive chiefs remarkable for some personal distinction, or peculiar step in the genealogy of the clan, were not uncommon in various ancient tribes.—Thus from its first founder, the great clan of the Isles was originally called the "Clan-Cuin," or race of Constantine, which it bore until his importance was eclipsed by his son Coll, from whom it derived the name of the "Clan-Colla," which again gave place to the importance of his successor Donald, since whose time it has descended as the Clan-Donald.

† The barbarous jargon into which the low-country scribes reduced Gaelic names, is such as often to render them totally unintelligible to any except those otherwise acquainted with the persons and places which they disguised. In some instances the metamorphoses amount to a ludicrous gibberish, grotesque to the eye, and erroneous to the understanding, confounding the original word with another of an absurdly different meaning—as Mac O'Neil for Mac Dhomhnuil, and Macum Tosh for MacIntosh. But the most amusing series of examples is to be found in the various gymnastics of the alphabet through which it has pleased these Protean scribes to exercise the flexibility of the names "Moidart" and "Moidartach," as "Mud-wort," "Midart," and "Medart,"—"Mowderdache," "Mowdertyke," "Mordertyke," and "Mowdeworp!" by which last the renowned "Iain Muidartach" has been transformed into a mole!—Acts of the Privy Council, and charters of the Clan-Ronald of Airnàig.

‡ As Bowquhane for Buchan, Urquhay for Urcha, Donquhay for Donald, Bowquhally for Buckallie, *quelt* for kilt, &c. &c.

Without, however, discussing these details, in which none but Highland genealogists will take any interest, we will relate the tradition of the first event which gave origin to the celebrated and sanguinary feud so fatal to the central clans.

When the direct line of the great Clan-Chattan had terminated in the daughter of Dugald-dall, the estate was conveyed by marriage to the Cean-tigh of the MacIntoshes, the *eldest cadet** of the race, and consequently the *farthest* removed from the succession of the chieftainship. The clan being thus left without a head in the lineal male line, was divided into several cadet branches, of which the principals were the MacPhersons, the Davidsons, and the MacGillivrays, three septs descended from three brothers, the nearest male branches from the stem antecedent to the last direct chief, and of whom, as well as of the whole race and name of the Clan-Chattan, the head of the Siol-Pherson, coming from the elder brother, by all the laws and usages of clanship was the indisputable chief. MacIntosh, however, as possessor of the great body of the clan territory, acquired by his ancestor through marriage with the heiress, being much more powerful in estate, was ambitious to be acknowledged chieftain of the blood as well as of the land; but this assumption being wholly repugnant to the salique law of the clans, was repelled as an untenable usurpation, and appears to have lain dormant for a considerable time. All those, however, who adhered to the just superiority of the Clan-a-Pherson, were by degrees expelled from the domains of the pretender, and upon the ruins of the Cummings in Badenoch the MacPhersons and the Davidsons acquired a large portion of their territory in that lordship, where they finally established themselves. By these desertions, however, the lands of MacIntosh became so much depopulated, that to recruit his tenants he transplanted from Brae-Mar and the adjoining country a considerable number of Camerons, whom he settled on the lands of Loch-Eil, Loch-Lochie, and Loch-Arcaig, and who there laid the foundation of the present Clan-Cameron. In the course of time, however, these feuda-

* Skene's History of the Clans, II.

tories desired to acquire independence, and resisting the superiority of MacIntosh, refused to continue the payment of their rents and services. In the period which had followed their colonization, they had become so numerous and powerful that their "owr-lord," deserted as he was by the *male* branches of the Clan-Chattan, was unable to reduce them; and in his apprehension of losing both his tenants and their lands, he was compelled to seek assistance from the "Clann-a'-Pharsoin" and the "Clann-'ic-Dhaidh." These clans, prompted by the strong claims of their blood, would not refuse aid to the oldest cadet of their tribe, against a race entirely stranger, and an unjust insurrection; and, having promised the junction of their forces, a plan was formed for a united expedition into Loch-Aber. Upon intelligence of this coalition, Mac Dhomhnall duibh* resolved to anticipate the invasion, and, assembling his clan, marched into Badenoch. Before his arrival, however, the allied tribes had united, and awaited his approach at "Inver-na-h-Amhann," a small plain at the junction of the Truim and the Spey, and immediately in front of the residence of the chief of the Clann-'ic-Dhaidh. When the Camerons appeared, and the order of battle was forming, it was the universal understanding that the chieftain of the Clann-a'-Pharsoin should take the general command, as the undoubted male-heir and blood-chief of the whole race of the Clan-Chattan. By an artful policy, however, MacIntosh defeated this acknowledgment of his rival. Without provoking his defection by the unseasonable advancement of his own pretensions, to compromise the supremacy of MacPherson, and maintain the appearance of an arbitrating superiority in himself, he prompted the Ceann-tigh of the Clann-'ic-Dhaidh to claim the command in the battle, not on account of personal title, for, being descended from a younger brother to the ancestor of Mac-a'-Pharsoin, that could not be proposed, but as an appointment from MacIntosh. The chieftain of the Davidsons, flattered by this precedence, with-

* The general hereditary patronymic of the chiefs of the Clan-Cameron, from their ancestor Dòmhnall dubh, or Black Donald. By the writers of Chronicles and Records this title is distorted into "*Macillduy*," "*Macillany*," "*Macrillonay*," and a variety of other barbarous corruptions.

out perceiving the policy of his adviser, advanced this claim, which, as might have been expected, was indignantly repelled by the Mac-a'-Pharsoins. MacIntosh endeavoured to compromise the question by citing his own concession in yielding the command of his own people to Mac Dhaidh, adding, that, as principal in the quarrel, it was reasonable that he should have choice of the leader of the forces assembled for his aid. The MacPhersons, however, penetrating his views towards the chieftainship, insisted upon the blood-right of their own head; and, upon the obstinate combination of the two "pretenders," the Clann-a'-Pharsoin abandoned the line of battle, crossed the Spey at its confluence with the Truim, and retired to a small eminence about four hundred yards from the field, where they remained during the ensuing action. The conflict was short, but very sanguinary: the MacIntoshes and Davidsons were routed with great slaughter. Mac Dhaidh and seven of his sons were killed within two hundred yards of his own house, and the defeated party only escaped a greater loss by crossing the Spey under command of the hill occupied by the MacPhersons, where the Camerons did not think it prudent to pursue. Immediately after the battle the victors passed the Truim, advanced along the right bank of the Spey as far as Beann-Bhreachd; and, with the evident intention of invading MacIntosh's country, crossed the Spey below Ballachroan, and halted for the night, in a fine position, upon the height of Briagach. Meanwhile, MacIntosh, having collected his broken followers, retreated by the west side of Craig-dhubh, and established his bivouac in the glen between Clunie and Dalnashalg, at a place called ever since "Reidh an Tòiseaich," "MacIntosh's plain." Burning with revenge both against the MacPhersons and the Camerons, and perceiving, by the march of the last, their intention of invading his country, he conceived a design for embroiling them with each other, and checking the advance of the enemy into his territories. For this end he summoned a bard, and, instructing him to compose a villanous verse* against the MacPhersons, directed him to

* In the days of the bards and minstrels this was a mode of provocation practised from an early period. Thus, when the Knights of the Round Table

proceed immediately to their head-quarters, and repeat it to their chief as a message from Mac-Dhomhnall-duibhe. The bard departed on his mission, and, having reached the gathering of the MacPhersons, and obtained access to the chief, announced that he had something to deliver from the Clan-Cameron, and claimed freedom and personal safeguard whatever he might have to repeat. Having received an assurance of full license, he pronounced the following verse:—

“Bha luchd na follie air an tóim
 ‘S am balag-shuileach do na draip
 Cha b’e bhur càirdeas a bha rium
 Ach bhur lamh bhig gu tais.”

“The traitors stood on the knoll,
 While the dismayed were in jeopardy—
 It was not your friendship for me,
 But your cowardice which restrained you.”

These lines had the desired effect. The chief and his clan were exasperated in the highest degree at the wanton insult and challenge thus thrown in their face, and immediately determined to pursue and attack the Camerons before daylight. According to the customary respect for the inspired order, the bard was not only protected but hospitably enter-

were offended with King Marke, “Sir Dinadan made a lay for him, and taught it to an harper that hight Elyot, and when he could it, he taught it to many harpers: and so, by the will of Sir Launcelot and King Arthur, the harpers went straight into Wales and Cornwall to sing the lay that Sir Dinadan made by King Marke, which was the worst lay that ever harper sung with harpe, or any other instrument.”—“And at the great feast that King Marke made for the joy of the victory which he had, then came Elyot the harper with the lay that Sir Dinadan had made by King Marke, and secretly brought it to Sir Tristram de Lyons, and told him of the lay that Sir Dinadan had made by King Marke. ‘And Sir,’ said Elyot, ‘dare I sing this song before King Marke?’ ‘Yes, upon my peril,’ said Sir Tristram; ‘for I shall be thy warrant.’ Then, as King Marke was at meat, Elyot the harper came in, and, because he was a curious harper, men heard him sing the same lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spoke the most villany of King Marke by his treason, that ever man heard. When the harper had sung his song to an end, King Marke was wondrous wroth with him, and said, ‘Thou harper, how darest thou be so bold, on thy head, to sing this song before me?’ ‘Sir,’ said Elyot, ‘wit you well I am a minstrel, and I must do as I am commanded of these lords that I bear the arms of; and, Sir Knight, wit you well that Sir Dinadan, a Knight of the Round Table, made this song, and he made me to sing it before you.’ ‘Thou sayest well,’ said the king. ‘I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight.’ So the harper departed.”—History of Prince Arthur, Part II. ch. cxiii. cxvii.

tained, and dismissed with sufficient evidence that the stratagem of his master was about to take effect. The hours of darkness being short—for it was in the month of May—immediate preparations were made for pursuit, and about midnight the MacPhersons set forward in silence and with great speed. They arrived at Briagach before daylight, but when they reached the position which had been occupied by the Clan-Cameron, they found it deserted, and soon obtained intelligence that they had suddenly abandoned the height, and were in full retreat towards the west. The cause of this abrupt decampment has never been understood. By some it has been supposed that the Camerons had received exaggerated intelligence of a reunion of all the septs of the Clan-Chattan, and a combined movement to surprise them; by others, that they feared to penetrate into a hostile country, leaving the whole Clan-Chattan assembled on their rear, and that, disagreeing among themselves, they fell into discordance, and broke up for their return home. As soon as the MacPhersons ascertained the route which they had taken, they pursued them with all possible speed, marching by the south of Phoiness, Etrage, and Dalanach. They overtook their rear above the latter place, and immediately attacked them. The Camerons appear to have been seized with one of those sudden panics which sometimes accompany a night retreat, and their loss was great in the first onset. The death of one of their remarkable leaders, named Charles, is still commemorated in the name of the place where he fell, and which is yet called "*Coire-Thearlaich*"—"Charles' Coire." From this place a running fight was maintained for about fifteen miles through the mountains to Loch-Patag, where the pursuit was discontinued from the weariness of the pursuers and the entire dispersion of the pursued. Along the whole line of the flight from Dalananach to Loch-Patag, there is scarcely a burn or a coire which is not distinguished by the name of some remarkable individual there killed in the chase. The last distinguished person who fell was the chief of the Camerons himself. He was remarkable for his skill in archery, and to the last continued in the rear of his flying people, picking off the pursuers

with his arrows, and protecting the retreat of the fugitives at every burn and ravine. He was thus engaged when they were overtaken by a celebrated Ceann-tighe of the MacPhersons called Mac Iain Ceann-dubh,* the best bowman of that clan, and perhaps, in some degree, from their common propensity for the same art, an intimate friend of Mac Dhomhnull-duibhe. In the pursuit he had severely harassed the fugitives, and killed several of their best men; but, when he saw his friend before him, as he drew the bow he cried—“Tharam, ‘us tharad a Thearlaich!”† “Over me—and over you, Charles!” Cameron, seeing the arrow fall beyond him, immediately understood the signal, and returned his shot with the same forbearance. A few arrows were then interchanged—but with deadly effect at indifferent persons; when Mac-a’-Pharsoin coming up, and, seeing the fatal shots of the chief, and the misdirected shafts of Mac Iain, cried out indignantly—“Where is your old hand, Ceann-dubh?—Had you a Cameron to your mother?” Stung with that sarcasm from his chief, Mac Iain called to his friend—“Umam, ‘us umad a Thearlaich!” “For me—and for you, Charles!”—and both fell transfixed by the next arrows. Not far from Loch-Patag, at Dal-an-Luncart, by Loch-Errach side, the place where the chief of the Camerons fell is still marked by a cairn, called “Carn-Mhic-Dhomhnuill-duibhe.”

Such was the origin of the deadly and sanguinary feud, which, afterwards engaging all the neighbouring clans in its animosity, involved the central Highlands in an exterminating war. According to the traditions which we have gathered, upon the discovery of the treachery practised by MacIntosh, and executed by his bard, a reconciliation was effected between the MacPhersons and the Camerons; but the insult offered to,

* From the name of his residence at Ceann-dubh—he is equally called “Ceann-dubh Mac Iain,” as the name of propriety is prefixed in the title of the chief of his clan “Clunie-MacPherson.”

† These words are still commemorated in the old verse :—

“Tharam, ‘us tharad, a Thearlaich !
Tharam, ‘us tharad, a Cheann-duibh !
Umam, ‘us umad, a Thearlaich !
Umam, ‘us umad, a Cheann-duibh !”

the former by the Clan-Daidh was immediately followed by hostilities of the most desperate nature, in which MacIntosh assisted the Davidsons,—and the Camerons, to advance their own quarrel against their superior, joined with the MacPhersons. In the deadly contest of these four clans, all their inferiors, kindred, and allies, were soon associated, and a period of vindictive conflicts and fierce devastation spread desolation through the mid Highlands, until terminated by camp-fight or ordeal of battle on the Inch of Perth. During the progress of the feud, the Davidsons, then a very powerful race, were almost exterminated, and ever since that period they have ceased to exist as a clan; while the MacPhersons were so reduced, that for many generations they were unable to make any considerable head among their neighbours. Meanwhile, the strength of the great auxiliaries having been much less impaired, MacIntosh availed himself of the reduction of the two principal male branches of the Clan-Chattan to advance his pretensions to the chieftainship, which have since been maintained by his descendants—a claim contrary to the laws, usages, and genius, of the Highland clans, and never assumed but in usurpation—precisely similar to that of Edward the Third to the crown of France, and as justly repudiated by the male lines of the Clan-Chattan, as the dominion of the English by the people of Philippe de Valois.

In the preceding part of this note we have mentioned the settlement of the MacPhersons and the Davidsons upon the lands of the Cummings in the Lordship of Badenoch. This acquirement, however, was not effected without a struggle. Great part of the estate obtained by the Clann a' Pharsoin was tenanted by an ancient and considerable race named the MacNivens, who, from time immemorial, had held their tenures under the Cummings. Impatient of the authority of a new superior, and ambitious of advancing their own independence after their emancipation from the last, they took every occasion to oppose, insult, and embarrass the strangers. The chieftain of the MacNivens resided at Breachachie, immediately opposite to Clunie, one of the principal possessions of the MacPhersons, so that there were frequent occasions for

animosity towards their people. The temper of hostility generated by these discords was at last aggravated into an open feud by a gross insult offered to the family of Clunie. Between the lands of Clunie and Breachachie, at a place called "Beala'-tart," there is a shallow in the Spey, which is only fordable in dry weather,* and by this the cattle of the MacPhersons having crossed the water, and strayed upon the grounds of the Breachachie, were immediately pointed by the MacNivens. Desirous of avoiding any irritation which might be excited among men mutually ill-disposed, Clunie sent his daughter, attended only by women, to relieve the imprisoned fold. Regardless, however, of her rank and sex, she was ignominiously insulted; and though the cattle were returned, it was rather as a challenge than a surrender; for the tongue of the bull was cut out and tied to his tail, which in those days was an outrageous provocation; according to the old feudal degradation for cowardice or flight in battle, when a man, after having been deprived of his arms, was made to draw out his tongue with his fingers, saying—"Nothing! nothing! nothing!"—"Paltroon! paltroon! paltroon!" So gross and significant an insult was, therefore, a declaration of war on the part of the MacNivens; and the MacPhersons lost no time in vindicating their honour.

Clan attacks were generally made at night. A few days after the outrage offered to the daughter of Clunie, Alasdair Coint, "Ceann-tighe," or head of the MacPhersons of Pitmain, in Strath-Spey, gathered a hundred of the most resolute men, and before sunrise all the houses of the MacNivens were laid in ashes, and every man put to the sword except eighteen, who escaped to the woods of Raites, then a part of the great forest which covered a large extent of Badenoch, and the glens and braes around Strath-Spey, the "Laich of Moray," and the Monaidh-Liath. In one of the recesses of that deep wild, the refugees built a strong stone-house, and in the bank against which one of its gables was abutted, excavated a large cell, the entrance to which was closed by a

* From whence its name "Beala'-tart," "The dry weather ford."

slab of rock in the wall, which formed the "Back-turraf," or rear-stone of the hearth, and against which the fire was burning during the day; thus acting in the double capacity of concealing the retreat, and in winter, warming it without a vent.* In this den, the MacNivens dwelt in security for several years, subsisting by the chase in the forest, and occasional depredations upon the cattle of the MacPhersons. As time wore on, they never relaxed their precautions, always making their predatory expeditions by night, and never going abroad beyond the hours of twilight, except in the long days of summer, when, even in Badenoch, there is scarcely any positive darkness. Footsteps, however, were traced in the wood; at length the house was discovered by some hunters, and the recurrence of frequent "*creachan*," or abductions of cattle, raised a suspicion that both were connected with the missing MacNivens. Several attempts were made to surprise them in their habitation, but this only increased their vigilance, without any discovery of their secret. At last, irritated by some particular losses among his own cattle, Alasdair Coint, determined upon making a personal attempt at discovery. For this purpose, he feigned an ill state of health, and confined himself to his house, until his beard† had grown to a sufficient length for disguise, when, clothing himself as a sick beggar, he penetrated into the woods of Raites, and proceeded alone to the suspected house. He timed his arrival to a late hour in the evening, and pretending to have lost his way in the forest, and to be almost expiring with hunger and

* At that time no inferior houses were accommodated with chimneys.

† It will be remembered that the Celtic, Frankish, and Norman, fashion of shaving all but the upper lip, did not in England give place to long beards until the reign of Edward III., and in 1327, the new fashion was ridiculed by the Scots, in the well known old rhyme :—

*" Long beards hartlesse,
Painted hoods witlesse,
Gale cotes gracesse,
Make England thriftlesse."*

Hollinshed, Chron.

From these lines, it is evident that the low-country Scots had not then received the novel mode; and as in the Highlands, the progress of new fashions was still more tardy, it must have been some time later before the ursine visage was introduced among the clans.

fatigue, entreated for some food and a lodging for the night. The former was freely and liberally given by the woman who appeared, but the latter was steadily refused, till at last, affected by the apparent distress and torpid exhaustion of the poor mendicant, their resolution was overcome, and they permitted him to lay down in a corner of the house. As soon as he had finished his meal, he appeared to fall into a lethargic slumber,—but, like Ulysses in the porch of Ithaca, his eyes were abundantly vigilant; and about midnight, when the fire had gone out, and all was still and dark, his attention was roused by the soft step of one of the women, a grating jar behind the hearth, and immediately the wall opened, and he saw the shadows of the secreted men steal across the dim light of the little window, and through the unclosing door, and in the next moment, the sound of their steps went round the house, and passed away into the wood; after which, the heavy jar was again heard at the wall, and all remained quiet during the night. As the dawn began to break, however, the latch of the door was carefully lifted, the dark shadows glided through the twilight, the clank and jar was again audible, and they vanished one by one into the wall, which closed without leaving a trace of its deception. Alasdair, however, had seen enough to mark their disappearance at the hearth,—the size of the “back-turraf” did not fail to fix his observation when the light grew clear, and having received an ample meal to break his fast, he affected much restoration by his good cheer and long rest, and taking his leave with many expressions of gratitude, made the best of his way to his own house. As soon as he arrived, he gave directions for secretly assembling his followers, and proceeding to Raites the same evening, about nightfall, reached the house of the MacNivens. As before, none but women were visible, but to their astonishment, his men proceeded to extinguish the fire, and pulling down the wall, compelled the concealed fugitives to come forth, and beheaded them all upon the stump of a tree before the door.

Although original in its contrivance, the recess of the MacNivens was only conformable to a general precaution in the domestic architecture of the middle-ages, when, from the numer-

ous deadly feuds, no house being secure from force or surprise, almost every habitation had some contrivance for concealment or escape. In the curious and venerable Castle of Glamis, there is a secret chamber, the knowledge of which is said to have been confined for many generations to the existing Lord Strathmore and his heir-apparent; and in that noble remains of the Scottish chateau architecture, the Castle of Fyvie, the hidden cell was the ground apartment of one of the towers near the old gate, which had no light or entrance except by a trap in the floor of the room above; and this having latterly been laid without such an access, the existence of the chamber remained unsuspected, until the late proprietor observed, that in an old plan it was marked as the armoury, and then noticed, that the ground-story walls of the tower had no door or window. At Kemnay in Aberdeenshire, the concealed apartment is a little entre-sol, with entrance by an aperture in the dining-room chimney, the fire-place of which is very high and wide; and we have reason to think, that there is a similar construction in the Castle of Elphinstone, entered from the mighty chimney of the great hall. Of the last use of one of such concealments, an interesting evidence was many years ago brought to light during some repairs at Brunsfield House near Edinburgh. In taking down the wainscot of one of the rooms, the door of the secret apartment was discovered behind the pannels, and upon entering, there was found a little room still furnished with antique moveables, which yet bore testimony of their last inmate; the bed was turned down, as by some person who had risen from it,—the ashes of the last fire, and the tongs by which it had been mended, still lay upon the hearth; and on the table was a napkin and a tea-service, of which the spoon was in the cup, and the dry and withered powder of what had once been leaves yet visible in the teapot. All tradition of the circumstances connected with this chamber is now lost; but in Aberdeenshire, there is still retained the remembrance of an occasion similar perhaps in its period and its cause. In the old house of Fetternear, the secret apartment was a square dark cell, situated above the kitchen, and entered through a small recess, the door of which

was concealed by being faced with a mahogany book-case closed with a glass front. In 1746, this retreat afforded safety to nine gentlemen who had been in the army of Charles Edward. At that time the proprietor, Anthony Count Lesly of Balquhane, having succeeded to his cousin, Ernest Count Lesly, was absent in Germany; and the property of Fetternear was under the factory of Mr Smith, brother to the Laird of Methven, who alone possessed the secret of the concealed chamber.

After the battle of Culloden, the proscribed gentlemen above mentioned had a rendezvous in the house to meet their ladies, and concert measures for their own escape. While they were assembled, a party of troops, commanded by the Earl of Huntly, arrived to search the house; but one of the ladies present was Mrs Buchan of Auchmacoy, sister to that nobleman; and as soon as he approached, before the men had crossed the little bridge over the stream, a few hundred yards distant from the house, she ran down stairs to receive her brother, announcing the presence of the other ladies, and assuring him, that these were the only visitors except herself, entreated him not to alarm the distressed "widows" by a military search. The Earl was so courteous as to remove his men, without bringing them into the house, and the gentlemen remained undisturbed within the concealed apartment, where they had retired at the first alarm. Having escaped the premeditated search, they gained time to concert their plans, and during their stay, to guard against surprise, they dined in the secret chamber, and at length escaped in safety to the Continent. The wings of Fetternear, one of which contained the hidden apartment, having become dilapidated during the absence of Count Anthony in Germany, were taken down by his successor, John Lesly of Balquhane, in 1780; but the recess for the door to the concealed chamber still remains in the wall of the existing building, and is yet occupied by a book-case as in "the forty-six."

By the continual destruction of our elder mansions during the last century, the details of Scottish domestic architecture have been lamentably obliterated; but some of the most remarkable concealments are still to be seen in the interesting old house of

Gordonstoun, formerly the seat of the Gordons, premier baronets of Nova Scotia, and now the property of Sir William Cumming Gordon of Altyre. This curious old "manor" was begun by George Gordon, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in the time of James VI., but it was in progress for several generations, and never entirely finished until the possession of the present proprietor. It abounds in secret recesses and hidden passages. In more than one of the bed-rooms there is a small trap in the floor, from which a flight of narrow stone steps descends in the thickness of the wall into a cell lighted by a glazed and grated eye-light which looks into one of the courts, but which, from its similarity among others in closets and passages, it is almost impossible to identify without. In another chamber, behind a tall closet, there is a recess, large enough to contain eight or nine people. It is opened by a spring-bolt under the lower shelf, upon unloosing which the whole back of the press flies open into the dark space beyond. The most remarkable concealment, however, is under the ground passage of the west wing, in the pavement of which there is a moveable stone, giving descent into a narrow cell in the thickness of one of the foundation walls; this vault continues to the adjoining angle, where it branches into the next wall to an extent capable of holding fifty or sixty men or more. It is probable that there are other concealments still unknown; and according to tradition, there is a subterranean passage from the house to the sea-coast, where it is said to communicate with a small square chamber hewn out of the rock, and which once had a door, the hinges of which are yet remaining. It is believed that in times of danger the plate and valuables of the family were conveyed to this cell, from whence, if necessary, to be removed by ship. Such constructions were common to all countries, and are to be found in the old houses of Great Britain and all parts of the Continent. At Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, in the left tower of the west gate, there is a square narrow well, which descends in the thickness of the wall from the level of the first story to the ground—and how much farther, as the guide says—"The Lord alone knows!"—In the Castle of Elphinstone, in East-Lothian, there is another of the same kind going down from a

trap-door in an upper passage of the keep to a little chamber in the north-east angle of the tower, from whence there is exit by a very narrow stair which descends in the thickness of the wall to the recess of a window in the great hall. From the ruins of the palace of Eltham, in Kent, there has been traced a subterranean vaulted passage, which, passing beneath the moat, was defended midway by a strong iron gate, and extends for two or three hundred yards under the adjoining field, where farther progress is obstructed by the falling in of the earth. Below the house of Prince Schwartzberg, on the Hradschin in Prague, communicating with a "turnpike" which winds from the roof to the foundation, there is a similar souterrain extending beneath the street, the Imperial Palace, and the Cathedral, and supposed to have its exit in the Hirsch-Graben, or vast natural moat which bounds the chateau upon the north. These outlets for retreat were common to houses of strength in the middle-ages; and Froisart mentions several instances of their existence in the old castles of France. When Sir Walter de Paschac was engaged in expelling the adventurers, or mercenary bands which had possessed themselves of various fortresses during the wars with England, having besieged the Chateau de Pulpuron, the garrison made their retreat through a subterraneous passage which had its mouth in a wood half a league distant. Upon the third day after their escape, the French made a general assault, when, to their surprise, the discharge of their missiles was not returned; and at length, setting their scaling-ladders, they mounted the walls, and gained possession of the gate, where they found a great bundle of keys, by which, having opened all parts of the castle without meeting any traces of the garrison, the commander believed that they had escaped by witchcraft, until descending into the vaults, he found the open entrance of the passage by which they had retreated. Upon this discovery, he inquired of the seneschal of Toulouse if the castles of that country had generally "such ordynauce."—"Sir," said the seneschal, "there be divers such castells as of old tyme par-teyned to Reynalt of Montalban that hath such conveyance; for when he and his bretheren kept war agaynst Kynge Charle-

mayne of France, they were made all after this manner, by the council and advice of Mungis, their cousin; for when the king beseiged them by puissance, and that they saw they could not resyst him, then wolde they departe, without any leve takyng, by meanes of those passages under the erthe.'——

'Surely,' said Sir Brews, 'I laud gretly the ordynance. I cannot say if ever I shall have any warre agaynst me or not, either by king, duke, or any other neighbor; but as soon as I am returned into my country, I shall cause such a mine to be made in my castle of Passac.' So these lords and their company came to the garrison of Convale, in Robestan, layde syege therto, and then Sir Gualtyer demaunded of the sene-schal of Tholous if Convale anciently perteyned to Reynalte de Montalban, and he said 'Yes.'——'Then there is a cave under the grounde,' sayde Sir Gualtyer.——'Sir, that is true,' sayde Sir Brews, 'for by reason thereof Espaygnolet wan it the second tyme, and the owner within it.'——Then Sir Gualtyer sent for the knyght that was owner thereof, and sayd to him——'Sir, it were good ye informed us of the myne that is out of this castell.' Then Sir Raymond of Convale sayde——'Sir, surely there is a way under the grounde, for thereby I was taken, and lost this my castel. It was before of long time decayed and destroyed, but these robbers now repayred it, and by that way they came on me: and, Sir, the issue thereof is in a wood not farre hence.'——'Wel,' sayde Sir Gualtyer, 'al is wel.' And so iiii dayes after, he wente to the same wood, and had with him cc men well armed: and when he saw the hole where the issue was, he caused the erthe and bushes to be avoyded, and then he lyghted up many faggottes, and sayde to them that were ordeyned to go into the cave——'Sirs, follow this cave, and it shall bring you into the hall of Convale, and there ye shall find a door, breke it up, ye are strong enough so to do, and to fight with them within.' So they entered and came to the greece* nere to the hall dore in the castell; then with grete axes they strake at the dore, and be that time it was nere night. They within the castell made good wache,

* Steps.

and perceyved how by the myne they wolde have entered into the castell, and Espaygnollet was going to his rest. Then came he thidder, and there they cast stones, benches, and timber before the cave door, to the intente that none should enter there though the dore was broken up. This was done, for other shift had they none of defence ; but for all that they within the myne anone brake the dore all to peces, and yet were never the nere, for then they had more to do than they had before ; and when they saw it was impossible for them to enter there, they returned again to the host."*

NO. VI.

HEADS OF THE GREAT HARTS AT MORITZBURG.

*Letter from the Hoff-Meister of the Chateau of Mauritzberg,
March 26, 1847.*

HOCHGEBORENER, HERR GRAF,

In Folge der von Ew Hochgeboren an mich ergangenen schriftlichen Anfrage, die im hiesigen Königl. Jagdschlosse befindlichen Hirschgeweihe betreffend, beehre ich mich zu Hochdero Kenntniss Nachstehendes zu berichten : Es befindet sich hier unter einer bedeutenden Anzahl, 1 Stück von 66 Enden, $3\frac{1}{2}$ Fuss Breite, und $2\frac{1}{2}$ Fuss Höhe, nämlich ohne Kopf, welches das stärkste ist, hinsichtlich der Endenzahl. Der Hirsch, welcher diess Geweih trug, war an Gewicht 8 Centner und 11 Pfund, ist von Sr Majestät dem König von Preussen Friedrich Wilhelm I. im Jahre 1696 am 18^{ten} September im Fürstenwald Forst, bei Frankfurt an der Oder geschossen worden. Ein zweites hinsichtlich seiner Grösse, und des Umfanges, enthält bloss 24 Enden, ist aber gegen 7 Fuss breit, und

* Freisart, Angl. Lord Berners. II. fol. xivtl.

gegen 4 Fuss hoch, ebenfalls ohne Kopf gemessen, welches als das grösste zu bezeichnen ist. Wo, und von wem der Hirsch geschossen, ist nicht zu bestimmen. Uebrigens erlaube ich mir noch zu bemerken, dass unter dieser bedeutenden Sammlung sich noch 2 Stück, jedes von 50 Enden, mehrere von 36, viele von 32, und die Mehrzahl von 24 Enden befinden, über welche aber nichts Bestimmtes vorliegt, wann und wo selbige geschossen worden. Schlüsslich beehre ich mich überdiess noch zu bemerken, dass die Mehrzahl obenerwähnter Geweihe $5\frac{1}{2}$ Fuss Breite, und $3\frac{1}{2}$ bis 4 Fuss Höhe haben, lässt sich auch überdiess, da solche Theilweise in bedeutender Höhe placirt sind, nicht ganz genau angeben.

Mit der grössten Ehrerbiethung verharrend

Euer Hochgeboren

ergebenster

GOTTFRIED LEBRECHT RICHTER.

Schloss Moritzburg, am 26 März 1847.

Although, after Cuvier, and the custom of the forest, we have cited the royal Prussian head by its popular number of sixty-six points, it is necessary to explain that this is only according to the vulgar reckoning, by which the smallest shoots are enumerated, though there are thus admitted many of those "crochies" or spines, which, as justly observed by Buffon, it is doubtful should ever become true developed points. The masses of small thorns, or polypii, are rather exuberant excrescences of one of those "tête bizarre," called by the German jagers a "*Wiedersinnigen geweih*," an "*out of reason*" head, and far removed from the branching tines of a finely formed beam. From the immense thickness, weight, and supernatural growth of the Prussian trophy, however, it is a gigantic production, and, with the enormous weight of the hart to which it belonged, indicates an animal of surprising size and strength; but the horns no less pertain to the class of monster growths, and whether resulting from preternatural powers of production or

some other unknown cause, must not be understood as a specimen of developed points to the amount of those by which it is named. This is also referable to the fifty-point heads in the same collection, and which are also of the same coral-branch character. Among the high-fed woodland deer, such massy ramified heads are of frequent occurrence; and in the museum of Prince Schwarzenberg at Wohrad, there are many which, like those of Moritzburg, and in the collection of the King of France, cited by Buffon, exhibit the chain of an excrescence tendency between the cleanly developed head, and the monstrous growths loaded with bony wens and corallary fungii.

No. VII.

FIONNLADH DUBH.

FIONNLADH DUBH MACRA, of Coire-Domhain, was forester to MacKenzie of Gair-Loch at a period which appears to have been in the time of Charles II. He was one of the most celebrated deer-stalkers and "carnachs" of his day, and lived at Lòn-ard, in Glas-Leitir, until a feud with the Kennedies of Loch-Aber induced him for a time to change his residence. In the old time,—although *bull-dogs* were not kept to pull down the *old women* who might cross the marches of a forest, nor patrols of keepers to arrest the wandering Walton or exploring artist, who seeks the muir-loch trout, or the sublime scenery of the "Fasach,"—the great deer-lands of each clan were protected from the hunters of other tribes. This reservation, however, was entirely a clan-measure, with no prohibitory prescription for its own people, except the maintenance of a "sanctuary" for the sport of the chief.* In other parts of the

* At a later period a license was required from the chief; but this was never refused. "There are abundance of deer in the hills and mountains here, com-

clan-forest, the gentlemen, and even "carnachs," were "free to take a deer from the hill, and a salmon from the lake," without any question from the king or the superior. At the same time, it must be remembered, that *men* were not then considered *vermin*, nor deer a farm-stock, and that the one was not countervailed by sheep, and the other set up to *market* as a Smithfield commodity. The old clan preservation, however, was frequently infringed by the neighbours, and there are still extant "bands" * between various chiefs for maintaining their bounds, and preventing the intrusion of strange deer-killers, or the irregularity of their own people in the forests of others. These contracts, however, if they aggravated the offence, did not entirely prevent the transgression, and the consequences were, sometimes, bitter feuds between the offenders and the offended.

It was one of these which endangered the life of Finla' dubh, and, for a period, banished him from Gair-Loch. For some time previous to the rencontre which placed him in this jeopardy, he had frequently been disappointed in the execution of orders to bring in deer, not only by the disturbance of the herds, but the slaughter of stags which had been killed immediately before him. Upon each occasion, the depredator had evaded all his vigilance; but it was soon suspected that all the "heryschips" were performed by a stranger, named Donald mòr, who had settled in a remote hut upon the confines of the forest, where he had no visible means of subsistence, except by the deer—if, indeed, he restricted himself *only* to them. These suspicions were increased, when it was discovered that he belonged to the celebrated depredating race of Kennedies, in Loch-Aber; and it was then believed, not only that he was the slayer of every deer which disappeared in Gair-Loch, but that he had been compelled to leave his native glens for some of

monly called the forest, which is eighteen miles in length, from east to west. The number of deer computed to be in this place is at least two thousand, and there is none permitted to hunt there without a license from the steward to the forester. There is a particular mountain, and above a mile of ground surrounding it, to which no man hath access to hunt, this place being reserved for MacLeod himself, who, when he is disposed to hunt, is sure to find game enough there." — *Martin, West. Isl. — Harris*, p. 35.

* *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, pp. 190-195.

those exploits which had rendered his race lawless and notorious, even among "the broken men" of the clans. Finla' tried, early and late, to surprise him in his inroads, and lay upon the cairns by day, and the shealings by night, but, for a time, "the Kennedie man" proved himself the better stalker; and the forester began to doubt whether he was any thing else than an evil shape which haunted the hills for his perplexity. At length, one day, attended by his assistant, Tearlach Tacharan,* he had gone to the forest by the desire of Lady Gairloch, to kill a good stag for some particular entertainment. The deer, however, had evidently been recently disturbed, and he saw only a large herd, which was so vigilant and restless, that it was impossible to approach. Having stalked in vain for some hours, in turning the shoulder of an eminence at Caolach, on Beann-Fhionnlaidh, he came suddenly upon Dòmhnall mòr, who was in the act of brittling a fine fat hart. Long irritated, and doubly provoked by his day's labour and ill success, he went up sternly towards the stranger, and, as he approached, "The sport is yours, but the deer is mine!" said he. Donald mòr stepped before the stag, with the reeking deer-knife in his hand.—"It will be the best man who will win it!" he replied; and each drew his sword almost at the same moment. Donald had the additional advantage of his deer-knife; but Fionnlaidh immediately drew his dirk, and there ensued a desperate encounter with sword and dagger,—a system of "fence" then common among the Highlanders, as it had once been throughout Europe. For some time the assault seemed equal in skill, strength, and courage; but at length, whether by art or fortune, Fionla' suddenly gave his antagonist a fatal blow, which laid him motionless across the deer.—The forester sat down to draw breath, and, as he looked upon the stag, "You have been a dear stag to me!"

* "Charles Ghost;" from his solitary life and wan complexion, and the silence, solemnity, and stalking air which he had acquired in continual solitude, and watching and stealing after the deer. *Tacharan* signifies also a warning apparition of some departed person; and, as Tearlach seldom visited the glens, except as the precursor of the forester, his appearance was said to be the warning of his approach, from whence he was thus called his "shadow," or apparition.

said he, and, wiping his sword upon the hide, prepared for his return. They laid the dead man in a chasm among the rocks, under the deep heath and blaeberries, which often cover so closely those narrow cells, that, unless the place was marked, fifty men might search, unsuccessfully, for any object concealed within them. When Fionnladh came down to Lònard, the lady congratulated him on his success, and her satisfaction that he had not disappointed her, as he had so often done. —“That will not happen again,” replied Fionnla’. “How?” said Lady Gairloch; “Are the deer more numerous, or you a better stalker?” “No matter, lady,” replied Fionnla’: “that which has come between us, will come between us no more.” Lady Gairloch saw that something serious had occurred; but the forester evaded any further inquiry, and she communicated her suspicions to Gairloch. The latter immediately suspected the truth, and sending for Fionnla’, received from him a relation of what had happened. As soon as he heard the death of Donald mòr, he had no doubt that revenge would be attempted by the Kennedies; and, as it was impossible to guard against such sudden, and often nocturnal, attacks, he advised the forester to leave the country, and retire to some remote seclusion, until the eagerness for retribution was past. A few days after this counsel, the forester, accompanied by his wife, his brother, and his nephew, left Gairloch with their property, and, travelling chiefly by night, crossed the districts of Terridon and Kintail, to the head of Glen-Strath-Farar, where they built a hut beside the beautiful green meadow of Inch-Lòich-eal, at the foot of Scur-na-Làpaich. In this sequestered valley, then surrounded, and partly covered by a deep forest of primeval pine, birch, and oak, and stored with deer and roe, Fionnla’ lived in the hill and the woods by his *cuilbheir** and his *con-fada*,† while his kinsmen cultivated a small piece of land upon the level shealing, which still bears the verdure of their labour in the midst of the brown strath.

Time had begun to lull their apprehensions of pursuit, when one day that Fionnla’ was at the chase, and his kinsmen

* The old Highland gun.

† Greyhounds.

ploughing in the field, five men descended the hill from the back of Craig-Dhubh, and, without any word or warning, shot the father and son at the plough, and, houghing the horses, "took the hill," without firing or pillaging the house. When Fionnla' returned, towards evening, it was lonely and silent, and no smoke upon the roof. He entered, but there was none within, nor any preparation for their evening meal; and going out, he stood in the door, and looked round the strath to discover his kinsmen in the glen. As he gazed, he saw a dark heap on Inch-Loicheal, and something that moved and worked about it; and going towards the place, as he approached, two eagles rose up into the setting sunshine, and wheeled and screamed over his head. He rushed down to the heap, and found his brother and his nephew cold and stiff, and the horses lying beside them in the furrow. Fionnla' bore his kinsmen into the house, and laid them on their beds, and went out to seek his wife. All, however, was silent and deserted; the cattle were in the moss, and the "sey" at the river; but none appeared; nor was there any sound, except the scattered herd, and the bleat of the weaning calf in the stall. It was near the twilight when he saw an unsteady figure descending from the hill, and, as it drew near, he recognised the *earasaid** of his wife. It was some time before she could coherently repeat to him what had happened, and the direction which had been taken by the murderers. They returned to the house, and watched through the night beside the bodies. In the morning, Fionnla' went down to the inhabited strath, and brought up some of the people who lived about the lake, and they wrapped the murdered men in their plaids, and buried them in the green shealing upon the margin of Inch-Loicheal. When the rest had departed, one of the women remained to bear company to "the wife;" but, at the approach of night, Fionnla' went out, and carefully ground his dirk, and at daylight, without any notice of his destination, "took the hills" for Loch-Aber.

*The white female plaid commonly used by women, who generally wore patterns of their own "setting," but almost always on a white ground.

The evening was beginning to close when he arrived in the country of the Kennedies. In the old days of the Highlands, and even now among the middle and lower orders, every stranger or traveller was and is received at nightfall, and lodged and entertained with the hospitality and frankness of old acquaintance. Finla', therefore, was at home in the first house which he entered, and without suspicion of any particular motive; for curiosity was soon engaged in opening an inquiry towards the purpose of his journey. The Kennedies were a very small race, and, therefore, the absence of any of their number was easily ascertained. Finla' was aware of the family to which Donald mòr had belonged, and he soon learned that a father and four sons—his immediate kinsmen, who lived in the same house—had been absent for some days, as it was supposed, upon one of their "*lifting*" expeditions into the *West country*. Finla' was immediately convinced that these were the men who had killed his kinsmen; and having ascertained their habitation, and that they had not yet returned, took his resolution, and mentioned their names no more during the evening. Upon the next morning he proceeded to the side of the hill opposite to their house, and, lying down in the heather, kept a close watch to see who passed in or out. Having remained great part of the day without seeing any person except an old woman, who occasionally appeared about the door, Finla' grew impatient, and, descending to the cottage, entered boldly, and, with the frankness common to Highlanders, requested entertainment for the night. While he spoke, however, the attention of "the wife" was attracted by his hands, which, like those of the ancient hunter patriarch, were remarkable by being covered with a thick down. Finla' immediately saw that he was suspected, but the woman appears to have entertained less hostility than apprehension of an encounter in the house; and she warned him, that he had better make haste to leave it, since "there might soon arrive those whom he should be loath to meet." Upon this, without betraying any consciousness, Finla' left the cottage, but, seeing that he was unobserved, again ascended the hill, and, lying down in the heath, resumed his watch. The sun had set, and the twilight was beginning to

fall, when five men approached in the glen, and, entering the house, returned no more. The sight of the forester continued fixed with intense vigilance, and, as the dusk increased, he stole down to the dwelling, and approached the little window, from which he could hear distinctly the voices of those within. He had not listened long before he gathered enough to know that the men who had entered were the murderers of his kinsmen, and that there were no others in the house except the woman whom he had seen about the door during the day. She did not appear to have communicated his visit, or, if she had, to have occasioned any sensations of alarm or intentions of pursuit. As soon as Finla' had ascertained what was passing within, he changed his position, and concealed himself within view of the door, where he watched until all was still, and the red glimmer of the light disappeared from the window. After a while he arose and approached the half-closed aperture, where he listened until he heard the deep and heavy breathing of the men who lay sleeping before the hearth. At this sound Finla' drew his dirk, and softly entered the house. The expiring embers of the fire still gave a faint glimmer in the dark chamber, and dimly discovered the shadowy heap of the weary men wrapped in their plaids, and lost in profound repose. Finla' stepped silently towards them, and, with the full strength of his arm, plunged his dirk into the breast of the first. The stroke was so true, and the blade so keen, that the man only started and stretched himself out with a sharp shudder, and all was again still. For a moment Finla' stood above them with the dirk clenched hard in his hand, but, as they slept undisturbed, he repeated the death-blow upon the next with the same success. Another received it with a convulsive groan and struggle, which only awakened the remaining two for the first to receive a mortal stab as he started on his knees, and the last scarce wakened, and encumbered in his plaid, to be immediately overpowered, and brought under the knee and iron-hand of Finla', who nailed him to the earth-floor with his dirk. As the hands of the dying man relaxed their hold, he turned upon the two who were yet alive, and, in the next moments, they were all stretched silent and motionless before

the hearth, as if they had never awakened. He looked upon them steadily, till he saw that they moved no more, then threw the plaids, and fuel, and the nearest moveables, upon the fire, and, darting from the house, plunged into the black night, and took the heath towards the north. Before he had gone far the red light of the burning house rose up into the air; but whatever past behind him, there was neither sound nor sight of pursuit, and he reached Glen-Strath-Fàrar in safety.

Years past away, and he remained unmolested at Inch-Lòicheal; and, for the summer grazing, built a "bothan-àiridh," or shealing-hut, at Carn nan Cuilean, on the west side of Sgur-na Làpaich, in which, while his wife attended the cattle, he past his days among the dun herds of the hill, rarely going beyond Sgur-na-Diallaide on the east, Meal-buaidh on the west, Coire-mòr towards the south, and Beann-dubh upon the north. One evening, as he was returning down the hill opposite to Carn nan Cuilean, and approaching the stream which divides the glen, he observed six men who were also descending upon the opposite side of the burn, but apparently with the intention of meeting him. He was unarmed, excepting his dirk and cuilbheir, but retreat being impossible, he continued his direction without betraying any concern. As he crossed the burn, the strangers halted and waited him on the bank. The rapid glance of his eye discovered that they were all unknown; and, notwithstanding the peculiarity by which he was distinguishable, he trusted that he was equally unidentified by them. An immediate question, however, discovered their object. "Am beil fhios agad càit am beil Tigh Fhionnlaidh duibh?"—"Do you know where is the house of Black Finla'?"—said the foremost of the party. "Just where I left it," answers the hunter, with that dry and caustic expression with which an old Highlander replies to an abrupt or sinister question. "You know him then?" "No doubt," answered Finla'. "I keep his cattle," alluding, like the song of Crodh-Chaillein, to the wild herds of the forest. "Then you must show us where he lives," said one of the men. "That is not far to go," replied Finla'; and he led the way towards his bothie. When they arrived at the door he called his wife, and as she looked out—"Is the man of the

house at home?"—asked the leading stranger. Finla' gave her a significant look—"He is on his bed," he replied himself. "You may go in if you want him, for maybe he'll no rise to ye." His wife stepped back from the entrance, which, as usual in such a hill-hut, was so low, that those who passed were obliged to stoop almost to a right angle. When they were all within, Finla' drew his dirk, and, presenting his long gun to the door, called sternly, "The man of the house is here—who wants him?" The strangers turned suddenly, and, seeing the attitude of their enemy, hurried to break out; but, as the first crouched through the straitened entry, Finla' discharged the cuilbheir in his head, and, as the others stumbled over his body, he felled two of their number with the stock of his musquet before it broke, then taking his plaid in his left hand, threw it over the blades of the rest as they followed; and, before they could lift their heads, struck them in the neck with his dirk. Before the last dropt, his wife had thrown out his sword and target by the window; but they were no longer required, for even those who were wounded were unable to rise again.

Thus ended the last enterprise against Finla'-dubh. From that time none ever attempted to molest him; and at length he returned to his old employment in Gair-Loch, where he lived to an old age; and, like the old hunter of Craig-Uaigneach, was buried in the forest among the deer, on the hill which has ever since borne his name, and is called "Beann-Fhionnlaidh" at this day.

NO. VIII.

PROVINCIAL GEOGRAPHY.

PENNANT has fallen into a great error in his recollections of Ross-shire, having given the "*Farar*" as the *Gaelic* name of

the "*Glass*," and "*Glen Strath-Farar*" as the vale watered by the latter stream.* The Farar and the Glass, however, are two entirely distinct and far-divided rivers. Their names are equally Gaelic, and their respective valleys "*Strath-Glass*" and "*Glen Strath-Farar*"—two diverging lines of country divided by a third of considerable extent, called "*Glen-Canaich*." The Glass has its principal source in Loch-Afric, within the country of the Clan-Chisholm; and the Farar in Loch-Cailve,† at the foot of Beann Dronac, in the territory of the Clan-Kenzie. The two streams and their glens unite at Strui, where the Farar and its strath fall into the valley of the Glass; but the latter, being the greater water, retains its name from its source to its discharge in Loch-Beaully; and its strath has no other appellation throughout its whole extent from Guisachan to Eilean-Agais, where it terminates at the narrow defile of the river and the open braes of the Aird. The error of Pennant, however, is not so great as the ignorance and confusion prevailing, not only among strangers and travellers, but the superiors connected with the country in most part of the Highlands, and who, in many instances, are not only unacquainted with the names of their own hills, streams, and moors, but even of the aboriginal appellations of their own families and persons. By such the river Glass is named the *Beaully*, from its junction at Strui to its discharge at the lake; and the name of Strath-Glass is confined to its upper valley, from its angle at Strui to its head at Guisachan; while its lower extent, from Strui to Eilean-Agais, has *no* name—except among the lower orders. In this anonymous condition, strangers are beginning to name the latter branch "*The Strath of Erglass*," from the castle situated in its plain; but this is a designation unknown to Highlanders, and among those novel transformations which confuse the identity and demarcations of ancient places and boundaries. In the present day, such is the rapid decay of local history and geography, that the names of remote hills, moors, waters, and most

* Tour in Scotland, vol. iii. p. 182. 4to, 1790.

† *Cailbe*, "Gaelic, a mouth or opening—so called from that of the river which it sends out,

of the detailed features of the country, are beginning to fall into oblivion, or only to be preserved among the lower orders, with whom the higher as rarely converse, as they are generally ignorant of their language. While local knowledge is thus lost among the last, it is rapidly disappearing from the first, by the continual decrease of the native population, and the extinction of traditionary lore amidst a people who are absorbed by the objects of a new society, and the cares and anxieties of a present which obliterates the interest of the past.

From such changes in our own district we add the few following notices of half-forgotten names and etymologies, not because *they* are important to the world, but that, if *every* resident would collect and perpetuate the knowledge of his own locality, it would preserve a great body of provincial details, and prevent the loss of definitions valuable to posterity, and now already felt in the ignorance of names and landmarks affecting the marches of estates and the jurisdiction of departments. In the year 1840, a cause of marches, pursued before the Court of Session, was gained by the advocate for the defence, who, understanding Gaelic, reduced the presumed question of the boundary by demonstrating the etymology of a burn, the identity of which had become equivocal, but which was determined by its own intrinsic signification in the native language.

AN T-UISGE GLAS. The river vulgarly called the Beaully.

SRATH-GLAIS. The valley of the Glass from Gùnasachan to Eilean-Agais. It was also called anciently "*Crom-Ghleann*," the "crooked or bending glen," from the angle which it makes at Strui.

BEALACH SHRATH-GHLAIS. "The mouth of Strath-Glass," the pass on the north, and the opening on the south side of Eilean-Agais, by which the glen has exit to the Druim, on one side, and the "*Laich*" of the Aird on the other.

ERGLASS. *i. e.* "*Ear-Ghlas*," or "Easter-Glass," the residence of the Laird of Chisholm, in Lower Strath-Glass,

so called from its situation at the commencement of the eastern branch of Strath-Glass.*

ARD, or *Ard-Mhic-Shime*. i.e. "Lovat's Ard."† The range of hills upon the south side of Loch-Beauly, from Craig Phàdraig to Gleann Con-Fiadhaich.

LAG NA H-AIRDE. The "Laich," or low flat lands of Beaufort and Belladrum, from the Ard to Kilmoraig and Fan-Eilean.

BRAIGH NA H-AIRDE. All the sloping range of hills which bounds the Lag na h-Airde upon the west, from Gleann Chon Fhiadhaich to Eskadall.

BEAULY. A small town situated on the mouth of the Glass, and giving name to the west arm of the Moray Frith, originally the hamlet of a Cistercian monastery, founded in the year 1280, by James Bisset, and first occupied by monks from the celebrated Abbey of Cluny, in Burgundy, brought into Scotland by William Malvoisin, Bishop of St Andrews. Hence it has pleased the low-country etymologists, because they were ignorant of Gaelic, to seek in French the derivation of a native name, and grace the Celtic "*Beaula*" with the transmigration of the French "*Beau-lieu*." The name, however, is simple Gaelic, "*Béul-àth*," the *mouth* of the *ford*, from "*Béul*," a mouth or "deboucheur," and "*àth*," pronounced "*à*," a ford. Like all other native designations, it is expressive of a local distinction, for the priory and the town are situated upon the *mouth* of the river, and opposite to the most important *ford* upon the lower Glass, and which in old time was the principal passage into Ross.

PORT MÒR. The ferry called in Scots "The Muckle Ferry," upon the Glass opposite to the town of Beauly.

* There is another derivation no less probable, and equally descriptive. The old castle stood upon the slope of the hill above the valley, on an eminence bounded by a deep cleft or gully, formed by the stream Alt-Earglass. The wall of the building rose from the edge of this natural moat, and from hence it might most naturally be named "*Caisteal-air-a'-cloise*," the castle on the cleft or ravine.

† "*Mac-Shime*,"—"Simon's son," is the patronymic of the Lords of Lovat, and chiefs of the Clan Fraser.

ATH A' PHUIRT MHÒIR. The ford of the Glass, which, as above mentioned, in conjunction with the mouth of the river, gives name to the priory of Beauly, and which, lying in the same water with the ferry, derives its own appellation from that union.

LEOIR NAM MANACH.* The monks' land. The plain of Beauly from the monastic lands of the priory.

ABHAINN NAM MANACH. The monks' river. An ancient name for that part of the Glass which extends from Kilmorag through the church-lands of the monastery.

SGÌRE MHÒR. The great parish. The parish of Kilmorag, from the hills along which it lies.

AN CABARACH. A height, and cluster of houses at its foot, between Wester Moniack and Ballandùn.

SGUR-NA-LAPAICH. The ridge of the mires. From "*Làpaich*," provincial for "*Làpanach*," miry, of "*Làpan*," mire. One of the highest mountains in the Highlands, situated at the head of the forest of Glen Strath-Fàrar, and named from several black mosses at its foot.

STRUI, i. e. Sruith, the streams. A house and lands situated upon the junction of the Fàrar and the Glass, and named from those streams by which they are bounded.

Near this place there is a remarkable ford in the Glass, named "*Ath-nan-Cèann*"—the ford of the heads—which derives its appellation from a conflict between the Frasers and the Chisholms more than two hundred years ago. Of the cause which led to this encounter tradition makes no mention; but it arose out of some now forgotten quarrel, from which the clans were then in a state of hostility, rendering the Chisholms daily apprehensive of an attack upon their cattle, a

* Although this word is vulgarly pronounced "*Leoir nam Manach*," the correct etymon may be "*Lon nam Manach*," the monks' lawn or meadow. This is in conformity with a frequent corruption in the spoken Gaelic of changing the letter *n* into *r*; as, *cra* for *cno*, a nut; Mac "*Richol*" for Mac "*Nicholl*," &c. There is, however, another etymology identical with the popular pronunciation, and very pertinent to the locality — "*Leoir-nam-manach*" — i. e., "*The monks' plenty*;" the plain of Beauly being their finest Grange, and the richest corn-land in the country.

practice of aggression or reprisal then usual between discordant tribes. The ground at Strui and Earglass, like great part of Strath-Glass, is a beautiful even plain, formed, by the action of the river in successive ages, almost to a water level; and then bounded on either side of the glen by a forest of birch and oak, extending from the Druim to Gàibhsachan and the head of Glen-Strath-Fàrar. The present castle of Earglass is situated in the midst of these meadows; but, at the period of the battle, the old "house of strength" stood above them upon a romantic eminence of the northern braes, and, partly moated by art and partly by the deep ravine of the burn of Earglass, occupied the area now inclosed for the cemetery of the late Chisholm. At that time, therefore, the whole space to the Fàrar and the Glass was a smooth and open pasture, upon which were grazed the castle herds. From the access of the ford, and the covert of the woods by which they could be approached undiscovered, to the margin of the river, they were however within danger from their enemies, and strict vigilance was maintained by their herdsman, a stalwart "carnach" and deer-stalker, whose cottage was upon the edge of the meadow near the present castle of Earglass. By ill-fortune, however, for the proprietor of the cattle, his wife was a woman from the "Lag-na-h-Airde," where her family still resided at Tigh-na-coille. One day the herdsman, being weary with watching through the night, lay down to take some rest, leaving his wife to keep his ward. She sat down at the little window of the black-house, which commanded a view of the strath to the river, and continued spinning her distaff, and "crooning" old songs, until her husband was sound asleep. He slept long and deep; but at length, towards evening, he was awakened by the lowing of cattle. He started up and listened—"Càit am beil na Cruidh?"* he exclaimed. "They are putting them home," replied his wife. "Yes, but *not to Earglass*," he answered, and, springing from his bed, went out to the bank before the door, where he saw the whole herd streaming towards the

* "Where are the cattle?"

ford, and guarded by a strong party of armed men. He rushed back into the house, but his wife was gone, and, snatching his sword and targe, he ran to a neighbouring knoll, and, from its summit, blew an alarm with his "nowt horn," which brought out every tenant of the glen from the castle to Croicheal. The cause of the summons was quickly discovered, and the people armed and assembled so fast, that the Frasers were overtaken before they could drive the cattle through the ford, where the conflict was maintained with fury into and in the water. The attack was made with such determination, that, after a desperate encounter, the cattle were rescued, and the men of the "aird" defeated with great slaughter; and the next day there were found in the ford so many heads cut off by axes and two-handed swords, that it was called afterwards "*Ath nan Cèann*."

In July 1846, some labourers, breaking ground on the fields of Strui, dug up a considerable number of human bones, the remains of those killed in the conflict; but such is the decay of tradition, that none of the present people of the neighbourhood had any recollection of a battle near the place. Many years ago, however, we received from one of the old generation, then alive in Strath-Glass, the relation of the conflict, which had been well remembered by the elders of their time.

No. IX.

SEAL-STALKING.

LIKE every other chase, this pursuit is dependent upon a proper knowledge of the habits and haunts of the game, which, like those of all creatures, are generic and systematic. The novice conceives nothing beyond walking along the shore, and

occasionally obtaining an accidental shot at one of the "round heads," as he chances to rise within—or perhaps without—range, and probably at a distance which gives the seal an opportunity of watching for the smoke of the rifle, which has scarce left the muzzle before he disappears; and should the ball strike in the very circle just occupied by his head, though it came from a long eighteen-pounder, it would only dash on the surface, and after a recochée of some hundred yards, fly hopping along the sea, to the disturbance, but little to the danger, of all the gulls, divers, and phocæ within half-a-mile. The old seal-stalker, however, knows every resort and custom of the beast by night and day, the rock on which he basks in the morning and evening sun, and the approach by which to steal within a sure shot of his "whereabout," without alarm from the watchful and clamorous neighbours, always ready to give warning of danger.

It is not sufficient for the hunter to be perfectly familiar with the haunts and habits of the seals; the coast which they frequent must be free for the uninterrupted operation of his skill and perseverance, and hence delivered from those vigilant and noisy sea-fowl which cover the rocks and sands, and at the appearance of the general enemy, by their cries and agitation alarm the seals, and frustrate his approach. When, therefore, any systematic sport is proposed, the first proceeding is to clear the coast of gulls, curlews, and, above all, sea-pies and kittiwakes; this may easily be done, and, at the same time, it affords the best possible rifle practice. For the purpose intended, the shore should be patrolled at low water when the seals are absent, during which opportunity the sea-birds should be persecuted and pelted with balls wherever they are found. For the service required it is not necessary to kill them; but, to banish their vexations, half-an-ounce of lead should be sent after them whenever they are seen, no matter at what distance; the farther they are off, the more they will appreciate the danger of the stalker, and when they feel the sand or water flying about them, learn to distrust their safety wherever he appears, and as soon as he comes in view, though a mile away, they will take wing for the next point—out to sea—up to the

clouds—anywhere beyond reach of their persecutor. But if they have not been taught to dread the sight of man, the moment he approaches, especially in any covert or suspicious manner, they flurry about him, wheel and hover over his head, screaming, and wailing, and haunting him like the ghosts of the birds he has previously murdered, the terns and lapwings almost flying in his face, and the pies and pipers sitting on the tops of stones and rocks, bowing, and whistling, and trilling at him, till every seal within half-a-mile of the tuiizie takes a circle out to sea, where, perhaps, he may appear five or six hundred yards off, rearing himself out of the water to the shoulders, and staring and gaping towards the rock, behind which the stalker sits, like St Anthony in the midst of his temptations. He may then get up and walk away, for his sport is at an end for that day.

When the seal-hunter makes even a casual visit to a coast which he has not had the opportunities for clearing, as soon as the birds gather, he should send some balls whistling through their groups, or bodies, which, even against the dancing terns, is sooner attainable than he may at first imagine. Constant practice, and the unconcern of the shot, will quickly improve his hand and eye, and he will soon acquire the precision for snuffing their heads, and shearing their wings, and pelting the little pipers off their stones at sixty yards. This will soon become so disagreeable to the sea-sprites by which he is haunted, that, as soon as he appears, the lesser will abandon their haunt, and skim in silence along the water to some distant point, and the old colks and grey-ganders, as they fish along the coast, will wheel out to sea, and leave him in quiet possession of his rock.*

Where seals abound, the bays and points of the coast must

* Sea, like land birds, have native haunts and habitual localities, which are not only maintained by the stationary species, but resumed by the migratory classes at their annual return. We have known a gannet, which, at the herring-fishery, frequented a loch for five years, though it was seventy or eighty miles distant from his breeding rock; also a heron which visited the same river for ten winters, though a hundred miles distant from his heronry. Each of these birds was distinguished by a broken leg, and they are only two of many instances illustrating the habitual haunts of birds.

be well known to the stalker, not only for the coverts and approaches by land, but the shoals and depths to which the seals may sink by sea ; for it is necessary to foresee what may be required for raising the dead, as well as to be familiar with every rock, stone, and water-course which may afford concealment for approaching the living. The time for attacking the seals is either at their fishing or repose upon the rocks or shoals ; or when at evening, they amuse themselves by poisoning their bodies upon some low flat rock, actively beating the water with their tails, and bowing their heads as if making their devotions to the setting sun. To reach them on the shoals, it is necessary to choose the night ebbs, when the banks are left dry before daybreak, previous to which, the stalker must drop down silently with the tide, until within rifle-shot, and there anchor and wait patiently for the light. The boat used for this purpose should be flat-bottomed, and painted white or pale sky-blue, and the bonnet and dress of the boatmen of one of the same colours, which are the least distinguishable at sea. Unless in strong currents, the oars should not be used within several hundred yards of the banks, as the hearing of the seal is as acute as his sight, and the water conveys all sounds to a great distance. For the chance, however, of being required, both the thowls and the oars should always be muffled with sheep or waste seal-skin, having the fur outwards.

If possible, the seals must be approached from the leeward, for, like deer, their sense of smell is acute, and, upon getting the wind of their enemies, they will immediately take the sea. Should the tide and the breeze move in the same direction, the muffled oars must be used to gain command of their lee.

The time for stalking the seals at their fishing depends also upon the tide, since it is regulated by the feeding of the fish which they follow, and which, at the flow, approach the shore, to seek along the banks and shallows the food collected from the fresh ground by the rising of the tide. At the ebb, being then gorged, the seals come on shore to sleep, and, for this purpose, choose some dry and generally isolated shoal, or the

shelf of a rock above deep-water, where they lie close to the edge or point, ready to drop over into the sea at the first alarm. Upon the sand-banks they cannot be approached by day, unless under the screen of some favourable reef of rocks, rarely to be found; and upon the shore they are only assailable with great caution, silence, and a sufficient mask from their keen and watchful sight. Nothing can be trusted to their repose, for, if they do not, like Monsieur Jabot, sleep "with one eye open," they uncloze both so frequently during their slumber, that their vigilance is little less perpetual. With them sleep is only a momentary intermission of the faculties, and almost at every minute their sight awakes, and they glance round to sea and land. The least sound or motion reaches their senses, and in the next instant the rock is bare, and their place and disappearance only marked by the damp stain of their bed and the floating circle in the tide. Upon a broken shore, however, it is easy to approach behind projecting rocks, in the channel of a stream, or through the clefts and chasms. Along strands frequented by inhabitants, the few seals which remain on the coast become as familiar with carts and fishing-boats as a wood-stag with the woodman's wain, and will permit the one to pass by land, and the other by water, within rifle-range. Like stalking-horses, cars or "coups" can thus be used as a moving mask, behind which the stalker may walk to a convenient point from whence to take his shot, or gain some other method of approach. Equally inoffensive, and only associated with shoals of food, the fishing-boats are unsuspected by the seals; and, even when awake and basking on the shore, three or four will suffer them to approach until they hear the sound of the "Iorram;"* or the pipes, when they will lie quiet, and apparently listening with pleasure,† as the boat sweeps past within half gun-shot

* Boat-song.

† The effect of music upon the seal is well known. It is not confined to a particular note or strain, and they will follow for a considerable distance a vessel in which any instrument or chorus is heard. This influence of sounds appears in various creatures, down even to the reptiles. The attraction of the antelopes above mentioned is said to have been often observed. "The stag," says Buffon, "appears to listen with as much pleasure as tranquillity to the

of their lair ; but, like deer at the pausing of the stalker, if the boatmen cease their song, or rest upon their oars, heavy and unwieldy as the seals may seem, they are gone in a moment, with a quiet but instantaneous disappearance, as if they melted from off the rock.

One of the examples of inhumanity cited by the Hindoos against Hyder Ali was his shooting at the antelopes, which, during the evening concerts before his tent, stole out from the woods to listen to the music ; and the same ruse has been practised by continental hunters against the stag.* We know not how far the foreign sea-stalker might abuse the same confidence in the seal—to an islesman it would be sacred—but should a single shot be fired unsuccessfully, the animal, which was its object, would never again permit the approach of a boat, or listen to the sound of the Iorram, until time had effaced the impression of its danger. The boat, therefore, should only be used to convey the hunter to some favourable rock or point, from whence the seals may be stalked or waited “ at the tryst ;” neither should its progress be checked for his landing, but, while the skiff glides past, he should slip gently over into the water at the shoulder of some stone, or at the mouth of some chasm, and, as the fishers and the Iorram recede, the attention of the seal will remain fixed upon the music and the boat. When the range is gained, however exposed the seal may be, the shot should always be made at the head ; for, even if struck in the shoulder, he will often escape with a body wound. Except within caves, or on very unfrequented shores, he is always at the lip of the water, at the last step of the tide, where there is sufficient depth for his immediate security,

sound of the pipe or the flageolet ;”¹ and the tone of a trumpet, a bell, or an organ, will cause dogs to howl in concord, generally a minor third or fifth. Serpents are attracted by a pipe or a song, lizards brought out of their holes by a whistle, and bees assembled from their hives, and led home from the fields, by the same sound—whence the allusion of the Psalmist, and the denunciation of the Prophet—“ *Sicut aspidis surdæ et obturantis aures suas, quæ non exaudiet vocem incantantium et venefici incantantis sapienter.*”²—“ *Et erit in die illa, sibilabit Dominus muscæ quæ est in extremo fluminum Ægypti, et apî quæ est in terra Assur.*”³

* Buffon, Hist. Nat. vi. 97.

¹ Hist. Nat. vol. vi. p. 97.

² Psalm lvi. 5, 6.

³ Isaiah vii. 18

and into which he will roll over, and drag himself away amidst the sea-tangle; beneath this sea-cover he will disappear into hollows and submarine recesses known only to himself, where, rolled in his ocean shroud, he will lie until the crabs have eaten out his eyes, and the sea-spiders and man-suckers have picked his bones. In all cases the hunter must be provided with at least one good clip, for any accidental or sudden occasion of swimming for a seal; this weapon should be about three feet long, tough, stiff, and light, with a barbed head, and a thong sling, to prevent it from slipping out of the hand when fixed in a heavy and struggling object. The boat clips require from twelve to twenty feet in the helve; and every skiff ought to be furnished with three or four, of various lengths, besides one or more lines armed with a barbed and triple, or quatre-tined grappling for dragging the sandy bottoms. As the seal sinks almost immediately after he has been shot, before the hunter can swim or row to the spot where he went down, he will be far beyond his reach, unless furnished with a weapon longer than his arm; but with a manageable clip the seal may be reached in his descent, and even if quite dead, with little exertion, will rise to the surface, and may be towed on shore by the swimmer. With a boat this is still more easily done, by attaching the sling of the clip to a cleet in the stern. When a seal has sunk to the bottom, it is rarely recovered, unless upon a shoal coast with a smooth clear ground, free from weeds and currents, but then only when the sea is calm, for, if darkened by disturbance, he cannot be discerned. If shot at the flood tide, he *may* be found at the next ebb in the basin of some pool, or lying like a red calf on the wet sands; but this is a rare good fortune; and it is more likely that he will be taken out into deep water by the tide or the ground currents, though, when he inflates and rises, he may be thrown up to the hoodycrow by the next gale.

Of the various modes of killing seals, the most sure and agreeable is "at the tryst," or waiting for them at a pass when they are fishing along the coast. Seals have passes as well as deer, and, to the old sea-stalker, they are as well known as those of the forest to the forester. Upon the return of the

tide, the amphibie pursue their prey up and down the lochs and straits, and round the islands, almost always within shot, and sometimes within forty or fifty yards of the shore. Their course is invariably in a straight continuous line, diving, and reappearing at an interval of sixty or seventy yards. At each rise they lie upon the surface of the water for a few seconds, or a minute at a time, to reconnoitre and take fresh air—their large round heads entirely above the tide, and their clear watchful eyes examining every rock and stone as they glide forward. Before they plunge, they often rear themselves out of the water as high as their shoulders; but this is generally when they have seen some suspected object, or after they have dived from a shot, and, rising at a secure distance, are anxious to discover the aggressor.

Before taking any position, the coast along which the seals fish should be examined, and the most convenient posts ascertained. The best ambushes are in recesses among the rocks, or spaces between stones, which give a screen to the right and left as well as in front. These, however, must not show any light between them, for the seal is so quick-sighted and vigilant, that, if an object is not well covered, he will detect its small motion at an incredible distance, and, before he comes within shot, quietly sink, as if he had seen nothing alarming; but, instead of rising again in the line of his course, he will reappear out at sea, treading water on his tail, trying to peep at the waiter over his shelter stone, and no more to return for that day. If, however, the waiter is well concealed, and the coast well frequented by seals, a considerable number will pass before him in a tide—not all together, nor is that to be desired, but following each other at intervals of a quarter or half an hour, and occasionally two or three in company, or fifty or a hundred yards apart. The watcher must be very vigilant, and constantly observe the coast as far as he can see with his glass. If he misses the first seal, he must remain quiet and out of sight; those which are following may have been under water at the moment of the shot, or the wind or the distance may prevent the report from giving alarm. The seal fired at will sink at the instant, and rise at a distance

to sea ; but, if he discovers no enemy, he will only take a look from one or two other positions out of range, and then continue his course, while those to the rear will pursue their original line undisturbed. Meantime, the waiter must reload as quick as possible, keep well under cover, and hold himself ready for the next comer. When a seal arrives within a dive of his post, he will perceive with his glass the long glossy line of its back upon the surface of the water ; let him not, however, be tempted to fire at the body, the head only affords a certain shot, and any other only endangers disappointment by an indecisive wound, and the disturbance of approaching game.

At every tryst there should be a "dingie," or small boat for one rower, about eight feet long, sharp at both ends, and so light that it may be quickly launched or drawn up by a single person. The seat should be something abaft the centre, and the skulls tough, but very "handy," with copper-ring thowl-pins, and a circle of nowt's hide on the shafts, to prevent them from slipping through the rings. They will thus ply round on their pivots, and lie flat to the gunwale like the fins of a fish to its sides, always ready, and out of the way when room is required for clipping. The upper half of the thowl-rings should open and close with a hinge and bolt, so as to clasp over the oars, and prevent them from being thrown out, as may happen in the open semi-circles ; this is an improvement which we have added to our own boats with much advantage : the smallest dingie should never be without two tough clips, from ten to twenty feet in length, and, in addition to these, the short hand-clip must not be forgotten. Thus provided, a hunter, who can hit a five inch target at a hundred yards, will become a successful seal-stalker, but without a boat and clips, his success is only a wanton destruction, from the number of disappointments, of which the following is an example :

One bright autumn evening, as the sun was going down over Caisteal-Abhail,* I was practising ball at the curlews

* The Ptarmigan's Castle. A square mass of rock resembling a ruin, upon the summit of the highest hill in the Island of Arran.

and grey-ganders on the south side of Ettrick-Bay in Bute, when, with my glass, I discovered some seals fishing along the coast, within shot of the little isolated rock, called Eilean Mhic-Neil. As I had no view to their pursuit, on this occasion, I was unprovided either with boat or clip; I could not, however, resist the temptation of a good stalk thus thrown in my way. The seals, three in number, were coming round the islet from the bottom of the bay, and the first was already within such a distance, that he might have been alarmed by my appearance, but for the habitual caution of a stalker, which almost unconsciously, and however his thoughts may be occupied, causes him to examine any open space before him. The round head of the seal had scarce broken the still green surface of the sea, when mine was behind a grey stone which lies on the narrow downs extending along the shore between the little craigs, once the ancient boundary of the tide, and the low rifted rocks which are now the rampart of the strand. My screen was about fifty yards from the water, and behind its mask I watched the seal till he made his next dive, and then ran forward to another mass of rock about thirty yards before me, and waited until he again came up. I had not, however, many seconds to spare, during which I examined the shore opposite to the spot where I calculated that the seal would reappear after the next dive. Almost in its line, upon the edge of the water, there was a low rock very well suited to the present occasion, when the seals were fishing to the south, as it had a wing which screened its northern flank, while its front was shoulder high with two projections, which formed a natural embrasure. The seal rose at the usual interval, and having shaken his head and looked about him, dived again, when I made a run down the shore for my horn-work. There could scarcely have been worse footing, as the whole course of the rocks is intersected into clefts, and cracks, and teeth, like the ridges of a vast file, the strata of sandstone being erected almost to the perpendicular,—the flakes worn to a sharp edge, and the intermediate layers of softer formation washed away by the wearing of the sea, leaving a serrated comb of freestone, over which the

steps totter like walking on harrows. I passed it, however, at a quick run, which gave no time for losing the equilibrium, and had scarcely gained the stone and raised the rifle into the embrasure, when the seal came up directly opposite about seventy yards distant: he seemed to examine the *sky* line of the little rocks behind me, but before his eye glanced to the water's edge, the two-ounce ball had struck him in the head, and he lay motionless on the surface of the tide; the long glossy line of his back gleaming to the setting sun in the midst of a bright circle of crimson froth and bubbles. There was no boat upon the bay, and about the distance at which he lay, there is another rocky step below the water, the interval between which is a smooth sand-bank, gradually sloping to the depth of twenty feet, but beyond this submarine terrace, the sounding was unknown to me. There was, therefore, no time to lose; I threw off my jacket and kilt, and plunged into the sea, and swam with all my might. As I advanced, the shining back of the seal still continued visible in the stream of the setting sun, until I had reached the mid-distance, when the long glistening line slowly vanished from the surface, and left only the red circle of froth and bubbles, which continued rising as he went down. I redoubled my efforts, and soon came into the wide crimson halo which marked where he had disappeared, when I immediately dived, and saw the seal apparently close within my reach; this, however, was only the optical deception of the water: I went down and down, and strove in vain to reach the sinking shadow, and was obliged to ascend for air. I lay upon my back, until I had recovered breath, and then dived again. I could still distinctly see the seal, as he descended with his broad tail and hands spread out in the water above the sandy bottom, and I struck down strongly towards him, but without a plunge it requires great exertion to overcome the buoyancy, even of an inconsiderable depth; and when I failed in the first attempt, I turned, and endeavoured to reach the seal with my feet, thinking that, like drowned bodies, if strongly moved, he might again rise on the water. The depth, however, was too great, and I was obliged to re-ascend. Having taken wind, I again dived, not with any

expectation of gaining the seal, but as the tide was receding, to ascertain if he had sunk on the terrace, or had been lifted by the ebb into the deep-water. As I apprehended, when I saw him again, though upon the shelf, he was far down and very dim, and apparently already moved to the edge of the bank, for within, the grey stones were distinct and sparkling with the morsels of mica in their formation ; but beyond there was a green shade, a void of unknown depth. Upon this view, I gave up the expectation of seeing the seal again, and, in the course of the ebb, he was lifted over into the deep-water ; for the next day, when I returned with all which was necessary for raising him, he was no longer to be found. Had I possessed a clip of three feet in length, he would have been secured at the first dive.

Upon most of the coasts of Scotland, the seals are now considerably diminished. Their former celebrated haunt, about the island of Heiskar, has been much decreased by long and continual slaughter, and upon many of the mainland banks they have entirely disappeared. The greatest numbers now remaining are upon the isolated and uninhabited rocks to the west of the Long Island, and in the deep geos and caves in the coast of Sutherland and Caithness. In all these haunts, however, their pursuit is a mere "churle" butchery, not any "chase" allied to the "noble art of venerie." On the Hebridean rocks its principal season is in October, after the animals have calved, when old and young are indiscriminately massacred for the sake of the skins and oil. The onslaught is made while the herds are on shore within the recesses of the rocks, at which time a "biorlin" makes a circle about the isle, landing a cordon of men armed with clubs, and when all the sea passes are occupied, an alarm is given from the boat, upon which the seals, rushing for the water, are knocked on the head in their way. A moderate blow upon the nose lays them senseless, but if hit on the forehead, they can bear a heavy concussion, which is quickly followed by a large swelling, giving them a ferocious appearance. Some of the boldest seals, when they have escaped the fatal blow, seize the club between their teeth, and carry it to the sea, and several of the females venture and lose

their lives in their brave and devoted attempts to save their young, which, regardless of their own safety, they roll before them towards the water. A hundred years ago, the seals were so numerous upon the reefs around Heiskar, that on the rock of Easmuil, three hundred and twenty have been killed by the sea Tainchel in one day.* Upon the mainland, the annual slaughter is still considerable in the geos, and caves, and skerries; the former of which are peculiar characteristics of that vast rock rampart of coast, which extends from Dunbeath to Cape Wrath. The name is one of the numerous vocables, which, in Caithness and Sutherland, still bear evidence of the ancient Norwegian population, which, for so long a period, possessed an almost independent dominion in that great division of Scotland bounded by the Moray Frith. As little known on the western and southern shores, as the name by which they are distinguished, these extraordinary chasms are profound and awful gulfs, rent several hundred yards into the precipitous wall of rock, and the green downs by which it is covered. unseen and unsuspected, until the eye approaches the yawning abyss. Out of these sable dens, a heavy and continual thunder comes up from below, for even when the bents are motionless in the still sunshine, and the sea appears like a shining mirror, the reverberation of the straitened swell still rolls and hums below. Among the most remarkable of these gigantic rifts are those forming the long black tongue, upon which is built the old Castle of Wick; few, except the natives, have nerve to approach their appalling precipices, and those who have only advanced within sight of their yawning mouths stand breathless, and recoiling against the sensation of an onward impulsion into the abyss. It is impossible to express the effect upon first entering within its mighty and terrific jaws. Upon either side the beetling brinks overhang the base, and descend in vast courses of horizontal strata, far beyond the sight of any position likely to be attempted except by a St Kildan fowler. After approaching within a few yards, I lay down on the grass, and drew myself forward to

* Mart. West. Isles, p. 62.

the brink of the craigs, until my head and breast projected over the rock. Even in that position the sight took away my breath as I looked down into the vast abyss, through which the tide rolled in like a dim blue cloud, breaking against the base of the gigantic rampart, and sending its white foam sheet up the cliffs in long tongues, which fell over upon themselves in a sparkling mist of many-coloured spray, glistening like a silvery veil in the morning sun which shone into the chasm. A deep eternal murmur came up out of the gulf, but the thunder of each swell had not reached the ear, until long after the flash of foam had gone up the rock, and appeared to burst in profound and awful stillness. Multitudes of sea-fowl circled, and danced, and screamed below, but it was only at times that their skirling cry reached the upper air, as their white flitting shadows wheeled up into the sunshine. Far below, long ranges of snow-white lines extended upon the ledges and galleries of the rocks, individually indistinguishable, and only discovering that they were crowded ranks of birds, when the shelves being too narrow for contrary files to pass each other; after curtsying and bowing for several minutes, the leaders of the one pushed off the others, and the thick white lines of the flock fell over in succession, and unravelled into the air like a wreath of scattering snow. At their inward extremity, the geos often terminate in deep gloomy caverns, and in these the seals congregate in those numbers which afford the great harvests to their hunters. One of the most remarkable of those sea dens is in a geo which lies a short distance to the south of the old Castle of Wick; its access is by a beach which slopes upwards from the sea, and is said to penetrate three hundred yards within the rocks. The geo itself is so narrow, that, in entering, the boatmen cannot use their oars, but, taken in by the flood-tide, guide their motion by two ropes, which are carried out abaft. In a prolific season, the cave is sometimes crowded with seals, when it is dangerous to attack them, and at all times the assault requires much activity, dexterity, and experience. The instant that the boat touches the beach at the mouth of the cavern, the men leap quickly on shore, and, armed with short clubs, range themselves

on each side of the entrance close to the rock, and as much as possible out of the "run." The seals are sometimes alarmed too soon, and charging down to the sea, upset and "score" all who are in their way; those which are struck on the nose immediately fall senseless, and the rest, as they follow, scramble over the prostrate bodies, and are then easily killed. Upwards of a hundred have thus been slaughtered in one morning; but some of the men are, occasionally, severely cut by the fugitives, and the novices are often grievously punished for their awkwardness or inexperience. One of these, unaccustomed to the sound of the approaching herd, and staring towards the rattle of their approach as they rushed down the den, was overwhelmed by the tumbling mass of snouts, and paws, and tails, and rolled away towards the water. After the seals had passed, it was with difficulty, and sorely scored and bruised, that he was drawn out from beneath the heap of monsters which had been killed above him, but to which he owed his life; for, had he not been covered by the lifeless bodies, he would have been carried by the tumult into the sea.

Though less associated with seals, the most remarkable cave upon the north coast is at the termination of a long geo between Loch-Eribol and Duriness, and from its superior extent called by the natives "*Uaimh 'as mò*,"* which might be translated by a Persian, "The Grandfather of Caverns."—In approaching, the mouth appears like a vast Gothic arch, and the geo gradually decreases in depth, until a landing is offered upon a green narrow den† between the beetling crags. At the head of this natural dock there are generally several fishing-boats drawn up on the grass, and from the left of the cave a narrow path leads to the summit of the cliffs. Within the arch upon the right there is a little black pool, above which, at the height of about six feet from its surface, appears a tall narrow opening like a lancet window, and upon clambering round the margin of the water to the sill, there is discovered beyond a subterranean lake, which disappears into the impene-

* The greater cave.

† Den, in Scots, signifies a deep narrow hollow as well as a cave, being the same word with the old English *dene*.

trable darkness. At the time of our visit to the geo, there was not in the neighbourhood any boat which could be passed through the window. One of the fishermen, however, who had formerly explored the cavern, informed us that, after rowing for a considerable distance, and turning the angle of a rock, he heard a faint roar of water, and, advancing towards the sound, found himself in a long, narrow canal, vaulted by the rock, which he followed until his progress was terminated by a cascade that descended out of the roof. Some days after, in crossing the moor from Loch-Eribol to Sconsa, we came upon a burn, which we were told had "*no end*," and following its course towards the coast, were brought to a place where it suddenly disappeared and plunged into a black shaft, of which we had not means for ascertaining the depth; but the hollow sound of the fall indicated a profound distance, and there can be no doubt that, although unsuspected by our guide, it is the source of the lake and cataract of the great cave.

Although unconnected with the pursuit for which we have described the geos, we cannot mention them without noticing the old Castle of Dunbeath, which stands upon a tongue of rock intrenched by two such natural and awful moats as those which defend its more northern neighbour, the fortalice of Wick. As ruins, Akergill, Sinclair, and Gernigo, are much more important, but Dunbeath has an accidental interest in the recollection of one of the last traits in its domestic history. The body of the castle is built across the narrow area between the geos, at such a distance from its extremity as leaves a space, formerly a court and garden, inclosed by a low wall extending along the sloping list of turf, which may be called the "*berm*" of the vast natural ditches. The walls of the castle are carried up in continuation of the terrific precipices on which it stands, and in 1829 it was* perfectly habitable, and sometimes used as a summer residence by its proprietor, Sinclair of Freswick. Several of the rooms were then hung with tapestry, wrought by one of the ladies of Dunbeath, and set in

* We speak in the past tense, not having seen the castle for several years, and ignorant of the changes which may have occurred to the building within that period.

oak frames, which, according to the barbarism of a later period, had been painted *sky-blue*. The depravity of a similar period had disfigured the gate, which was flanked by two beautiful hanging towers terminating in elegant decorated corbells; but one of these and part of the turret was covered by a base modern excrescence, an infamy in stone and lime, perpetrated by the constructor "as a more convenient entrance," but a monument to posterity of the degradation of domestic architecture in the age which it disgraced. The wall which inclosed the rear court was much dilapidated, and in the south side there was a gap which appeared to have remained in the same state for more than a generation, and gave passage to the natural "berm" before mentioned—a narrow turf brink only a few feet wide, and so steep that a goat might have stepped cautiously upon its declivity. Opposite to the breach, out of a chink in the bald brow of the precipice, there grew a wild white rose, which spread its flowers five hundred feet above the dim blue tide that rolled its thunder through the gulf below.—Upon a still summer evening, more than ninety years ago, the Laird of Freswick was walking in the court, and his daughter, a beautiful little girl of six years old, standing at the gap of the broken wall watching the white sea-mews as they danced and skimmed in the gorge of the geo, rising into the setting sunshine, or disappearing into the black gulf like flickering spirits of its deep abyss; as her father paced to and fro, he observed in one of his turns that she had vanished from the breach, and immediately that she was no longer in the court: he stood for a few moments to recollect if she had passed into the house, and as the conviction struck him that she had not, he rushed to the gap: below, poised like a bird on the brink of the appalling gulf, she was in the act of stretching out her hand over the precipice to gather a rose from the bush, which none but the winged tenants of the rock had ever touched before. Notwithstanding his horror, her father had the extraordinary presence of mind to repress any exclamation, which might have endangered her footing by a sudden motion, and with a calm voice—"Well, lassie!" he said, "ye have won cleverly down; let see if ye will win as cleverly back again."

—The child turned her beautiful face with a smile, and cautiously and steadily reaching out her arm to its full extent, gathered the flower, and turning carefully and quietly, ran lightly up the steep, and gave the rose to her father. Dunbeath clasped her in his arms, and rushing into the house fell senseless on the floor.—A few years since we related this tradition in Edinburgh to an old lady, who listened with much interest, and when we had concluded—"Well, Sir," she replied, "that lassie was my grandmother."—

Dunbeath Castle is only one of the many features on the seal-coasts of the north, which not only abound with interest for the sea-hunter, but, from their productions and phenomena, the grandeur of their gigantic rocks, and the ruins of their ancient fortresses, are equally attractive for the naturalist, the artist, and the antiquary; each of whom might collect a volume out of their resources. Among the most remarkable of the natural features are the "stacks," or isolated craigs, which rise like giant spires and ruined donjons out of the sea. The largest of these, upon the east coast, is near Duncansbay-head, the north-east promontory of Caithness; it is a shattered turreted pile of rock several hundred feet in height, which, from its similitude to a vast fortress, is named "John-o'-Groat's Castle." The most remarkable, however, is farther to the west, at the extremity of Dunnet-bay, and opposite to Holborn-head, a square tower of craigs called the Cleet, upwards of four hundred feet in height; its summit covered with grass and bent, and on a level with the shore cliffs, from which it is only separated by a very narrow channel. One morning, at the rising of a dense night-fog before the sun, a foreign brig discovered herself in this strait overshadowed by the rocks on either side; and, at every roll of the deep swell, almost touching with her yards the dark sheer wall of the stack, which, still covered by the mist, seemed to ascend into the clouds. Fortunately for her preservation, there was not a breath of wind; and the water is so deep that, on either side, a vessel might graze the precipices like a mooring-pier, and thus the tide, which drew her into the stream of the channel, gently floated her through the strait, and round the headland into the bay of Thurso.

While the vast rampart of this coast is inhabited by seals below, its upper precipices are frequented by clouds of sea-birds, which breed within their rifts, and along the shelves of the horizontal strata, which appear like courses of cyclopiian masonry, and form long ledges and galleries, sometimes terminating at both ends in deep caves, high up in the twentieth or thirtieth story of the rock-fortress. Such is the structure of the Cleet; and, like the mainland craigs, its dens and corridors are occupied by myriads of sea-fowl, chiefly auks, razor-bills, and other upright hooked-nosed and bald-eyed fishers of the north. The rock produces a profitable rent from its feathers, of which many boat-loads are annually exported. The birds are taken by nets, which, wherever they can be extended, are spread before the clefts and galleries of the rocks. When the toils are hung, guns are fired to scare the fowls, which, from every rift and chasm, swarm out in thousands, and tumble into the nets. Meanwhile, upon the upper ridges streams of feathcred tribes, as white as down, pour out in lines along the shelves, and, falling from the crowded ledges like a long descending wreath of snow, stoop towards the sea, and, as they approach its surface, scatter out over the water into a thousand skimming fleeces.

Since the decrease of seals upon the mainland, and in the Western Isles, their greatest resort is now, perhaps, on the "Seals-Skerry," a low sandy isle only inhabited by phocæ and sea-fowl, and lying about sixteen leagues to the west of the Orkneys, and near the great sea-tower of rock, called emphatically "*The Stack*," because there is no other for a great distance. At the fall of the year the herds gather in hundreds upon this islet; and, when disturbed, its appearance is described as "moving like an ant-hill." At this season a small sloop visits their haunt for three weeks to collect the spoils of their pursuit, which afford a considerable amount in skins and oil.

Although foreign to any practice of a hunter, there is a commercial method of taking seals, which, about thirty years ago, was practised with much profit by the fishermen upon the low sand-banks, where the seals resort to bask and sleep, when they are left dry by the ebb-tide. Along the seaward-side of

these haunts, secured sufficiently to prevent them from rising with the water, they laid down large logs of timber, into which were bolted a number of strong barbed clips, the points of which, being directed inwards, allowed the seals to pass over towards the shore without injury; but, upon their return outwards, impaled them on the opposing hooks. When a number of seals had collected on the banks, the fishermen gave an alarm from the shore, upon which the herd hurried towards the sea, and, scrambling over the logs, were caught upon the clips, and held fast until the arrival of their enemies, who dispatched them with their clubs. This method is now generally disused, from the decrease of the seals upon the banks where it was prevalent; but, as late as 1828, we have seen the remains of its log-snares upon the shoal-banks at the mouth of the river Findhorn.

No. X.

BERG-ELFIN.

THE belief of dwarfs, brownies, men of the moors, and other mysterious little people of a semi-human race, supposed to inhabit within caves, mines, Sithan'dùn, and various subterranean dwellings, like the Berg-Elfin of the North, were part of a universal superstition common to most, if not all nations; and the fable of the little green man of Tarnaway was only one of the last remains still lingering with the present generation. The origin of the belief—for all popular beliefs had an origin—has in Scotland been referred by some to a vague and visionary tradition of the "*Pechds*," who, it is certain, were a semi-subterranean people, and not only, like the "*coney*s," had "their dwelling in the rock," but in troglodite cells, the dis-

covery of which, at the present day, has probably kept alive the popular idea of beings existing within the earth. The supposed sites of their habitations, like those of the northern "*trolds*" and Berg-Elfin, are craigs, caves, and those round isolated knolls called "Sithan-dùn," or "fairy hillocks." This superstition was probably confirmed by the remains of cells and excavated habitations in the craigs of Scotland and England, as on the banks of the Tyne and the Kale water, the cliffs of Hawthornden, and the rocks of the Orkney and Hebridean Isles; and if the fairy hillocks are equally peopled by the imagination, it doubtless arose from the frequent discovery of the cells called "Pechds-houses," concealed within such knolls. In some of these, the presence of human remains tended to strengthen the belief of their subterranean tenants, of whose existence we once received indisputable proof from an old Irishman, who had been present at the opening of a "Sithan-dùn," in which there were discovered the dried bodies of a little old man and woman, seated in two stone niches, and clothed in ancient garments, which, like themselves, crumbled to powder upon exposure to the open air. In the popular tales are to be traced two distinct classes of beings—or rather eras of society and their legends—the *Brownies* and *Robin-Good-Fellows*, a laborious race, who inhabit cellars, barns, and moor-land pastures, and are derived from a peasant state; and the dwellers of rocks, caves, and castle dungeons, who were of wilder, higher, and more ancient origin, hunters, warriors, and royal personages, who often belong to the age of Ossian and Fingal, the scalds and the sea-kings of the north, and the Nibulungen age of the German romance. These were attended by magic song and enchanted weapons, and to them belong the wondrous chanter presented by a Berg lady to MacRimmon, and the golden horn of Fionn, which lies on the stone-table, where he sleeps with his heroes in the cavern of "*Craig-a'-Chobha*." This wondrous cell is within a rock near Munloch, in Ross-shire, which is believed to penetrate to a distance never yet explored but once since the Caledonian warriors retired to rest within its bosom. At its extremity, within the bowels of the earth, there is a magic chamber in

which they lie in their arms locked in a death-like trance, and before them, in the middle of the cell, a large block of marble, upon which, suspended to its gold baldric, lies the magic horn. Three blasts from this bugle should awaken the heroes from their sleep; but if none shall have the fortune or the courage to reach the extremity of the cavern, and sound the call, their slumber must continue to the end of the world. About a hundred years ago, however, an adventurous huntsman followed one of his dogs, who appeared to have entered the cave, but never again returned. He groped his way in the dark for a great distance, until he came to a door by which he entered into a vast hall in the rock, dimly illuminated by a faint mysterious light, which discovered the table and the golden horn, and the shadowy forms of the mighty King of Morven, and his recumbent heroes sleeping on their shields. The hunter had the courage to lift the bugle, and, setting it to his mouth, sounded a loud blast, upon which the warriors stretched and turned, and Fingal rose up on his elbow.—At this apparition the hunter threw down the horn, and rushed back through the cavern; and Fingal again sunk down into his sleep, and his heroes moved no more. Since that time, however, their slumber has never been so deep, and, had the hunter sounded two other notes, at the second they would have awakened, and at the third risen upon their feet, and returned to the world. This legend has evidently a community in the great volume of European and even Asiatic tradition, from the Eddas of Scandinavia to the Alf-Lilla-va-Lillin of the desert. In both these repositories of popular romance, the tales of ancient heroes are continually associated with fables of their retirement into a subterranean and semi-mortal state; and if Fingal sleeps within the craigs of Ross-shire, and Thomas the Rhymer dwells beneath the border Shian-dùn, with the Queen of Elf-land in Fairie, Montisinos reposes in a cave of Spain, and Charlemagne and his twelve peers in the bosom of the Pyrenees, while the Emperor Barbarossa and his court are to be found within the rocks of the Untersberg, and Prince Ahmed and his Peri in the mountains of Arabia.

No. XI.

PARENTAL PATRIOTISM.

THE fortitude with which the bereaved parents bore the loss of their children, killed or assassinated at the battle of Culloden, was in some instances worthy of Spartan heroism; and two examples of resolution are still remembered among the followers or kindred of families now extinct in their hereditary place. These were the more remarkable from having been in opposition to their chief, who, in 1745, had seceded from the cause supported by his clan in 1715.

Ruaraidh-laidir cànn-tighe of the MacKenzies of Red-Castle was the strongest man of his name in his time. He had been "out" in the rising for King James, but age prevented him from joining that of his son, though he still retained in such a remarkable degree the power of his hands, that none of his young contemporaries possessed his strength of grasp. Upon the day before the battle of Culloden, his two sons and their friend and clansman, MacKenzie of Tur-Farbraid,* took leave of the old man to join the Prince, and at parting, he held the right hands of each in his own, with a clasp from which they could not extricate them.—"God bless you!"—he said.—"Do your best for the Prince; but it is not your strength which will aid him."—

The night after the battle, his eldest son, pale and bloody, and his plaid wrapped close about his body, entered Red-Castle unaccompanied.—It was dusk, and the old laird was sitting alone in the hall. The young man stood before him without speaking.—His father made an eager inquiry for his other son, but when he heard the truth, he only bent his head and shook his white hair, and said—"Then has he shown him-

* Called corruptly in its English appellation "*Fairburn*;" and otherwise perverted in a great variety of forms.

self a better man than those who lived."—Rodrick made no reply, but unfolded from his body the plaid which supported his abdomen, almost divided by the stroke of a broadsword, and sinking on the ground, expired at his father's feet. The old man was never heard to utter a complaint; and when the body of his younger son could not be found, he followed the elder to the grave without a tear, and when about to be lowered into the earth, he knelt down and took off his bonnet, and kissed the coffin, and said,—“May His will be done!—He gave them to me: and to Him, and to my Prince, and my country, they belonged!”

Farbraid returned home unwounded, but his hand was so swelled within the basket-guard of his broadsword, that, for its extrication, he was obliged to call in a smith to file away the two outward bars. He made no attempt to leave the country, and some days afterwards, before he had risen, a serjeant and his guard came to Tùr-Farbraid to seize him. The alarm of their arrival having been carried to his mother, she hastily ascended to his chamber at the top of the tower, and having told his jeopardy,—“Had you been killed beside your Prince,”—she said,—“or made prisoner on the field of battle, I would not have bewailed you; but to be taken at the back of your *mother*, is a disgrace to a Highlander and your father's son!”—MacKenzie sprung from his bed, and throwing his plaid about him, and taking his sword under his arm, descended to the door of the tower.—“Cast the bar!”—he said to the inmates who stood trembling behind it, and the entrance being set open, he went out among the soldiers. There was then a bridge before the castle with a deep fall below its arch, and driving back the soldiers to this pass, he either killed or threw them over the parapet. Having breakfasted at his usual hour, he went down to Dingwall, walked twice up and down the High Street, and while taking a dram at the “Tigh-Òsda,”—“If any shall ask for Farbraid,” said he,—“tell them he will be in the town till the morning.”—At day-break he left it, but was taken some days after, and sent to London, where he was closely confined for some weeks. It was well known that he was a celebrated swordsman, and possessed of

strength and agility, which in his own country had not been matched except by his old friend Red-Castle and his eldest son. During his confinement, the report of his strength and skill excited the curiosity and emulation of some noble patrons of one of those sword-masters, whose art, then dividing the popular taste with horse-racing, had not yet given place to the brutal gymnastics of boxing, afterwards introduced by Broughton. The admirers of the sword and its professor were ambitious of pitching him against "the Highlandman," and proposed to Farbraid, that if he would accept a challenge, they would make influence for his liberty should he be successful. - "When you brought me here," he replied,—"I could have done something, as they who went to take me know; but now your dungeon has done that which no man ever did before."—He was, however, offered three weeks of air, exercise, and unrestrained living, if he would undertake the trial. To this he agreed; a broadsword was given to him, and upon the appointed day he vanquished his opponent, and having received his promised freedom, immediately set out on his return for Ross-shire.

At the time of the occupation of Scotland, sword-playing and prize-fighting with that weapon was the popular athletic amusement of England as well as the Highlands. In the rural fairs and country towns, it was practised by the vulgar with basket-hilted wands, under the name of "back-sword" or "single-stick;" but in London and the great cities with sharp swords, which, however, from the skill of the players, and the systematic nature of the play, seldom inflicted more than very slight wounds. In the metropolis, "assaults" of the masters were frequently held, and attended not only by persons of the first rank, but even, like the jousts by which they were preceded, by ladies. The combatants fought on raised platforms, distinguished by various coloured favours tied upon their arms and upon the opposite rails of the lists. The celebrity of the Highlanders for their use of the broadsword, and the terrible display of their execution at Preston, Falkirk, and even Culloden, had excited the astonishment of the English amateurs; and after the reduction of the clans, several of the

professional masters went from London to the Highlands, to try their skill against the native masters,—and, according to report, always unsuccessfully. Among the prisoners butchered in cold blood at Culloden House, upon the morning after the battle, the only man spared was an excellent swordsman named Stewart, from Atholl, who, being known to the officer commanding the party, was offered his life upon the stake of winning it in a duel with a celebrated master of the weapon in the regiment. The alternative having been accepted, a ring was formed in the court-yard, and broadswords having been delivered to the combatants, after a sharp encounter the soldier was cut down, and the cartel was fulfilled by the liberation of the Highlander.

Of those devoted men, whose fortune it was not to die for their Prince at Culloden, many carried down their attachment to the grave in distant quarters of the world; and in their last moments recalled his name, where there were few, or perhaps none, to share their feelings. Among the last of these was an old gentleman, who, after a life of vicissitudes, died far from his country and friends at a very advanced age. In his latter years he was well known to a person yet alive, and who visited him on the day of his death. Though exhausted and fast sinking, he was calm and collected, and in the possession of all his faculties. As his friend stood by his bedside, he took his hand, and directing him where to find a picture of the Prince, requested him to bring it. When he saw the portrait, he made an effort to rise, but, being unable, stretched his hands towards it, kissed the canvass, and for a long time fixed on it the blank dim eyes over which the film of death was already closing. At last giving it back to his friend—"Place it above my head," he said in a failing voice—" *Let me die under my Prince!*"

No. XII.

MIANN A' BHAIRD.

IN various translations of this beautiful poem, the images of the bard have been corrupted, and localities, so interesting in original compositions, have been perverted by the errors of recitation, or the presumptions of the translator. The first of these errors occurs in the second verse.

Gu socair an 's an fhéur mu thaobh
 Air brualach nan díthean 's nan gaoth tís
 'S mo chas' ga shobhadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth
 'S è 'lhbhadh tharais caoin tre 'n bhlàr.

There in the flowery grass,
 Where the breeze sighs softly on the bank,
 My feet shall be bathed with the dew
 When it falls on the silent vale.

This beautiful and Ossianic allusion to the *last* repose of the old hunter, on the bank of his mountain stream, has been perverted in the following manner :—

“ Soft on a daisy bank,
 Where the breezes sweetly play,
 My feeble feet bathed in the stream,
 Which murmurs through the vale.”

In this version is lost all the poetical allusion of the bard to the bed of his last repose, and the peaceful contemplation with which he solaces the sense of his approaching departure, by the vision of his future rest, amidst the scenes and objects so beloved in life ; and there remains only the image of an old idler, lying on his back in the sun with his heels in the water. But the thoughts of the bard were of his “ green heap ” in the wilds of the deer, among those inhabitants with whom he had spent his life, and with whom it pleased him to foresee his familiarity in death.

M'an cuairt biodh lù. ohleas nan laogh,
 Rì taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
 'S am minnean beag de'n chòmhrag aghth,
 'N am achlais a' cadal gun chelig.

The calves shall sport beside me,
 By the stream of the level plain;
 And the little kids, weary of their strife,
 Shall sleep beneath my arms.

In this verse, however, and the two by which it is succeeded, to accommodate the sense to the idea of the *dozing* bard, it has pleased some translators to *tame* the herds of the hill familiar to the old hunter, and to convert the calves of the *deer*, and kids of the *roe*, into the young of kine and goats.

"Let the calves play beside me
 In mimic conflict;
 And, when weary of their strife,
 The kids repose *in my arms*."

In this pastoral allusion we see only the image of a lazy old Welsh cotter, dozing before his cabin door with a little goat under his elbow. But, in the same strain, the stags and hinds are transformed into bulls and heifers, and the roe-deer into tups and ewes.

"The voice of the rocks and mountains
 Shall re-echo to the *heifers*,
 And, faint and far in distance,
 Shall reply the *lowing* herds."

"Soft in the breeze of the vale
 The *bleating* fold shall reach my ear,
 And the old answering the young,
 Shall meet them on the plain."

By this transformation the bard has been metamorphosed from a hunter to a herdsman, and the character of the composition from that of the forest to the pastoral state. The original, however, belongs exclusively to the former, and its allusions are only to the voices of the deer, and the responsive movement of the calves resorting to their cry.

Freasgradh gach cuoc, agus gach shabh
 Le bhinn-fhuaim géur nan aighean mear
 'N sin cluinnidh mise nàile géum
 A' ruith m'an cuairt domh 'n har 's an ear.

Bruthadh air agèith na h-èisge mìn,
 Glaothan maoth nan ore mun' chluais,
 'N sin freagraidh a' mheanbh-spreidh,
 'Chinntinn an gineil, a' ruith a-nuas.

The translator, however, was doubtless betrayed into his erroneous personifications by the words common both to the field and the forest, and which—more familiar perhaps with the first than the last—he received in their domestic sense: But, "*aighean*," literally heifers, is the universal term for hinds, as "*damh*," an ox, is the only common word for the *stag*; so metaphorically, "*géum*," lowing, is applied to their voices, and "*spreidh*" or "*cro*,"—cattle—as familiar to every deer-stalker, in the well known forest song, "*Cro'-Chaillein*,"*—is poetically used for the herds of the hunter,—the cattle of the hill. But the allusions of the poet are determined by the universal strain and subject of the poem. Throughout the whole composition, there are no ideas nor images of the pastoral life; all the sentiments, scenes, and objects of the hunter-bard, are drawn from his hunter state, and declare that, like his successor in Craig-Ghuanach, he

Cha n-fhaca mi dath air bian
 Ach buidhe, riabhach 'us dearg.†

I have not seen a colour of skin,
 But yellow, brindled, and red.

The nature of his "*cattle*" is identified by the transition which follows their imagery, not to the "*buachaille*," the herdsman, or shepherd, but the "*sealgair*" or *hunter*. The vision of the deer naturally calls up that of their pursuit.

A chéam an t-sealgair ri mo chluais!
 Le sranna gháth 'us chon feagh aleibh,
 'N sin dearsaidh an dàg air mo ghruaidh,
 'N uair dh'-éireas toirm air sealg an fheidh.

I hear the steps of the *hunter*,
 His whistling dart, his dog upon the hill——
 The joy of youth returns to my cheek
 At the sound of the coming chase,

This transition to the hunter and the chase could have had neither connection nor unity from "*lowing herds*" and "*bleat-*

* The herds or cattle of Cein.

† A' CHREACHAS—Sìr-chair nam Bàrd.

ing folds;" but if the genius and imagery of the poem has been perverted, no less innovation has been made in its localities. In a translation of the fifth verse, its inland origin has been confused by an introduction of the sea.

"From the deep-sounding, ivy-mantled rocks,
Let the clear stream murmuring flow,
And the roaring waves of ocean
Rebellow in the echoes."

The original, however, has no such image.

Briseadh tro chreag nan eideann dliù,
Am fauran ùr le toirmibh tróm,
'S freagradh mac-talla gach cihl,
Do dh'-fhualm srutha dliù nan tòn.

There from the ivied craig
The gushing *spring* shall flow,
And the son of the rock shall repeat
The murmur of its waves.

In no part of the poem does the bard allude to his neighbourhood with the "Ocean;" and since it is still believed in tradition, that he was an inhabitant of the interior of Loch-Aber, of the wilds of Loch-Treig and the Black-Water, we ought to preserve the identity of his imagery. Other variations of the scenery tend to confuse their identity and the locality of the author. In the 14th and 15th verses, his haunt, and even his period, has been affected by introducing the *Ossianic* names of *Arduen** and *Gormal*;† but these were merely the "*Euphonia causa*" of MacPherson's translation; and in the lay of the old bard, it is very doubtful if the original has any *proper* names, and whether the terms incorporated into titles are not simply descriptive epithets—the "*high* mountain," "*the blue hill*," "*the ridge of hinds*."

Chì mì Beinn-àrd †
Ceann-feadhna air mìle beann.

Chì mì sgòrr-eild' air bruaich a' ghlinn'
An goir a' chuthag gu-binn dòs
'Us gorm meall-aìd' nam mìle giubhas
Nan lùb, nan earba, 's nan lòn."

* Comalla.

† Cath-Lodninn.

‡ This hill was undoubtedly "*the mighty Beann-Nevis*"—equally commemorated by Domhnall-mac-Fhionnlaith in the song, "*a' Chomhachag*," and which towers above the haunts of both the hunter-bards.

I see the *lofty* mountain,
 Chief of a thousand hills——
 * * *
 I see the *ridge* of hinds,
 The wood of cuckoos at its foot,
 The *blue* hill of a thousand pines,
 Of wolves, and roes, and elks.

The last line of the verse has suffered a more important change, in a corruption of the original by the modern reciters, and who, ignorant of the obsolete term "*lub*," a wolf, have converted it into "*lub-an*," windings, as of a stream, or a sinuous vale. By this change the glossarist and the naturalist have been deprived, the one of an ancient and interesting vocable, the other of one of the latest notices of an extinct animal in a district among the last most remarkable for its haunt. Thus, various printed versions of the poem read,

"Nan *luban*, nan earba, 's nan lön."

"Of *little windings*, and roes, and elks."

In this corruption the natural and local associations of the hunter-bard are also impaired. He enumerated, with the place of their haunt, the *animals* then peculiarly characteristic of the deep forest-covered hill, but the anomalous combination of "*windings*, and *elks*, and *roes*," is incongruous in its connection, and false in its application; for the characteristic "*luban*"—little "*windings*," could not be applied to a hill with which it, in the original, is denominated "*meall*," a round, or, vulgarly, a "lumpy" mountain.

In some recitations of the next verse, there is an error of a similar nature. In the enumeration of his scenes, all of which were, undoubtedly, local and true, the features of his own familiar haunts, the bard has a little image highly characteristic of his wild world, and speaking much to the hunter and the painter.

Biodh tunnag og a' snàmh le slùnd
 Thar hùne nan giubhas, gu-luath;
 Srath giubhais uain' aig a cèann,
 &c., &c., &c.

The little ducks skim lightly
 Upon the pool of pines;
 At its head is the strath of firs,
 &c., &c., &c.

This picturesque feature of the forest "lochan" has lapsed, in recitation, into the common namby-pamby tinkle of "waves" and "waters," universal to all shores from the Thames to the Tiber. In this instance, its occurrence on the Highland "lin" has arisen from a confusion of the words "*tunnag*" and "*tonnag*," "waves," and little ducks, by which the original—

"Biodh *tunnag* og a' snàmh le sùnn
Thar linne nan giubhas, gu luath."

The little ducks skim lightly
Upon the pool of pines——

has been changed and translated into—

"Biodh *tonnag* og a' snàmh le sùnn,
&c., &c., &c."

The young waves lave the pebbly shore,
O'er which the forest frowns——

As there is nothing at variance with sense in this alteration, it may, perhaps, equally satisfy those who are not so familiar with the features of the forest as the old hunter; but there is another variation, which not only changes his imagery, but outrages reason. In one version of the original, instead of the more particular picture of the little birds skimming on their secret pool, the reciters have the general image of their ambulations, whether on the wing or the water, on the surface of the lin or over the tops of the trees. In the carelessness of some rote repeaters, these two versions have been intermixed; but while in the last line of the second they retained the relative conjunction "and," they forgot to alter in the preceding, the governing object of the first: and thus we have seen in print—

"Biodh *tonnag* og a' snàmh le sùnn
Thar linne 's giubhas gu-luath."

"Swiftly the young waves
Glide o'er the pool and pines!"

This *jeu-de-mots* will remind the old Highlander of the transmigration of words performed by Shaw in his *specimens* of the dispute between Ossian and St Patrick, when, instead of the protest by which the hospitable bard vindicated the manners of his life by the kindly boast that his days had been spent in exercising generosity, the learned translator caused him to declare that they had been employed in—"following the toes

of *dogs!*" an occupation, notwithstanding, which, however little it might have been satisfactory to St Patrick, was not so surprising for an old hunter, as that the waves of the "dubh loch" should perform on the mountain pines, the baptism béstowed by those of Aberdour on the plumes of Sir Patrick Spence.

But however derogatory, or rather *impossible*, for the *ancient bard*, we should not have noticed these errors in the mouth of a *modern herdsman*, who, with the freedom and character, has lost the spirit of the forest hunter; but it is humiliating to national pride, and fatal to the antiquities of national literature, when the scholar and the noble is so far estranged from his native language as to be unable to cultivate its resources or correct its errors. What should be the political and historic state of England if Chaucer and Spencer were as unintelligible to the British aristocracy as the works of the Gaelic bards to the enlightened of the Highlands—if French had become the *polite* language of the Saxon, as Saxon of the Gael, and Percy's ballads had fallen into such oblivion, that, like the confusion of *sleep* and *death* in the image of the old hunter, the following verse in the "Friar of Orders Grey" should be thus corrupted and construed by a future Editor,—

"Ladye, he is "past" and gone,
Ladye, he is "past" and gone,
At his head a greene grasse turf,
And at his feet a stone!"—

"Ah, Madame! il est fatigué,
Parti! parti! s'endormir,
Sous sa tête une herbeuse digue,
A ses pieds une pierre!"—

But this base doggerel is not more absurd, nor less faithful, than many a translation imposed upon the world as the spirit and ideas of Gaelic poetry; and if unstigmatised by the ridiculous, in the translations of Miann a' Bhaird there are still some inaccuracies which infringe the purity and interest of the poem. In all his imagery and allusions, the old hunter commemorates the scenes and the objects of his own haunts, and in the verse last cited for the alteration of his ideas, he sees in his poetic retrospection one of the little woody "lochans" which abounded

in his forest. Some of his modern translators have magnified this feature of his secret haunt into the wide waters of Loch-Laggan, and dignify its sequestered pool with the title of

"The lake of wooded isles."

In the original, however, there is no mention of such attributes ; and the water itself is not "*Loch*," a "*Lake*," but—"*linne*," a "*pool*," and was, no doubt, some little nameless "*tarn*" known only to himself and the deer—twenty miles distant in Loch-Aber.

In verse fifteen, there is a similar liberty to change the images of the bard ; and because the "*thrush*" is one of the professional songsters of all rhymers, recent translators for the pastoral ear have substituted his name for that of the "*cuckoo*," who holds a different place in the vulgar associations of hedge-row poetry. In the thickets of the Highland craigs, however, his notes are among the sweetest to the Gaelic ear. The first voice of summer, the joyful companion of the sunshine and the flowers, the fragrance of the morning, the repose of evening,—even the stillness and peace of the dewy night, when, through its unceasing twilight, his voice is rarely silent—he is the companion of all which is joyful, and beautiful, and beloved in that genial season, when the heart expands with the brightness of heaven, and the fulness of the earth which It has created. Such are the associations which the returning voice of the cuckoo brings from his "*distant land*," and such were the feelings of the hunter-bard when he listened to his note upon Cille-Charail, or Craig Uaigneach, with the same emotions which prompted the lines of the Southern Poet :—

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

The "*Smeorach Clann Raonuill*"* was not less sweet to the ear of the bard, but it could not be more dear to his heart. These are associations of the ancient hunter which must not be disturbed by the modern peasant.

* The poetical name of the thrush in a poem of that Clan.

For what remains, the error of the translator must be excused. In the 33d and 36th verses, as in many other instances, the obsolete word "cruit" has been rendered by the familiar term of "harp;" but this has arisen from the general ignorance of ancient musical instruments, and in which, like the "rote," the "cithal," and others of its time, the "cruit" is now unknown except to antiquaries. In the middle and early ages, however, from the time of the Anglo-Saxons, and how long before we know not, it was a popular instrument throughout most, if not all, the countries of Europe. The "*Crwth*" of Wales, the "*Cruth*" or "*Crowd*" of England,* it was equally common to Ireland and Scotland, and in the old Gaelic poetry, coeval with the "*Clàrsach*" or harp; and long after the disuse of that instrument, its name occurs from the earliest remains of composition to the extinction of the bards. In most countries, however, its popularity disappeared before the violin in the seventeenth century, though in remote places the name of its musician, *crowther* or *crowder*, was still retained by the performer on the fashionable instrument. In Wales, however, its use was continued by one solitary minstrel, until the year 1770,† when it is probable the antiquity of its form corresponded with that of its usage, and represented very nearly what it had been three hundred years before. Judging by this last example, and one exactly similar in a sculpture on the exterior of the Abbey of Melrose,‡ its construction exhibited a singular combination of the lyre and violin,—a long square, wider at the base than at the head, nearly the whole of the upper half being an open frame, intersected by a narrow sounding-board, extending between the hollow body and the upper transverse of the frame. The strings were six in number, four treble and two bass, which last, for the increase of length and sound, were strung with a considerable diagonal from the parallel of the former, having the opening of their angle at the head of the instrument.§ Although popular in the second period of the early Gaelic poetry, throughout the Highlands, as in other countries, the

* Leland, Collectanea, IV. 135.

† Ib. 30.

‡ Archaeolog. III. 32.

§ Ib. 30, Pl. VII.

cruit appears to have fallen into neglect, from the latter part of the sixteenth century, when few or no notices of its use are repeated; and when Buchanan * and his first translator† attribute to the Highlanders no other music than that of the *clarsach*, or harp of two kinds, one like the antiquated instrument of other countries, strung with wire; the other, like that in modern use, with *sinews*, *i.e.*, cords prepared from the entrails of sheep, under the technical name of *catgut*.

When the original cruit disappeared among the Highlanders and Irish, its memory became confused with that of other musical objects, and hence its name was also applied to an antique coeval instrument of three strings, which last being of metal, could only have been struck by the fingers.

* Cruit buidh fonnmhòr air trì teud

Tead deire, an tead d'umha ann
An ceadan d'airgiod iomla."‡

The yellow tuneful cruit of three strings,
The last of brass, the first of purest silver.

As it is evident from the materials of these strings, that they could not have been played with a bow, there can be no doubt that the instrument to which they belonged was the antique three-stringed lute, derived from a high antiquity, and common to most countries in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.—*Rec. Cost. Frang.*, Pl. 198. *Illum. MS. Bibl. Reg.* 2, B. vii.

From the uncertainty of the latter bards in the application of its name, the memory of the cruit is generally confounded with that of the harp; and hence, at the present day, by those unfamiliar with ancient musical terms, it is believed to be the same instrument.

* *Rec. Scot. Lib. I. f. 9*, fol. *Edin.* 1582.

† *Certain Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland*, 4to. *Lond.* 1608.

‡ *Sitheal Coailte*. From the recitation of Ailean dall, bard to the late *Glen-garrie*. The Irish version of this poem reads—

"Cruit baol istigh ar trì tead,

.....

Tead diar ann tead d'umha ann
An ceadna d'argod iomla."

The yellow cruit of three strings,
Strings of stiff brass and pure silver.

Ancient Irish MS. in our possession, l. 337.

The ardent love of the Highlanders for music communicated itself to their instruments, and thus they decorated their harps, not only with "very much silver," but even "jewels,"—" *Multo argento exornat, et gemmis.*"—These were foreign *jewels*, properly so called, for the historian * distinguishes the native crystals, declaring that these were used only by the poorer minstrels,—" *tenuiores pro gemmis, cristallum adhibent.*" †—The wrest or key of the harp was also ornamented with great elegance and even richness. As late as the year 1772, there was preserved at Armidall a beautiful wrest or harp key, which had belonged to the celebrated harper Rodrick-dall-Morison, by whom it was bequeathed to Sir James MacDonald of Sleat, eighth chief of the "*Shiochd Uisdin*," or "Clan-Donald North," who died in 1678. This interesting memorial of the last of the distinguished bards was "finely ornamented with silver and gold, and a precious stone, and valued at more than eighty guineas." ‡ In this adornment of musical instruments, the cruit shared in the splendour of the harp, which is thus popularly noticed in a very old Gaelic poem:—

"Cruit buidh fonnmhòr air thre tead—
Clar lìom' fa soillse nan seud." §

"The yellow tuneful cruit of three strings,
Its smooth surface glancing with gems."

The dubh-gall will ask contemptuously—"Where might the Highlanders acquire *gems*?"—The antiquary is at no loss for abundant evidence—Where Sir Ewen Cameron obtained the "*great quantity of unset diamonds*," taken among his baggage in Loch-Aber by the Cromwellian troops of General Morgan||—in the great continental commerce of the western

* Buchanan, *Rer. Scot. Lib. I. f. 9.*

† *i. e.*, The native stones now called "*Carn-Gorm*," because those which first became popular in the low country were found on the mountain of that name in the Strath-Spey range. They abound, however, in various parts of the Highlands and isles, and the finest uncoloured are produced in Arran, whence they are of a splendour which justly entitles them to the name of "*Arran diamonds*."

Boswell's *Tour in the Hebrides*, p. 202, 8vo. Lond. 1785.

§ *Sitheal Coalite*. From the recitation of Ailean dall, bard to the late Giengarrrie.

|| *Memoirs of Lochiel*, p. 136, 4to. Edin. 1842.

coast and isles, in which were imported wax-lights,* silk for banners,† Barcelona silk plaids,‡ and claret to such an abundance, that, in the seventeenth century, it was not only the universal beverage of the western and island chiefs,§ but the common drink of their *people*;|| and even in the eighteenth continued so plentiful in the mainland, that in 1726 it was “sold in the *public-houses* for *sixteenpence a bottle*,”¶ and in 1783, still drank by the fishermen of Inverness for eighteenpence.**

This profusion resulted from the reciprocal import in return for the great export trade. From the early centuries, Inverness, Inverlochic,†† and Inverara,‡‡ had been emporiums of continental commerce. In 1249, from the supply of the great northern forests, a French ship of war, which was the wonder of its time, was built in the former port;§§ and, down to the reign of James V., it was a mart for timber, skins, furs, and fish, which were exported to an “immense” extent.|||| As early as the eleventh century, the Hebrides had been famous for woollen manufactures of the rarest texture, which supplied the most distinguished persons in the north of Europe.¶¶ These were no doubt a branch of the beautiful fabrics so renowned for the delicacy of their material, and the brilliancy of their

* Marabhrann do Shìr Sheumas Mhìc Dhomhnuill, Sleibhte; le Iain Lom. —Sar Obair nam Bard, I. p. 48, v. 12 —Oran do Mhac Mhìc Ailein; le Niall Mac Mhuirich. —Ib. 65, v. 6. —History of the MacDonalds. —Gregory Collections. —Col. Reb. Alb., p. 306, &c., &c., &c.

† Mac Grigior na Ruadh-Shruth. —Comh-Chruinieschadh Orain Ghaidealach, p. 303, v. 13; 8vo, Glasg. 1809; Cumha Eachainn Ruadh nan Cath; also many other of the bardic compositions, as vide Comh-Chruin. p. 214, v. 16. —Cochruinneacha Taghta, vol. 1. p. 15, 8vo, Edin. 1804. —A' Chomhachag. —Sar Obair, &c., vol. 1. p. 18, v. 18. —Ib. p. 30, v. 13. —Comh-Chruin., p. 48, v. 3. —Ib. p. 116, v. 11. —Cochruin. Tat. p. 95, v. 5, &c., &c.

‡ Clan-Ranald Papers —communicated by Clan-Ranald.

§ Statutes of Icolmkill, 1609; Records of the Privy Council, July 26, 1616.

|| Rec. Priv. Council, ib. and July 23, 1622. Ib. July 26, 1616.

¶ Burt's Letters from the North, vol. 1. p. 128.

** Information by the late Mr Gilzean, Sheriff of Inverness.

†† Boeth. Scot. Hist. f. 4, b. Buchan. Rer. Scot. fol. 7, b.

‡‡ MacFarlane's Geographical Collections, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid. vol. II. p. 170.

§§ “*Navem mirabilem*.” Mat. Paris, Op. p. 773, fol. Lond. 1640.

|||| Boeth. Hist. Scot. 5.

¶¶ Ledbrokar-Quida, p. 103, note, 12mo. 1783.

dyes,* in which Scotland possessed such a rich and extensive commerce before the time of Queen Mary; and it is probable that those celebrated productions of Shetland, unsurpassed at the present day, are only the remains of the ancient Hebridean and Scottish manufactures, commemorated by the Norwegian scald and native historian. During this period of activity, the fish trade was no less great and universal. In the seventeenth century, the port of Inverness alone supplied the markets of France, Holland, and Italy, with the salmon of the Ness,† and other large estuaries shared in a similar exchange of their resources. The Highland chiefs participated in these remittances. Ardgour maintained a large export in timber and masts;‡ and Simon, eighth Lord Lovat, who died in 1683, transported to France large quantities of salmon from the river Beaulieu, and imported, in return, the wines, brandies, and spices for which he had occasion in his household.§ This reciprocal and direct trade was maintained with such vigour before the Union, that, in the time of James V., the general fish export of Scotland supplied the whole of the western and southern continent, from Holland to Italy.||

At the time that the Highland carnaachs drank claret, and the Hebrideans exchanged commodities with Bourdeaux and Cadiz, the ladies and the minstrels of the clans might also have "decked their harps and clarischoes" with the rubies of India, and the emeralds of the Brazils.

When, how, and with what these resources failed, belongs to the dark cloud of Scottish records and chronicles. The commerce of the Highlands and isles continued unabated until their accession to the English Crown, when the views of the Elizabethan policy proscribed the familiarity of the Continent, and successive acts of legislation were levelled against the intercourse of France and Spain. The conquest of Scotland in the Civil War, the occupation of the Highlands by the

* Boeth. Hist. Scot. f. 2.

† Records of the Burgh of Inverness from 1633.

‡ MacFarlane, Geog. Col. ii. 192.

§ Lovat Papers; Hist. Frasers, p. 102, &c. Edin. 1835.

|| Boeth. Hist. f. 2.

armies of Cromwell, Buchan, Wade, and Cumberland, terminated the course begun by the acts of the Anglican Privy Councils, and the consequent extermination of the great body of intermediate aristocracy, and the alienation of the greater number of their superiors and chiefs, has long extinguished all national commerce among the clans. These, however, are subjects which demand a volume to themselves, and in which probably the readers of "Lays" and "Forest-craft" would take but little pleasure.

GLOSSARY

OF

FOREST TERMS.

- ANTLER**, the first point or tine in a deer's horn.
- BEAM**, the shaft or stem of the horn.
- BELL**, *n.* the voice or cry of a roe-buck.
- BELL**, *v.* to cry as a roe-buck.
- BELLOW**, the cry of a stag.
- BEVY**, a company of roe-deer.
- BLEMISH**, *v.* to plash down boughs to mark where a deer has entered or left a covert.
- BLEMISH**, *n.* a mark so made.
- BRANCHES**, the points or tines on the horns of a stag or fallow-buck.
- BREAK**, or **BRITTLE**, to skin and cut up a red-deer or fallow-deer.
- BROACHER**, a stag of the second year.
- BROACHES**, the first horns of a stag which he bears in his second year.
- BROCARD**, a roe-buck of the third year and upwards.
- BROW-POINTS**, the antlers.
- BROWSE**, to feed on heath or other plants.
- BUCK**, the male of the fallow-deer and roe.
- BUCK** of the first head, a fallow-deer of the fifth year.

BURNISH, to rub the horns as a deer when he cleans them from the velvet.

BURNISHED, said of horns when they are clean.

BURR, the coronet, or rough rim at the base of the deer's horns.

CALF, the young of red-deer in their first year.

CLEEVES, the parts of a deer's hoof.

CLEEVES, sur or dew; the horns at the back of the leg.

CORONET, or **CORONEL**, the burr, or rough circle round the base of a stag's horn.

CRIES or **Voices of Deer** :—

The Stag bellows or roars.

The Fallow-buck groans.

The Roe-buck bells.

CROCHES, the thorns, or half-formed points on the tines of deers' horns.

CROTTIES, the heaps of fewmets.

CROWN, the top of a horn when it shoots in a circular cluster of points.

CUP, the hollow sometimes contained within the crown.

DEER, names of, by their sex and age.

RED-DEER :—

STAG, the male.

HIND, the female.

I. year, a Calf.

II.....a Broacher.

III.....a Spayad.

IV.....a Stag.

V.....a Great Stag.

VI.....a Hart.

FALLOW-DEER :—

BUCK, the male.

DOE, the female.

I. year, a Fawn.

II.....a Pricket.

III.....a Sourel.

IV.....a Soure.

V.....a Buck of the first head.

VI.. ...a Buck.

DEER, names of, by their sex and age.

ROE-DEER :—

BUCK, the male.

DOE, the female.

I. year, a Kid.

II. a Gerle.

III. a Hemule.

IV. a Roe-buck of the first head.

V. a Roe-buck.

DISCOVER, a deer discovers himself when he comes out from a wood.

EMBOSS, v. to foam at the mouth.

EMBOSS, n. foam.

ENTRY, a gap made by deer in a close thicket or underwood.

FAWN, the young of fallow-deer in their first year.

FEED, when a deer eats on corn or grass.

FEUT, any track, whether by foot-mark, blood, or scent.

FEWMETS, or **FEWMISHINGS**, the ordure of deer.

FOIL, the track of deer on grass.

FOIN, the track of deer generally.

FORKED HEAD, horns which terminate in two points.

FRAY, to rub the horns on a tree.

FRAYING-POST, the tree so used.

GAIT, a deer's step or motion.

GALLERY, the way worn by a deer through thick copse-wood.

GROAN, to cry as a fallow-buck.

GUTTERS, the little furrows in a deer's horns.

HALLOW, the reward given to the hounds at the death of the deer.

HARBOUR, when a red-deer lies down.

HARBOUR, going to, when a red-deer enters a covert.

HEAD, a deer's horns.

HORNS, terms of :—

ANTLEES, the brow points.

SUB-ANTLER, the next above.

BEAM, the shaft, or stem of the horn.

BRANCHES, or **Tines**, the points on the beam.

BROACHES, the first head, or horns, of a red-deer which he bears in his second year.

HORNS, terms of:—

BURNISHED, said of horns when they are cleaned from the velvet.

BURR, the rough circle at the base of a deer's horn.

CORONET, the same as the burr.

CROCHES, the thorns, or half-formed points on the tines.

CROWN, the top of the horn when it terminates in a circle of points or croches.

GUTTERS, the little furrows in deer's horns.

HEAD, the pair of a deers' horns.

—— a, all horns which have double burrs, or the antlers or points turned downward, or contrary to the usual form, are called only "heads."

—— OF MANY CROCHES, when all the points are borne at the top of the beam like a cluster of nuts.

—— a FLAMING, when the beam ends in two points growing both upwards.

—— a FORKED, the same.

—— ROYAL, one which bears ten points.

—— a DOUBLE ROYAL, one of twenty points.

—— TRIPLE ROYAL, one of thirty points.

PALM, the top of a stag's horn when it is flattened and forked like that of a fallow-deer.

PEARLS, the rough crusty granulations on a deer's horns.

PRICKET, the first horns of a fallow-deer, in his second year.

ROYAL, the fifth point in each beam.

SUB-ROYALS, the next points above the royals.

HURDLE, to brittle a roe.

KID, the young of the roe-deer in its first year.

LAIR, the bed of a red-deer or any large beast.

LEAM, the leading thong of a track-dog.

LODGING and Dislodging of Deer, terms of:—

FOR THE LODGING,

The Red-deer, harbours.

The Fallow-deer, lodges.

The Roe, beds.

FOR THE DISLODGING,

The Red-deer, is unharboured.

The Fallow-deer, roused.

The Roe, dislodged.

MEW, to cast the horns.

MISPRINT, when a deer steps irregularly, leaving his rear-slot behind or beside his first.

MORT, Prise, or Death, the mote blown at a deer's fall.

MOSS, the velvet or down on the new horns of deer.

OLLANAICH, Ga., the antlers or brow-points.

PALM, the top of a stag's horn when it is flattened and forked like that of a fallow-deer.

RECHEAT, a recall blown on the horn.

RING-RUN, the circling runs of a roe.

RING-WALK, a circuit made about a thicket to find if a deer had entered or gone out.

ROYAL, the fifth point of a deer's horn.

———— **DOUBLE**, the tenth point.

———— **TRIPLE**, the fifteenth point on *each* horn.

ROYAL STAG, one which bears ten points in his head.

SIGNS, the tokens by which to judge the size and age of a deer, and which are the slot, entry, fewmets, gait, fraying-post, and head.

BY THE SLOT. A long slot indicates an older and larger deer than a round one. An old hart's hind-foot will never overreach his fore-foot, but that of a young stag will. Harts bred in mountainous places have the points and sides of their clees worn, but in soft and plain ground they lean more on the heel, which is therefore broad and large.

BY THE ENTRIES. If it is high, the deer is large and old, for the young will creep, but the old are stiff and stately.

BY THE GAIT OR STEP. All harts which have a long step are great, mature, and strong; if the slot is large and deep, he is an old deer.

BY THE HEAD. A hart is old if the burr is great and well pearled; when the beam is large burthened, well pearled, and not crooked by the antlers; when the gutters are deep and large; when the antlers are long, large, and near to the brow, and the sur-antlers near to the antlers; and when the branches, croches, palm, or crown, are great and broad.

The greater the fraying-post the larger the deer.

SINGLE, a. the tail of a deer and wolf.

SINGLE, *v.* when a hunted deer breaks from the herd.

SLOT, *n.* the track of deer on earth or soft ground.

SLOT, *v.* to draw on the, to follow on the track till the deer is roused.

SPINES, the stems of a roe's horns.

SPITTER, a young stag of two years old.

SPURS, the points of a roe's horns.

STAND at Gaze, to stand watching.

SUR-ANTLER, the points next above the brow-points.

SUR-ROYALS, the next above the royals, or fifth points.

TAKE HARBOUR, or **Hold**, when a deer breaks from the herd, and runs to a wood.

TAKE SOIL, when a hunted deer takes the water.

TARGET, the white circle on a roe's rump.

TOLL, *s.* the cry of a single hound, or of two or three when they are not united.

TOLL, *v.* to cry as a single hound.

TREASONS, "the ring-runs," and doubles of a roe.

VELVET, the down on the new horns of deer.

VENISON, every beast of the forest which is for the food of man.

VERT, every plant in a forest bearing "a green leaf, either trees, underwood, or bushes,"—but not herbs.

VERT, OVER, high trees, "Haut-bois."

VERT, NETHER, underwood, "Sub-bois."

VIEW, a deer's track on earth or soft ground.

VOICES of the deer, *vide* **CRIES**.

WAITER, a hunter at the "wait," or who keeps a pass.

WANLESS, "driving the wanless," to drive the deer to bay.

WREATH, the tail of a wild-boar.

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